

England And Ireland

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ENGLAND AND IRELAND.



published anonymously eleven years ago, is known to be an and respected member of one of the learned professions. Ireland resists, says this gentleman, is an anti-Irish governing her; and she frets and fumes because she has no power to alter this, and is practically limited in her choice to whether that policy, which she distrusts and detests, is to be carried out according to the ideas of an English Whig or Tory party. This is the root of Irish discontent. . . . The English Conservative party are supported by a body of Irish Conservatives; the English Liberals, by the Liberal section of the Irish representatives; but the Irish members do not really sympathise with the English parties to whom they are nominally attached. There is no community of feeling between Ulster Orangemen and English country gentlemen, or between English dissenters and Irish Catholics; the Irish members are now attached to the English parties whom they support, not so much by identity of political principles, as through the sympathy of common antipathies. The accession of a Liberal or Conservative Government does not mean that Ireland is to be governed in accordance with the views of Irish Liberals or Irish Conservatives. Of this both the English and Irish members of the respective parties are fully aware. *Ministries may change, but Ireland is still governed in accordance with the prevailing ideas of the English middle classes.*¹

"As to the people at large in this country (England)," said Burke, "they mean you no ill whatever; and they are too ignorant of the state of your affairs to be able to do you any good. Whatever opinion they have on your subject is very faint and indistinct; and if there is anything like a formed notion, even that amounts to no more than a sort of humming that remains on their ears of the burden of the old song about Popery." We mean them no ill, but we are ignorant of their affairs, and cling to our own prejudices. This is the real root of the mischief. We lose our best chance of raising an educated middle-class in Ireland, which would possess an inestimable social value, by refusing to give them the only system of education that they will accept. We have lost our best chance of conciliating the peasantry, by insisting on ideas about the tenure of land which the peasantry have in fact never recognised. Until we have re-shaped the whole system of Irish government, so as to leave room for an independent and spontaneous growth of Irish civilisation along its own lines, Ireland will remain what she is now, miserable herself, and the torment and despair of others.

EDITOR.

Irish Reformation in 1870. By a Protestant Celt. Dublin: E. Ponsonby. 1870.

ON FRUITS AND SEEDS.

Our eloquent countryman, Mr. Ruskin, commences his work on Flowers by a somewhat severe criticism of his predecessors. He reproduces a page from a valuable but somewhat antiquated work, *Curtis' Magazine*, which he alleges to be "characteristic of botanical books and botanical science, not to say all science," and complains bitterly that it is a string of names and technical terms. No doubt that unfortunate page does contain a list of synonymes, and long words. But in order to identify a plant you must have synonymes and technical terms, just as to learn a language you must have a dictionary. To complain of this would be to resemble the man who said that Johnson's *Dictionary* was dry and disjointed reading. But no one would attempt to judge the literature of a country by reading a dictionary. So also we cannot estimate the interest of a science by reading technical descriptions. On the other hand, it is impossible to give a satisfactory description of an animal or plant except in strict technical language. Let me reproduce a description which Mr. Ruskin has given of the Swallow, and which, indeed, he says in his lecture on that bird is the only true description that could be given. His lecture was delivered before the University of Oxford, and is, I need hardly say, most interesting.

Now how does he describe a swallow. You can, he says, "only rightly describe the bird by the resemblances and images of what it seems to have changed from, then adding the fantastic and beautiful contrast of the unimaginable change. It is an owl that has been trained by the Graces. It is a bat that loves the morning light. It is the aerial reflection of a dolphin. It is the tender domestication of a trout." That is, no doubt, very poetical, but it would be absolutely useless as a scientific description, and, I must confess, would never have suggested, to me at least, the idea of a swallow.

But though technical terms are very necessary in science, I shall endeavour, as far as I can, to avoid them here. As, however, it will be impossible for me to do so altogether, I will do my best at the commencement to make them as clear as possible, and I must therefore ask those who have already looked into the subject, to pardon me if, for a few moments, I go into very elementary facts. In order to understand the structure of the seed, we must commence with the flower, to which the seed owes its origin. Now if you take such a flower as, say a Geranium, you will find that it consists of the following parts: Firstly, there is a whorl of green leaves, known as the sepals, and together forming the calyx; secondly, a whorl of coloured leaves, or petals, generally forming the most conspicuous part of the

flower, and called the corolla; thirdly, a whorl of organs more or less like pins, which are called stamens; and in the heads, or anthers, of which the pollen is produced. These anthers are in reality, as Goethe showed, modified leaves; in the so-called double flowers, as, for instance, in our garden roses, they are developed into coloured leaves like those of the corolla, and monstrous flowers are not unfrequently met with, in which the stamens are green leaves, more or less resembling the ordinary leaves of the plant. Lastly, in the centre of the flower is the pistil, which also is theoretically to be considered as constituted of one or more leaves, each of which is folded on itself, and called a carpel. Sometimes there is only one carpel. Generally the carpels have so completely lost the appearance of leaves, that this explanation of their true nature requires a considerable amount of faith. The base of the pistil is the ovary, composed, as I have just mentioned, of one or more carpels, in which the seeds are developed. I need hardly say that many so-called seeds are really fruits; that is to say, they are seeds with more or less complex envelopes.

We all know that seeds and fruits differ greatly in different species. Some are large, some small; some are sweet, some bitter; some are brightly coloured, some are good to eat, some poisonous, some spherical, some winged, some covered with bristles, some with hairs, some are smooth, some very sticky.

We may be sure that there are good reasons for these differences. In the case of flowers much light has been thrown on their various interesting peculiarities by the researches of Sprengel, Darwin, Müller, and other naturalists. As regards seeds also, besides Gartner's great work, Hildebrand, Krause, Steinbrinck, Kerner, Grant Allen, Wallace, Darwin, and others, have published valuable researches, especially with reference to the hairs and hooks with which so many seeds are provided, and the other means of dispersion they possess. Nobbe also has contributed an important work on seeds, principally from an agricultural point of view, but the subject as a whole offers a most promising field for investigation. It is rather with a view of suggesting this branch of science to you, than of attempting to supply the want myself, that I now propose to call your attention to it. In doing so I must, in the first place, express my acknowledgments to Mr. Baker, Mr. Carruthers, Mr. Hemsley, and especially to Mr. Thiselton Dyer and Sir Joseph Hooker, for their kind and most valuable assistance.

It is said that one of our best botanists once observed to another that he never could understand what was the use of the teeth on the capsules of mosses. "Oh," replied his friend, "I see no difficulty in that, because if it were not for the teeth, how could we distinguish the species?"

We may, however, no doubt, safely consider that the peculiarities of seeds have reference to the plant itself, and not to the convenience of botanists.

In the first place, then, during growth, seeds in many cases require protection. This is especially the case with those of an albuminous character. It is curious that so many of those which are luscious when ripe, as the Peach, Strawberry, Cherry, Apple, &c., are stringy, and almost inedible, till ripe. Moreover, in these cases, the fleshy portion is not the seed itself, but only the envelope, so that even if the sweet part is eaten the seed itself remains uninjured.

On the other hand, such seeds as the Hazel, Beech, Spanish Chestnut, and innumerable others, are protected by a thick, impervious shell, which is especially developed in many Proteaceæ, the Brazil-nut, the so-called Monkey-pot, the Cocoa-nut, and other palms.

In other cases the envelopes protect the seeds, not only by their thickness and toughness, but also by their bitter taste, as, for instance, in the Walnut. The genus *Mucuna*, one of the Leguminosæ, is remarkable in having the pods covered with stinging hairs.

In many cases the calyx, which is closed when the flower is in bud, opens when the flower expands, and then after the petals have fallen closes again until the seeds are ripe, when it opens for the second time. This is, for instance, the case with the common Herb Robert (*Geranium robertianum*). In *Atractylis cancellata*, a South European plant, allied to the thistles, the outer envelopes form an exquisite little cage. Another case, perhaps, is that of *Nigella*, the "Devil-in-a-bush," or, as it is sometimes more prettily called, "Love-in-a-mist," of old English gardens.

Again, the protection of the seed is in many cases attained by curious movements of the plant itself. In fact, plants move much more than is generally supposed. So far from being motionless, they may almost be said to be in perpetual movement, though the changes of position are generally so slow that they do not attract attention. This is not, however, always the case. We are all familiar with the Sensitive Plant, which droops its leaves when touched. Another species (*Averrhoa bilimbi*) has leaves like those of an Acacia, and all day the leaflets go slowly up and down. *Desmodium gyrans*, a sort of pea living in India, has trifoliate leaves, the lateral leaflets being small and narrow; and these leaflets, as was first observed by Lady Monson, are perpetually moving round and round, whence the specific name *gyrans*. In these two cases the object of the movement is quite unknown to us. In *Dionæa*, on the other hand, the leaves form a regular fly-trap. Directly an insect alights on them they shut up with a snap.

In a great many cases leaves are said to sleep; that is to say, at the

approach of night they change their position, and sometimes fold themselves up, thus presenting a smaller surface for radiation, and being in consequence less exposed to cold. Mr. Darwin has proved experimentally that leaves which were prevented from moving suffered more from cold than those which were allowed to assume their natural position. He has observed with reference to one plant, *Maranta arundinacea*, the Arrowroot, a West Indian species allied to Canna, that if the plant has had a severe shock it cannot get to sleep for the next two or three nights.

The sleep of flowers is also probably a case of the same kind, though, as I have elsewhere attempted to show, it has now, I believe, special reference to the visits of insects; those flowers which are fertilised by bees, butterflies, and other day insects, sleep by night, if at all; while those which are dependent on moths rouse themselves towards evening, as already mentioned, and sleep by day. These motions, indeed, have but an indirect reference to our present subject. On the other hand, in the Dandelion (*Leontodon*), the flower-stalk is upright while the flower is expanded, a period which lasts for three or four days; it then lowers itself and lies close to the ground for about twelve days, while the fruits are ripening, and then rises again when they are mature. In the Cyclamen the stalk curls itself up into a beautiful spiral after the flower has faded.

The flower of the little *Linaria* of our walls (*L. cymbalaria*) pushes out into the light and sunshine, but as soon as it is fertilised it turns round and endeavours to find some hole or cranny in which it may remain safely ensconced until the seed is ripe.

In some water plants the flower expands at the surface, but after it is faded retreats again to the bottom. This is the case, for instance, with the Water Lilies, some species of the *Potamogeton*, *Trapa natans*. In *Valisneria*, again, the female flowers (Fig. 1 *a*) are borne on long stalks, which reach to the surface of the water, on which the flowers float. The male flowers (Fig. 1 *b*), on the contrary, have short, straight stalks, from which, when mature, the pollen (Fig. 1 *c*) detaches itself, rises to the surface, and, floating freely on it, is wafted about, so that it comes in contact with the female flowers. After fertilisation, however, the long stalk coils up spirally, and thus carries the ovary down to the bottom, where the seeds can ripen in greater safety.

The next points to which I will direct your attention are the means of dispersion possessed by many seeds. Farmers have found by experience that it is not desirable to grow the same crop in the same field year after year, because the soil becomes more or less exhausted. In this respect, therefore, the powers of dispersion possessed by many seeds are a great advantage to the species.

Moreover, they are also advantageous in giving the seed a chance of germinating in new localities suitable to the requirements of the species. Thus a common European species, *Xanthium spinosum*, has rapidly spread over the whole of South Africa, the seeds being carried in the wool of sheep. From various considerations, however, it seems probable that in most cases the provision does not contemplate a dispersion for more than a short distance.

There are a great many cases in which plants possess powers of movement directed to the dissemination of the seed. Thus, in *Geastrum hygrometricum*, a kind of fungus which grows under-

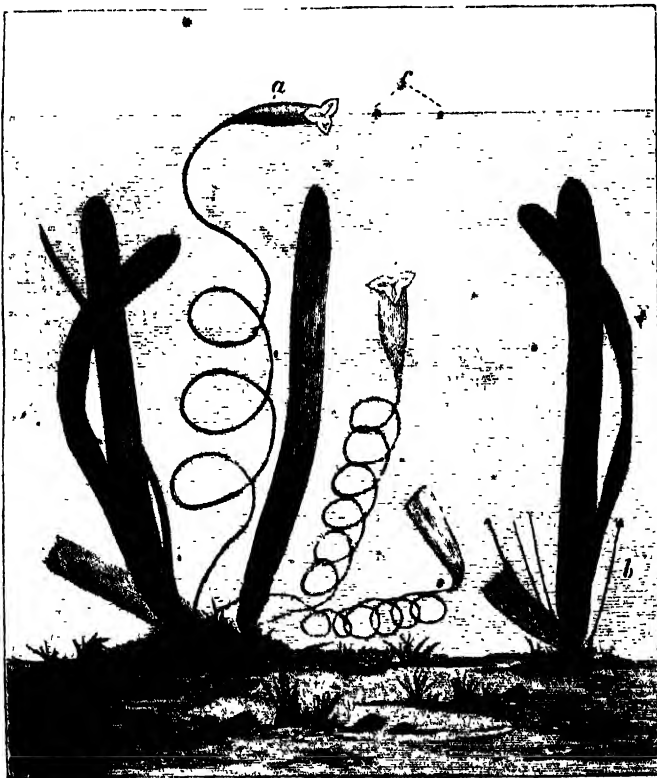


FIG. 1.—*VALISNERIA SPIRALIS*.
a, female flower; b, male flower; c, floating pollen.

ground, the outer envelope, which is hard, tough, and hygrometric, divides, when mature, into strips from the crown to the base; these strips spread horizontally, raising the plant above its former position in the ground; on rain or damp weather supervening the strips return to their former position; on the return of the drought this process is repeated, until the fungus reaches the surface and spreads out there; then the membrane of the conceptacle opens and emits the spores in the form of dust.

I have already referred to the case of the Common Dandelion. Here the flower-stalk stands more or less upright while the flower is expanded, a period which generally lasts for three or four days. It then lowers itself, and lies more or less horizontally and concealed during the time the seeds are maturing, which in our summers occupies about twelve days. It then again rises, and, becoming almost erect, facilitates the dispersion of the seeds, or, speaking botanically, the fruits, by the wind. Some plants, as we shall see, even sow their seeds in the ground, but these cases will be referred to later on.

In other cases the plant throws its own seeds to some little distance. This is the case with the common *Cardamine hirsuta*, a little plant, I do not like to call it a weed, six or eight inches high, which comes up of itself abundantly on any vacant spot in our kitchen-gardens or shrubberies, and which much resembles that represented in Fig. 17, but without the subterranean pods *b*. The seeds are contained in a pod which consists of three parts, a central membrane, and two lateral walls. When the pod is ripe the walls are in a state of tension. The seeds are loosely attached to the central piece by short stalks. Now, when the proper moment has arrived, the outer walls are kept in place by a delicate membrane, only just strong enough to resist

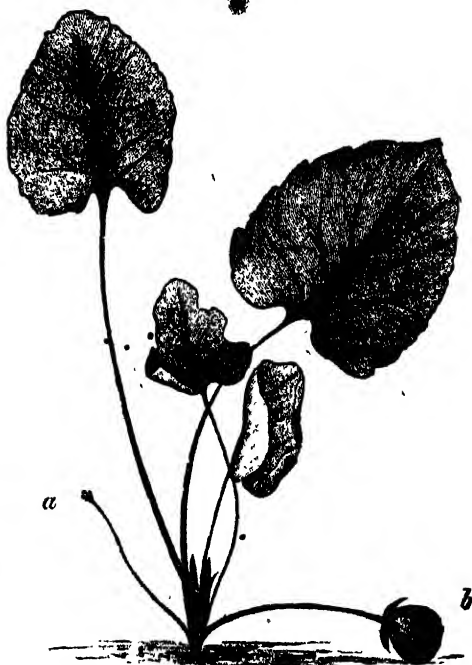


Fig. 2.—*VIOLA HIRTA*.
a, young bud; b, ripe seed capsule.

the tension. The least touch, for instance a puff of wind blowing the plant against a neighbour, detaches the outer wall, which suddenly rolls itself up, generally with such force as to fly from the plant, thus jerking the seeds to a distance of several feet.

In the Common Violets, beside the coloured flowers, there are others in which the corolla is either absent or imperfectly developed. The stamens also are small, but contain pollen, though less than in the coloured flowers. In the autumn large numbers of these curious flowers are produced. When very young they look like an ordinary flower-bud (Figs. 2 and 3 *a*), the central part of the flower being entirely covered by the sepals, and the whole having a trian-

gular form. When older (Figs. 2 and 3 *b*) they look at first sight like an ordinary seed capsule, so that the bud seems to pass into the capsule without the flower-stage. The Pansy Violets do not possess these interesting flowers. In the Sweet Violet (*V. odorata* and *V. hirta*, Fig. 2) they may easily be found by searching among the leaves nestling close to the ground. It is often said, for instance



Fig. 3.—*VIOLA CANINA*.
a, bud; b, bud more advanced; c, capsule open, some of the seeds are already thrown.

by Vaucher, that the plants actually force these capsules into the ground, and thus sow their own seeds. I have not, however, found this to be the case, though as the stalk elongates, and the point of the capsule turns downwards, if the earth be loose and uneven, it will no doubt sometimes so happen. When the seeds are fully ripe, the capsule opens by three valves and allows them to escape.*



Fig. 4.

In the Dog Violet (*V. canina*, Fig. 3) the case is very different. The capsules are less fleshy, and, though pendent when young, at maturity they erect themselves (Fig. 3 *c*), stand up boldly above the rest of the plant, and open by the three equal valves (Fig. 4) resembling an inverted tripod. Each valve contains a row of three, four, or five brown, smooth, pear-shaped seeds, slightly flattened at the upper, wider end. Now the two walls of each valve, as they become drier, contract, and thus approach one another, thus tending to squeeze out the seeds. These resist some time, but at length the attachment of the seed to its base gives

way, and it is ejected several feet, this being no doubt much facilitated by its form and smoothness. I have known even a gathered specimen throw a seed nearly 10 feet. Fig. 5 represents a capsule after the seeds have been ejected.

Now we naturally ask ourselves what is the reason for this difference between the species of Violets; why do *V. odoratu* and *V. hirta* conceal their capsules among the moss and leaves on the ground, while *V. canina* and others raise theirs boldly above their heads, and throw the seeds to seek their fortune in the world? If this arrangement be best for *Viola canina*, why has not *Viola odorata* also adopted it? The reason is, I believe, to be found in the different mode of growth of these two species. *Viola canina* is a plant with an elongated stalk, and it is easy therefore for the capsule to raise itself above the grass and other low herbage among which violets grow.

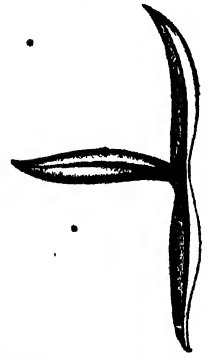


Fig. 5.—*VIOLA CANINA*;
SEED-VESSEL AFTER
EJECTING THE SEEDS.



Fig. 6.—THE HERB ROBERT (*GERANIUM ROBERTIANUM*).
a, bud; b, flower; c, flower after the petals have fallen; d, flower with seeds
nearly ripe; e, flower with ripe seeds; f, flower after throwing seeds.

V. odorata and *V. hirta*, on the contrary, have, in ordinary parlance,

no stalk, and the leaves are radical, *i.e.* rising from the root. This is at least the case in appearance, for, botanically speaking, they rise at the end of a short stalk. Now, under these circumstances, if the Sweet Violet attempted to shoot its seeds, the capsules not being sufficiently elevated, the seeds would merely strike against some neighbouring leaf, and immediately fall to the ground. Hence, I think, we see that the arrangement of the capsule in each species is that most suitable to the general habit of the plant.

In the true *Geraniums* again, as for instance in the Herb Robert (Fig. 6), after the flower has faded, the central axis gradually elongates (Fig. 6 *c d*). The seeds, five in number, are situated at the base of the column, each being enclosed in a capsule, which terminates upwards in a rod-like portion, which at first forms part

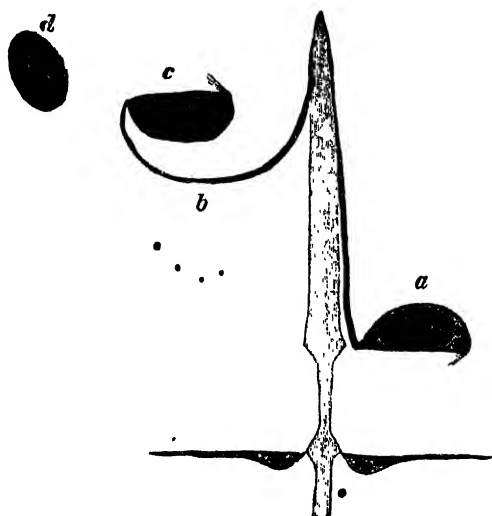


Diagram.
Fig. 7. — *GERANIUM DISSECTUM*.
a, just before throwing seed; b, just after throwing seed; c, the capsule still attached to the rod; d, the seed.

of the central axis, but gradually detaches itself. When the seeds are ripe the ovary raises itself into an upright position (Fig. 6 *e*); the outer layers of the rod-like termination of the seed-capsule come to be in a state of great tension, and eventually detach the rod with a jerk, and thus throw the seed some little distance. Fig. 6 *f* represents the central rod after the seeds have been thrown. In some species, as for instance in *Geranium dissectum*, Fig. 7, the capsule-rod remains attached to the central column and the seed only is ejected.

It will, however, be remembered that the capsule is, as already observed, a leaf folded on itself, with the edges inwards, and in fact in the *Geranium* the seed-chamber opens on its inner side. You will, therefore, naturally observe to me that when the carpel bursts outwards, the only effect would be that the seed would be forced

against the outer wall of the carpel, and that it would not be ejected, because the opening is not on the outer but on the inner side. Your remark is perfectly just, but the difficulty has been foreseen by our *Geraniums*, and is overcome by them in different ways. In some species, as for instance in *Geranium dissectum*, a short time before the dehiscence, the seed-chamber places itself at right angles to the pillar (Fig. 7 *a*). The edges then separate, but they are provided with a fringe of hairs, just strong enough to retain the seed in its position, yet sufficiently elastic to allow it to escape when the carpels burst away, remaining attached, however, to the central pillar by their upper ends (Fig. 7 *c*).

In the Common Herb Robert (Fig. 8), and some other species, the arrangement is somewhat different. In the first place the whole carpel springs away (Fig. 8 *b* and *c*). The seed-chamber (Fig. 8 *c*) detaches itself from the rod of the carpel (Fig. 8 *b*), and when the seed is flung away remains attached to it. Under these circumstances it is unnecessary for the chamber to raise itself from the central pillar, to which accordingly it remains close until the moment of disruption (Fig. 6 *e*). The seed-chamber is moreover held in place by a short tongue which projects a little way over its base; while, on the other hand, the lower end of the rod passes for a short distance between the seed-capsule and the central pillar. The seed-capsule has also near its apex a curious tuft of silky hair (Fig. 8 *c*), the use of which I will not here stop to discuss. As the result of all this complex mechanism the seeds when ripe are flung to a distance which is surprising when we consider how small the spring is. In their natural habitat it is almost impossible to find the seeds when once thrown. I therefore brought some into the house and placed them on my billiard-table. They were thrown from one end completely over the other, in some cases more than twenty feet.

Some species of Vetch, again, and the common Broom, throw their seeds, owing to the elasticity of the pods, which, when ripe, open suddenly with a jerk. Each valve of the pod contains a layer of woody cells, which, however, do not pass straight up the pod, but are more or less inclined to its axis (Fig. 9). Consequently, when

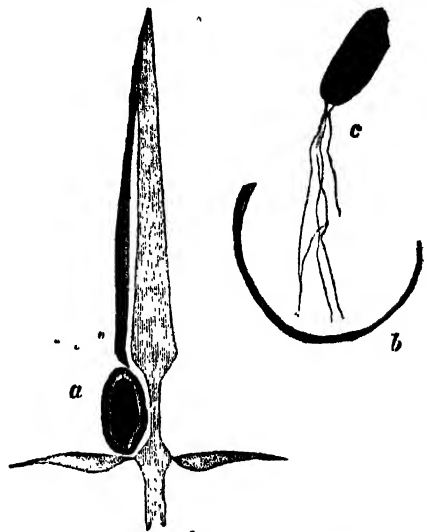


Fig. 8.—*GERANIUM ROBERTIANUM*.
a, just before throwing the seed; *b*, the rod; *c*, the seed enclosed in the capsule.

the pod bursts it does not, as in the case of *Cardamine*, roll up like a watch-spring, but twists itself more or less like a corkscrew.

I have mentioned these species because they are some of our commonest wild flowers, so that during the summer and autumn we may, in almost any walk, observe for ourselves this innocent artillery. There are, however, many other more or less similar cases. Thus the Squirting Cucumber (*Momordica elaterium*), a common plant in the south of Europe, and one grown in some places for medicinal purposes, effects the same object by a totally different mechanism. The fruit is a small cucumber (Fig. 10), and when ripe it becomes so gorged with fluid that it is in a state of great tension. In this condition a very slight touch is sufficient to detach it from the stalk, when the pressure of the walls ejects the contents, throwing the seed some distance. In this case of course the contents



Fig. 9.—*Vicia sepium*.
The line *a b* shows the direction of the woody fibres.

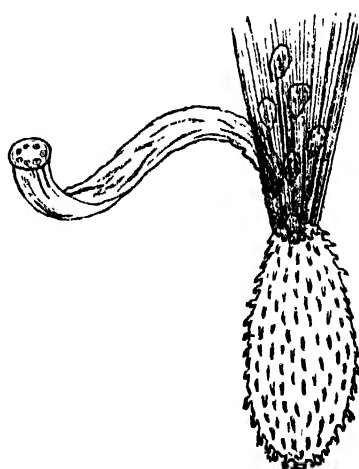


Fig. 10.—THE SQUIRTING CUCUMBER
(*Momordica elaterium*).

are ejected at the end by which the cucumber is attached to the stalk. If any one touches one of these ripe fruits, they are often thrown with such force as to strike him in the face. In this the action is said to be due to endosmosis.

In *Cyclanthera*, a plant allied to the Cucumber, the fruit is unsymmetrical, one side being round and hairy, the other nearly flat and smooth. The true apex of the fruit, which bears the remains of the flower, is also somewhat eccentric, and, when the seeds are ripe, if it is touched even lightly, the fruit explodes and the seeds are thrown to some distance. The mechanism by which this is effected has been described by Hildebrand. The interior of the fruit is occupied by loose cellular structure. The central column, or placenta, to which the seeds are attached, lies loosely in this tissue. Through the solution of its earlier attachments, when the fruit is ripe, the

column adheres only at the apical end, under the withered remains of the flower, and at the swollen side. When the fruit bursts the placenta unrolls, and thus hurls the seeds to some distance, being even itself sometimes also torn away from its attachment.

Other cases of projected seeds are afforded by *Hura*, one of the *Euphorbiae*, *Collomia*, *Oxalis*, some species allied to *Acanthus*, and by *Arceuthobium*, a plant allied to the Mistletoe, and parasitic on Junipers, which ejects its seeds to a distance of several feet, throwing them thus from one tree to another.

Even those species which do not eject their seeds often have them so placed with reference to the capsule that they only leave it if swung or jerked by a high wind. In the case of trees, even seeds with no special adaptation for dispersion must in this manner be often carried to no little distance; and to a certain, though less extent, this must hold good even with herbaceous plants. It throws light on the, at first sight, curious fact that in so many plants with small, heavy seeds, the capsules open not at the bottom, as one might perhaps have been disposed to expect, but at the top. A good illustration is afforded by the well-known case of the Common Poppy (Fig. 11), in which the upper part of the capsule presents a series of little doors (Fig. 11 *a*), through which, when the plant is swung by the wind, the seeds come out one by one. The little doors are protected from rain by overhanging eaves, and are even said to shut of themselves in wet weather. The genus *Campanula* is also interesting from this point of view, because some species have the capsules pendent, some upright, and those which are upright open at the top, while those which are pendent do so at the base.



FIG. 11.—SEED-HEAD OF POPPY (*PAPAYER*).

In other cases the dispersion is mainly the work of the seed itself. In some of the lower plants, as, for instance, in many seaweeds, and in some allied fresh-water plants, such as *Vaucheria*, the spores¹ are covered by vibratile cilia, and actually swim about in the water, like infusoria, till they have found a suitable spot on which to grow. Nay, so much do the spores of some seaweeds resemble animals, that they are provided with a red "eye-spot" as it has been called, which, at any rate, seems so far to deserve the name that it appears to be sensitive to light. This mode of progression is, however, only suitable to water plants. One group of small, low-organized plants, *Marchantia*, develop among the spores a number of cells with spirally

(1) I need hardly observe that, botanically, these are not true seeds, but rather motile buds.

thickened walls, which, by their contractility, are supposed to disseminate the spores. In the common Horse Tails (*Equisetum*), again, the spores are provided with curious filaments, terminating in expansions, and known as "elaters." They move with great vigour, and probably serve the same purpose.

In much more numerous cases, seeds are carried by the wind. For this of course it is desirable that they should be light. Sometimes this object is attained by the character of the tissues themselves, sometimes by the presence of empty spaces. Thus, in *Valerianella auricula*, the fruit contains three cells, each of which would naturally be expected to contain a seed. One seed only, however, is developed, but, as may be seen from the figure given in Mr. Bentham's excellent *Handbook of the British Flora*, the two cells which contain no seed actually become larger than the one which alone might, at first sight, seem to be normally developed. We may be sure from this that they must be of some use, and, from their lightness, they probably enable the wind to carry the seed to a greater distance than would otherwise be the case.

In other instances the plants themselves, or parts of them, are rolled along the ground by the wind. An example of this is afforded, for instance, by a kind of grass (*Spinifer squarrosus*), in which the mass of inflorescence, forming a large round head, is thus driven for miles over the dry sands of Australia until it comes to a damp place, when it expands and soon strikes root.

So, again, the *Anastatica hierochuntica*, or "Rose of Jericho," a small annual with rounded pods, which frequents sandy places in Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, when dry, curls itself up into a ball or round cushion, and is thus driven about by the wind until it finds a damp place, when it uncurls, the pods open, and sow the seeds.

These cases, however, in which seeds are rolled by the wind along the ground are comparatively rare. There are many more in which seeds are wafted through the air. If you examine the fruit of a Sycamore you will find that it is provided with a wing-like expansion, in consequence of which, if there is any wind when it falls, it is, though rather heavy, blown to some distance from the parent tree. Several cases are shown in Fig. 12; for instance, the Maple *a*, Sycamore *b*, Hornbeam *d*, Elm *e*, Birch *f*, Pine *g*, Fir *h*, and Ash *i*, while in the Lime, *c*, the whole bunch of fruits drops together, and the "bract," as it is called, or leaf of the flower-stalk, serves the same purpose.

In a great many other plants the same result is obtained by flattened and expanded edges. A beautiful example is afforded by the genus *Thysanocarpus*, a North American crucifer; *Th. laciniatus* has a distinctly winged pod; in *T. curripes* the wings are considerably larger; lastly, in *T. elegans* and *T. radians* the pods are still further de-

veloped in the same direction, *T. radians* having the wing very broad, while in *T. elegans* it has become thinner and thinner in places, until at length it shows a series of perforations. Among our common wild plants we find winged fruits in the Dock (*Rumex*) and in the Common Parsnip (*Pastinaca*). But though in these cases the object to be obtained—namely, the dispersion of the seed—is effected in a similar manner, there are

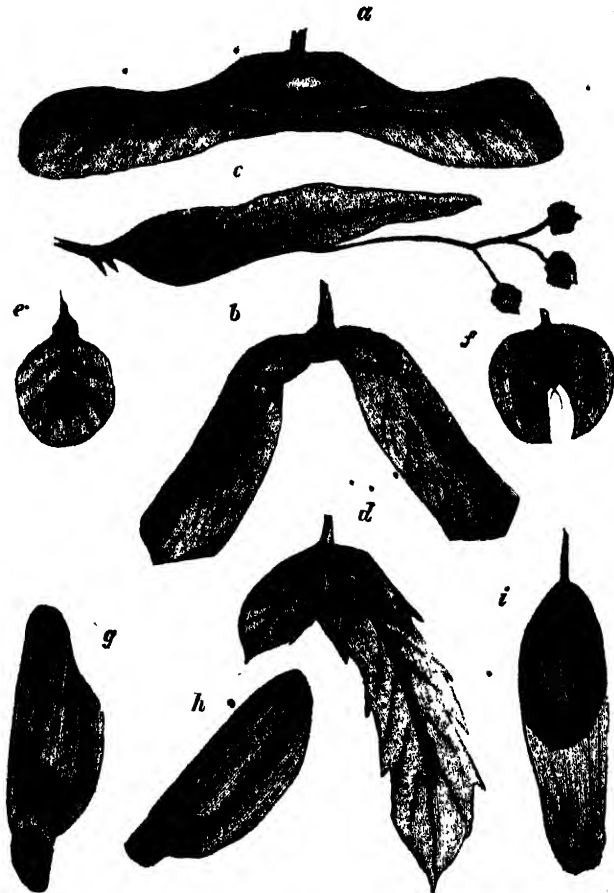


Fig. 12.

a, maple; b, sycamore; c, lime; d, hornbeam; e, elm; f, birch; g, pine;
h, fir; i, ash.

differences which might not at first be suspected. Thus in some cases, as, for instance, the Pine, it is the seed itself which is winged; in *Thlaspi arvense* it is the pod; in *Entada*, a leguminous plant, the pod breaks up into segments, each of which is winged; in *Nissolia* the extremity of the pod is expanded into a flattened wing; lastly, in the Lime, as already mentioned, the fruits drop off in a bunch, and the leaf at the base of the common flower-stalk, or "bract," as it is called, forms the wing.

In *Gouania retinaria* of Rodriguez the same object is effected in another manner; the cellular tissue of the fruit crumbles and breaks away, leaving only the vascular tissue, which thus forms a net enclosing the seed.

Another mode, which is frequently adopted, is the development of long hairs. Sometimes, as in *Clematis*, *Anemone*, *Dryas*, these hairs take the form of a long feathery awn. In others the hairs form a tuft or crown, which botanists term a pappus. Of this the Dandelion and John Go-to-bed-at-noon, so called from its habit of shutting

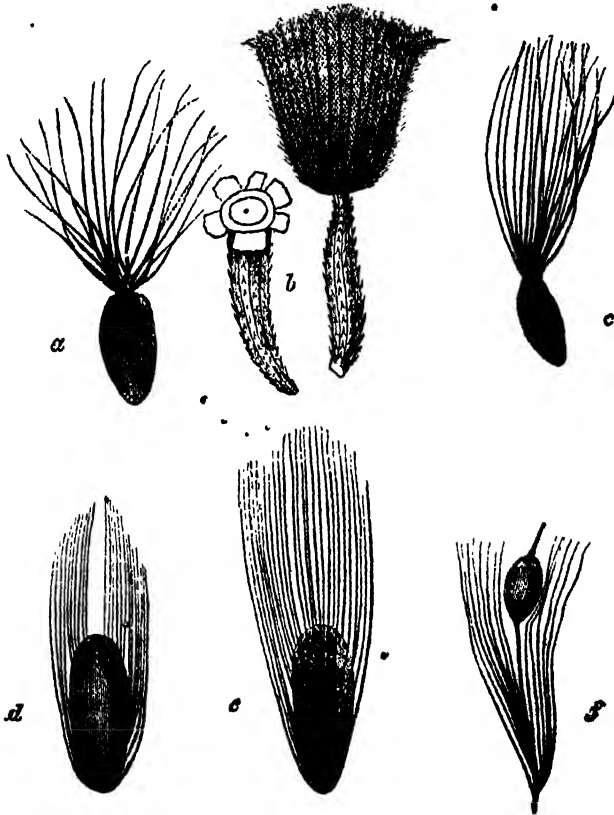


Fig. 13.
a, willow herb (*Epilobium*); b, two forms of seed of *Thrinicia hirta*; c, *Tamarix*;
d, willow (*Salix*); e, cotton grass (*Eriophorum*); f, bullrush (*Typha*).

its flowers about mid-day, are well-known examples. Tufts of hairs, which are themselves sometimes feathery, are developed in a great many Composites, though some, as, for instance, the Daisy and *Lapsana*, are without them; in some very interesting species, of which the common *Thrinicia hirta* of our lawns and meadows is one, there are two kinds of fruits, as shown in Fig. 13 b, one with a pappus and one without. The former are adapted to seek "fresh woods and pastures new," while the latter stay and perpetuate the race at home.

A more or less similar pappus is found among various English plants—in the *Epilobium* (Fig. 13 *a*), *Thrinicia* (Fig. 13 *b*), *Tamarix* (Fig. 13 *c*), *Willow* (Fig. 13 *d*), *Cotton Grass* (Fig. 13 *e*), and *Bullrush* (Fig. 13 *f*); while in exotic species there are many other cases—as, for instance, the beautiful *Oleander*. As in the wings, so also in that of the pappus, it is by no means always the same part of the plant which develops into the crown of hairs. Thus in the *Valerians* and *Composites* it is the calyx; in the *Bullrush* the perianth; in *Epilobium* the crown of the seed; in the *Cotton Grass* it is supposed to represent the perianth; while in some, as, for instance, in the *Cotton plant*, the whole outer surface of the seed is clothed with long hairs. Sometimes, on the contrary, the hairs are very much reduced in number, as, for instance, in some species of *Æschynanthus*, where there are only three, one on one side and two on the other. In this case, moreover, the hairs are very flexible, and wrap round the wool of any animal with which they may come in contact, so that they form a double means of dispersion.

In other cases seeds are wafted by water. Of this the *Cocoa-nut* is one of the most striking examples. The seeds retain their vitality for a considerable time, and the loose texture of the husk protects them and makes them float. Every one knows that the *Cocoa-nut* is one of the first plants to make its appearance on coral islands, and it is, I believe, the only palm which is common to both hemispheres.

The seeds of the *Common Duckweeds* (*Lemna*) sink to the bottom of the water in autumn, and remain there throughout the winter; but in the spring they rise up to the surface again and begin to grow.

In a very large number of cases the diffusion of seeds is effected by animals. To this class belong the fruits and berries. In them an outer fleshy portion becomes pulpy, and generally sweet, enclosing the seeds. It is remarkable that such fruits, in order, doubtless, to attract animals, are, like flowers, brightly colored—as, for instance, the *Cherry*, *Currant*, *Apple*, *Peach*, *Plum*, *Strawberry*, *Raspberry*, and many others. This color, moreover, is not present in the unripe fruit, but is rapidly developed at maturity. In such cases the actual seed is generally protected by a dense, sometimes almost stony, covering, so that it escapes digestion, while its germination is perhaps hastened by the heat of the animal's body. It may be said that the skin of apple and pear pips is comparatively soft; but then they are embedded in a stringy core, which is seldom eaten.

These colored fruits form a considerable part of the food of monkeys in the tropical regions of the earth; and we can, I think, hardly doubt that these animals are guided by the colors, just as we are, in selecting the ripe fruit. This has a curious bearing on an interesting question as to the power of distinguishing color possessed by our ancestors in bygone times. Magnus and Geiger,

relying on the well-known fact that the ancient languages are poor in words for color, and that in the oldest books—as, for instance, in the Vedas, the Zendavesta, the Old Testament, and the writings of Homer and Hesiod—though, of course, the heavens are referred to over and over again, its blue color is never dwelt on; have argued that the ancients were very deficient in the power of distinguishing colors, and especially blue. In our own country Mr. Gladstone

has lent the weight of his great authority to the same conclusion.

For my part I cannot accept this view. There are, it seems to me, very strong reasons against it, into which I cannot, of course, now enter; and though I should rely mainly on other considerations, the colors of fruits are not, I think, without significance. If monkeys and apes could distinguish them, surely we may infer that even the most savage of men could do so too. Zeuxis would never have deceived the birds if he had not had a fair perception of color.

In these instances of colored fruits, the fleshy edible part more or less surrounds the true seeds; in others the actual seeds themselves

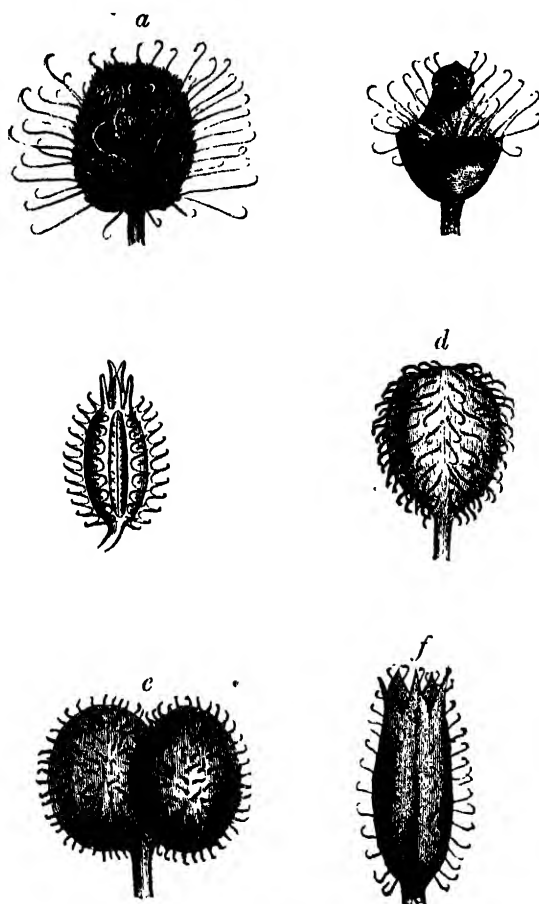


Fig. 14.
a, burdock (*Lappa*); b, agrimony (*Agrimonia*); c, bur parsley (*Caucalis*); d, enchanter's nightshade (*Circæa*); e, clovers (*Galium*); f, forget-me-nots (*Myosotis*).

become edible. In the former the edible part serves as a temptation to animals; in the latter it is stored up for the use of the plant itself. When, therefore, the seeds themselves are edible they are generally protected by more or less hard or bitter envelopes, for instance the Horse Chestnut, Beech, Spanish Chestnut, Walnut, &c. That these seeds are used as food by squirrels and other animals is, however, by no means necessarily an evil to the plant, for the result is that

they are often carried some distance and then dropped, or stored up and forgotten, so that in this way they get carried away from the parent tree.

In another class of instances animals, unconsciously or unwillingly, serve in the dispersion of seeds. These cases may be divided into two classes, those in which the fruits are provided with hooks,



Fig. 15.

a, *Harpagophyton procumbens* (natural size); b, *Martynia proboscidea* (natural size).

and those in which they are sticky. To the first class belong, among our common English plants, the Burdock (*Lappa*, Fig. 14 a), *Agrimony* (*Agrimonia*, Fig. 14 b); the Bur Parsley (*Caucalis*, Fig. 14 c); Enchanter's nightshade (*Circæa*, Fig. 14 d); Goose Grass or Cleavers (*Galium*, Fig. 14 e) and some of the Forget-me-Nots (*Myosotis*, Fig. 14 f). The hooks, moreover, are so arranged as to promote the removal of the fruits. In all these species the hooks,

though beautifully formed, are small; but in some foreign species they become truly formidable. Two of the most remarkable are represented above,—*Martynia proboscidea* (Fig. 15 b) and *Harpagophytum procumbens* (Fig. 15 a). *Martynia* is a plant of Louisiana, and if its fruits once get hold of an animal it is most difficult to remove them. *Harpagophytum* is a South African genus. The fruits are most formidable, and are said sometimes even to kill lions. They roll about over the dry plains, and if they attach themselves to the skin, the wretched animal tries to tear them out, and sometimes getting them into its mouth perishes miserably.

The cases in which the diffusion of fruits and seeds is affected by their being sticky are less numerous, and we have no well marked instance among our native plants. The common Plumbago of South Europe is a case which many of you no doubt have observed. Other genera with the same mode of dispersion are *Pittosporum*, *Pisonia*, *Boerhavia*, *Siegesbeckia*, *Grindelia*, *Drymaria*, &c. There are comparatively few cases in which the same plant uses more than one of these modes of promoting the dispersion of its seeds, still there are some such instances. Thus in the Common Burdock the seeds have a pappus, while the whole flower head is provided with hooks which readily attach themselves to any passing animal. *Asterothrix*, as Hildebrand has pointed out, has three provisions for dispersion; it has a hollow appendage, a pappus, and a rough surface.

But perhaps it will be said that I have picked out special cases; that others could have been selected, which would not bear out, or perhaps would even negative, the inferences which have been indicated; that I have put the cart before the horse; that the Ash fruit has not a wing in order that it may be carried by the wind, or the Burdock hooks that the heads may be transported by animals, but that happening to have wings and hooks these seeds are thus transported. Now doubtless there are many points connected with seeds which are still unexplained; in fact it is because this is so that I was anxious to direct attention to the subject. Still I believe the general explanations which have been given by botanists will stand any test.

Let us take for instance seeds formed on the same type as that of the Ash—heavy fruits, with a long wing, known to botanists as a Samara. Now such a fruit would be of little use to low herbs, which, however, are so numerous. If the wing was accidental, if it were not developed to serve as a means of dispersion, it would be as likely to occur on low plants and shrubs as on trees. Let us then consider on what kind of plants these fruits are found. They occur on the Ash, Maple, Sycamore, Hornbeam, Pines, Firs and Elm; while the Lime, as we have seen, has also a leaf attached to the fruits, which answers the same purposes. Seeds

of this character, therefore occur on a large proportion of our forest trees, and on them alone. But more than this: I have taken one or two of the most accessible works in which seeds are figured, for instance, Gærtner's *De Fructibus et Seminibus*, Le Maoût and Decaisne (Hooker's translation) *Descriptive and Analytical Botany*, and Baillon's *Histoire des Plantes*. I find thirty genera, belonging to twenty-one different natural orders, figured as having seeds or fruits of this form. They are all trees or climbing shrubs, not one being a low herb.

Let us take another case, that of the plants in which the dispersion of the seeds is effected by means of hooks. Now, if the presence of these hooks were, so to say, accidental, and the dispersion merely a result, we should naturally expect to find some species with hooks in all classes of plants. They would occur, for instance, among trees and on water-plants. On the other hand, if they are developed that they might adhere to the skin of quadrupeds, then, having reference to the habits and size of our British mammals, it would be no advantage for a tree or for a water-plant to bear hooked seeds. Now, what are the facts? There are about thirty English species in which the dispersion of the seeds is effected by means of hooks, but not one of these is aquatic, nor is one of them more than four feet high. Nay, I might carry the thing further. We have a number of minute plants, which lie below the level at which seeds would be likely to be entangled in fur. Now none of these, again, have hooked seeds or fruits. It would also seem, as Hildebrand has suggested, that in point of time, also, the appearance of the families of plants in which the fruits or seeds are provided with hooks coincided with that of the land mammalia.

Again let us look at it from another point of view. Let us take our common forest trees, shrubs, and tall climbing plants; not, of course, a natural or botanical group, for they belong to a number of different orders, but a group characterised by attaining to a height of say over eight feet. We will in some cases only count genera; that is to say, we will count all the willows, for instance, as one. These trees and shrubs are plants with which you are all familiar, and are about thirty-three in number. Now, of these thirty-three no less than eighteen have edible fruits or seeds, such as the Plum, Apple, Arbutus, Holly, Hazel, Beech, and Rose. Three have seeds which are provided with feathery hairs; and all the rest, namely, the Lime, Maple, Ash, Sycamore, Elm, Hop, Birch, Hornbeam, Pine, and Fir are provided with a wing. Moreover, as will be seen by the following table, the lower trees and shrubs, such as the Cornel, Guelder Rose, Rose, Thorn, Privet, Elder, Yew, and Holly have generally edible berries, much eaten by birds. The winged seeds or fruits characterise the great forest trees.

TREES, SHRUBS, AND CLIMBING SHRUBS NATIVE OR NATURALISED IN
BRITAIN.

	Seed or Fruit.			
	Edible.	Hairy.	Winged.	Hooked.
<i>Clematis vitalba</i>		×		
<i>Berberis vulgaris</i>				
Lime (<i>Tilia Europæa</i>)			×	
Maple (<i>Acer</i>)			×	
Spindle Tree (<i>Euonymus</i>) . .	×			
Buckthorn (<i>Rhamnus</i>)	×			
Sloe (<i>Prunus</i>)	×			
Rose (<i>Rosa</i>)	×			
Apple (<i>Pyrus</i>)	×			
Hawthorn (<i>Crataegus</i>)	×			
Medlar (<i>Mespilus</i>)	×			
Ivy (<i>Hedera</i>)	×			
Cornel (<i>Cornus</i>)	×			
Elder (<i>Sambucus</i>)	×			
Guelder Rose (<i>Viburnum</i>) . .	×			
Honeysuckle (<i>Lonicera</i>) . . .				
Arbutus (<i>Arbutus</i>)	×			
Holly (<i>Ilex</i>)	×			
Ash (<i>Fraxinus</i>)			×	
Privet (<i>Ligustrum</i>)	×			
Elm (<i>Ulmus</i>)			×	
Hop (<i>Humulus</i>)			×	
Alder (<i>Alnus</i>)				
Birch (<i>Betula</i>)			×	
Hornbeam (<i>Carpinus</i>)			×	
Nut (<i>Corylus</i>)	×			
Boech (<i>Fagus</i>)	×			
Oak (<i>Quercus</i>)	×			
Willow (<i>Salix</i>)		×		
Poplar (<i>Populus</i>)		×		
Pine (<i>Pinus</i>)			×	
Fir (<i>Abies</i>)			×	
Yew (<i>Taxus</i>)	×			

Or let us take one natural order. That of the Roses is particularly interesting. In the genus *Geum* the fruit is provided with hooks; in *Dryas* it terminates in a long feathered awn, like that of *Clematis*. On the other hand, several genera have edible fruits; but it is curious that the part of a plant which becomes fleshy, and thus tempting to animals, differs considerably in the different genera. In the Blackberry, for instance, and in the Raspberry, the carpels constitute the edible portion. When we eat a Raspberry we strip them off and leave the receptacle behind; while in the Strawberry the receptacle constitutes the edible portion; the carpels are small, hard, and closely surround the seeds. In these genera the sepals are situated below the fruit. In the Rose, on the contrary, it is the peduncle that is swollen and inverted, so as to form a hollow cup, in the interior of which the carpels are situated. Here you will

remember that the sepals are situated above, not below, the fruit. Again, in the Pear and Apple, it is the ovary which constitutes the edible part of the fruit, and in which the pips are embedded. At first sight, the fruit of the Mulberry—which, however, belongs to a different family—closely resembles that of the Blackberry. In the Mulberry, however, it is the sepals which become fleshy and sweet.

The next point is that seeds should be in a spot suitable for their growth. In most cases, the seed lies on the ground, into which it then pushes its little rootlet. In plants, however, which live on trees, the case is not so simple, and we meet some curious contrivances. Thus, the Mistletoe, as we all know, is parasitic on trees.

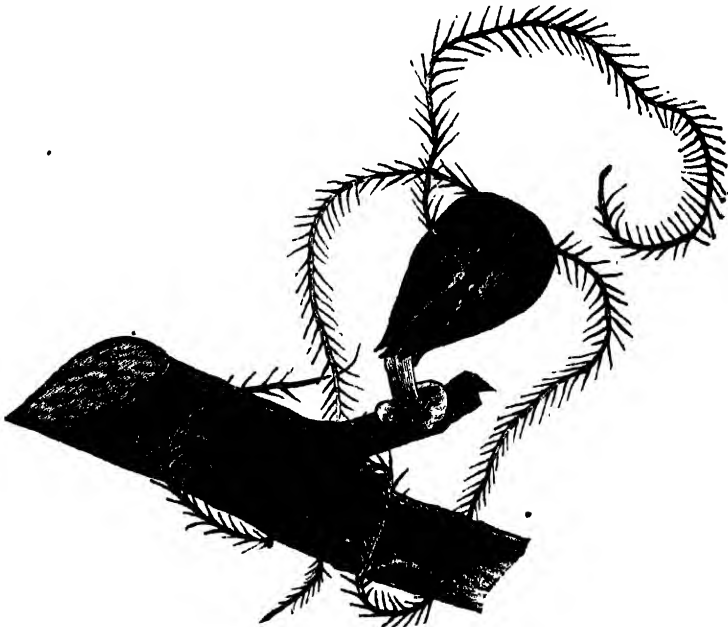


Fig. 16.—MYZODENDRON. (After Hooker.)

The fruits are eaten by birds, and the droppings often therefore fall on the boughs; but if the seed was like that of most other plants it would soon fall to the ground, and consequently perish. Almost alone among English plants it is extremely sticky, and thus adheres to the bark.

I have already alluded to an allied genus, *Arceuthobium*, parasitic on Junipers, which throws its seeds to a distance of several feet. These also are very viscid, or, to speak more correctly, are embedded in a very viscid mucilage, so that if they come in contact with the bark of a neighbouring tree they stick to it.

Another very interesting genus, again of the same family, is *Myzodendron* (Fig. 16), a Fuegian species, described by Sir Joseph

Hooker, and parasitic on the Beech. Here the seed is not sticky, but is provided with four flattened flexible appendages. These catch the wind, and thus carry the seed from one tree to another. As soon, however, as they touch any little bough the arms twist round it and there anchor the seed.

In many epiphytes the seeds are extremely numerous and minute. Their great numbers increase the chance that the wind may waft some of them to the trees on which they grow ; and as they are then fully supplied with nourishment they do not require to carry any



Fig. 17.—*CARDAMINE CHRENOPODIIFOLIA*.
a a, ordinary pods ; b, subterranean pods.

store with them. Moreover their minute size is an advantage, as they are carried into any little chink or cranny in the bark ; while a larger or heavier seed, even if borne against a suitable tree, would be more likely to drop off. In the genus *Neumannia*, the small seed is produced at each end into a long filament which must materially increase its chance of adhering to a suitable tree.

Even among terrestrial species there are not a few cases in which plants are not contented simply to leave their seeds on the surface of the soil, but actually sow them in the ground.

Thus in *Trifolium subterraneum*, one of our rarer English Clovers,

only a few of the florets become perfect flowers, the others form a rigid pointed head which at first is turned upwards, and as their ends are close together, constitute a sort of spike. At first, I say, the flower-heads point upwards like those of other Clovers, but as soon as the florets are fertilised, the flower-stalks bend over and grow downwards, forcing the flower-head into the ground, an operation much facilitated by the peculiar construction and arrangement of the imperfect florets. The florets are, as Darwin has shown, no mere passive instruments. So soon as the flower-head is in the ground they begin, commencing



Fig. 18.—*VICIA AMPHICARPA*.
a a, ordinary pods; b b, subterranean pods.

from the outside, to bend themselves towards the peduncle, the result of which of course is to drag the flower-head further and further into the ground. In most Clovers each floret produces a little pod. This would in the present species be useless, or even injurious; many young plants growing in one place would jostle and starve one another. Hence we see another obvious advantage in the fact that only a few florets perfect their seeds.

I have already alluded to our *Cardamines*, the pods of which open elastically and throw their seeds some distance. A Brazilian species *C. chenopodifolia*, Fig. 17, besides the usual long pods, Fig. 17 a a,

produces also short pointed ones, Fig. 17 *b b*, which it buries in the ground.

Arachis hypogæa is the ground-nut of the West Indies. The flower is yellow and resembles that of a pea, but has a elongated calyx, at the base of which, close to the stem, is the ovary. After the flower has faded the young pod, which is oval, pointed, and very minute, is carried forward by the growth of the stalk, which becomes two or three inches long and curves downwards so as generally to force the pod into the ground. If it fails in this, the



Fig. 19.—*LATHYRUS AMPHICARPOS*. (After Sowerby.)
a, ordinary pods; b, subterranean pods.

pod does not develop, but soon perishes; on the other hand, as soon as it is underground the pod begins to grow and develops two large seeds.

In *Vicia amphicarpa*, Fig. 18, a South European species of Vetch, there are two kinds of pods. One of the ordinary form and habit (*a*), the other (*b*), oval, pale, containing only two seeds born on underground stems, and produced by flowers which have no corolla.

Again, a species of the allied genus *Lathyrus*, Fig. 19, *L. amphicarpos*, affords us another case of the same phenomenon.

Other species possessing the same faculty of burying their seeds

are *Okenia hypogæa*, several species of *Commelyna*, and of *Amphicarpea*, *Voandzeia subterranea*, *Scrophularia arguta*, &c. ; and it is very remarkable that these species are by no means nearly related, but belong to distinct families, namely the *Cruciferae*, *Leguminosæ*, *Commelynaceæ*, *Violaceæ*, and *Scrophulariaceæ*.

Moreover, it is interesting that in *L. amphicarpos*, as in *Vicia amphicarpa* and *Cardamine chenopodifolium*, the subterranean pods differ from the usual and aerial form in being shorter and containing fewer seeds. The reason of this is, I think, obvious. In the ordinary pods the number of seeds of course increases the chance that some will find a suitable place. On the other hand the subterranean ones are carefully sown, as it were, by the plant itself. Several seeds together would only jostle one another, and it is therefore better that one or two only should be produced.

In the *Erodiums*, or Crane's Bills, the fruit is a capsule which opens elastically, in some species throwing the seeds to some little distance. The seeds themselves are more or less spindle-shaped, hairy, and produced into a twisted hairy awn as shown in Fig. 20, representing a seed of *E. glaucophyllum*. The number of spiral turns in the awn depends upon the amount of moisture; and the seed may thus be made into a very delicate hygrometer, for if it be fixed in an upright position, the awn twists or untwists according to the degree of moisture, and its extremity thus may be so arranged as to move up and down like a needle on a register. It is also affected by heat. Now if the awn were fixed instead of the seed, it is obvious that during the process of untwisting, the seed itself would be pressed downwards, and as M. Roux has shown, this mechanism thus serves actually to bury the seed. His observations were made on an allied species, *Erodium ciconium*, which he chose on account of its size. He found that if a seed of this plant is laid on the ground, it remains quiet as long as it is dry; but as soon as it is moistened—i.e. as soon as the earth becomes in a condition to permit growth—the outer side of the awn contracts, and the hairs surrounding the seed commence to move outwards, the result of which is gradually to raise the seed into an upright position with its point on the soil. The awn then commences to unroll, and consequently to elongate itself upwards, and it is obvious that as it is covered with reversed hairs, it will probably press against some blade of grass or other obstacle, which will prevent its moving up, and will therefore tend to drive the seed into the ground. If then the air becomes dry, the awn will again roll up, in which action M. Roux thought



Fig. 20.—*ERODIUM GLAUCOPHYLLUM*.
(After Sweet.)

it would tend to draw up the seed, but from the position of the hairs the feathery awn can easily slip downwards, and would therefore not affect the seed. When moistened once more, it would again force the seed further downwards, and so on until the proper depth was obtained. A species of *Anemone* (*A. montana*) again has essentially the same arrangement, though belonging to a widely separated order.

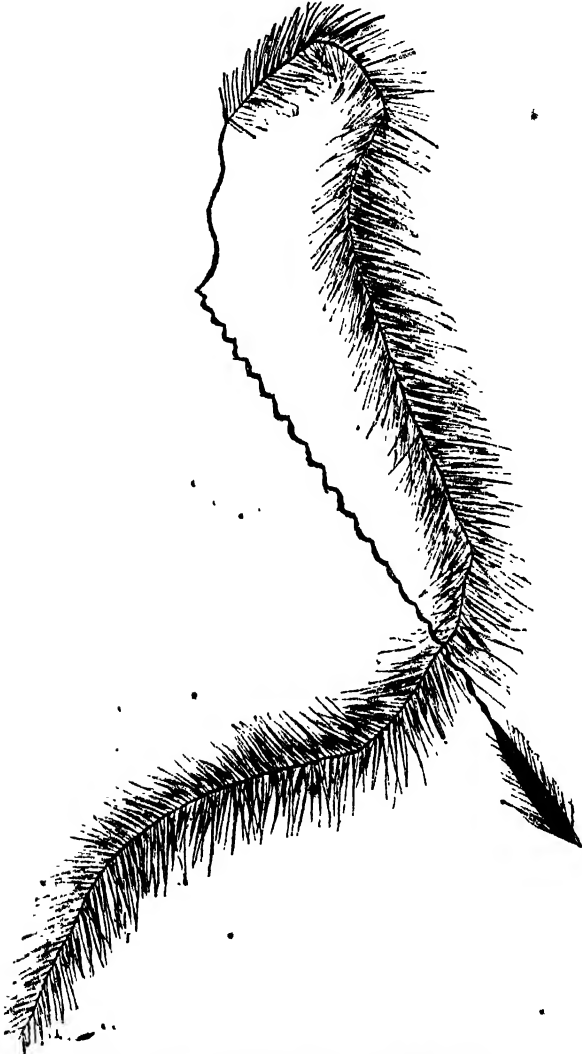


Fig. 21.—SEED OF *STIPA PENNATA*. (Natural size)

A still more remarkable instance is afforded by a beautiful South European grass, *Stipa pennata* (Fig. 21), the structure of which has been described by Vaucher, and more recently, as well as more completely, by Frank Darwin. The actual seed is small, with a sharp point, and stiff, short hairs pointing backwards. The posterior end

of the seed is produced into a fine twisted corkscrew-like rod, which is followed by a plain cylindrical portion, attached at an angle to the corkscrew, and ending in a long and beautiful feather, the whole being more than a foot in length. The long feather, no doubt, facilitates the dispersion of the seeds by wind; eventually, however, they sink to the ground, which they tend to reach, the seed being the heaviest portion, point downwards. So the seed remains as long as it is dry, but if a shower comes on, or when the dew falls, the spiral unwinds, and if, as is most probable, the surrounding herbage or any other obstacle prevents the feathers from rising, the seed itself is forced down and so driven by degrees into the ground.

I have already mentioned several cases in which plants produce two kinds of seeds, or at least of pods, the one being adapted to burying itself in the ground. Heterocarpism, if I may term it so, or the power of producing two kinds of reproductive bodies, is not confined to these species. There is, for instance, a North African species of *Corydalis* (*C. heterocarpa* of Durieu) which produces two kinds of seed (Fig. 22), one somewhat flattened, short and broad, with rounded angles; the other elongated, hooked, and shaped like a shepherd's crook with a thickened staff. In this case the hook in the latter form perhaps serves for dispersion.

Our common *Thrinicia hirta* (Fig. 13 *b*) also possesses, besides the fruits with the well-known feathery crown, others which are destitute of such a provision, and which probably therefore are intended to take root at home.

Mr. Drummond, in the volume of *Hooker's Journal of Botany* for 1842, has described a species of *Alismaceæ* which has two sorts of seed-vessels; the one produced from large floating flowers, the other at the end of short submerged stalks. He does not, however, describe either the seeds or seed-vessels in detail.

Before concluding I will say a few words as to the very curious forms presented by certain seeds and fruits. The pods of *Lotus*, for instance, quaintly resemble a bird's foot, even to the toes; whence the specific name of one species, *ornithopodioides*; those of *Hippocrepis* remind one of a horseshoe; those of *Trapa bicornis* have an absurd resemblance to the skeleton of a bull's head. These likenesses appear to be accidental, but there are some which probably are of use to the plant. For instance there are two species of *Scorpiurus*, Fig. 23, the pods of which lie on the ground, and so curiously resemble the one (*S. subvillosa*, Fig. 23 *a*) a centipede, the other (*S. cer-*

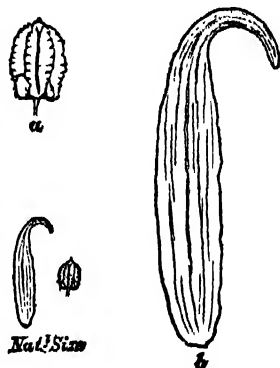


Fig. 22.—SEEDS OF *CORYDALIS* *HETEROCARPA*.

miculata, Fig. 23 *b*) a worm or caterpillar, that it is almost impossible not to suppose that the likeness must be of some use to the plant.

The pod of *Biserrula Pelecinus* (Fig. 24 *a*) also has a striking resemblance to a flattened centipede; while the seeds of *Abrus precatorius*, both in size and in their very striking color, mimic a small beetle, *Artemis circumusta*.

Mr. Moore has recently called attention to other cases of this kind. Thus the seed of *Martynia diandra* much resembles a beetle with

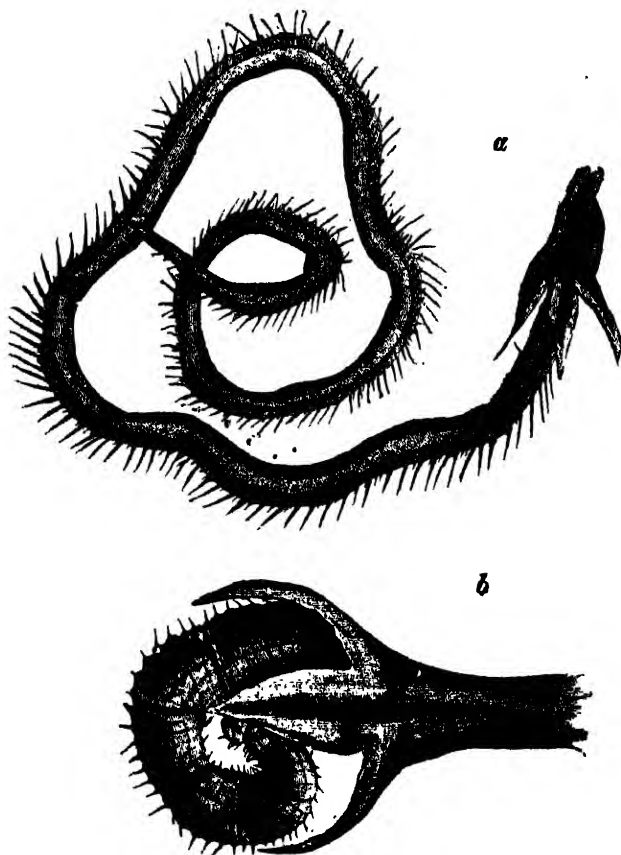


Fig. 23.
a, pod of *Scorpiurus subvillosa*; b, pod of *Scorpiurus vermiculata*.

long antennæ: several species of Lupins have seeds much like spiders, and those of *Dimorphochlamys*, a gourdlike plant, mimic a piece of dry twig. In the Common Castor Oil plants (Fig. 24 *b*), though the resemblance is not so close, still at a first glance the seeds might readily be taken for beetles or ticks. In many Euphorbiaceous plants, as for instance in *Jatropha* (Fig. 24 *c*) the resemblance is even more striking. The seeds have a central line resembling the space between the elytra, dividing and slightly diverging at the end, while

between them the end of the abdomen seems to peep ; at the anterior end the seeds possess a small lobe, or caruncle, which mimics the head or thorax of the insect, and which even seems specially arranged for this purpose ; at least it would seem from experiments made at Kew that the carunculus exercises no appreciable effect during germination.

These resemblances might benefit the plant in one of two ways. If it be an advantage to the plant that the seeds should be swallowed



Fig. 24. — Pod of
BISERRULA.



Fig. 24b. — Seed of
CASTOR OIL (*Ricinus*).



Fig. 24c. — Seed of
JATROPHA.

by birds, their resemblance to insects might lead to this result. On the other hand if it be desirable to escape from graminivorous birds, then the resemblance to insects would serve as a protection. We do not, however, yet know enough about the habits of these plants to solve this question.

Indeed, as we have gone on, many other questions will, I doubt not, have occurred to you, which we are not yet in a position to answer. Seeds, for instance, differ almost infinitely in the sculpturing of their surface. But I shall woefully have failed in my object to-night if you go away with the impression that we know all about seeds. On the contrary there is not a fruit or a seed, even of one of our commonest plants, which would not amply justify and richly reward the most careful study.

In this, as in other branches of science, we have but made a beginning. We have learnt just enough to perceive how little we know. Our great masters in natural history have immortalised themselves by their discoveries, but they have not exhausted the field ; and if seeds and fruits cannot vie with flowers in the brilliance and color with which they decorate our gardens and our fields, still they surely rival, it would be impossible to excel them, in the almost infinite variety of the problems they present to us, the ingenuity, the interest, and the charm of the beautiful contrivances which they offer for our study and our admiration.

JOHN LUBBOCK.

CARLYLE'S REMINISCENCES.¹

ONE can hardly help feeling that undue haste has been used in the publication of these volumes. Exception has already been taken at the little care shown to avoid giving unmerited and unnecessary pain to many persons whose names are here mentioned, and set round with remarks and epithets which cannot fail to be unpleasant and even wounding. The editor has executed his task with a too filial scrupulosity and piety. He has not omitted a name, or a word, or a letter of manuscripts which he admits were probably not intended for publication. Carlyle knew a great number of people, and many of them, or their near relatives, are still alive. It was, to say the least, inconsiderate to allow a book of his to appear full of personal allusions, which are well fitted to arouse a certain anger towards his memory. Either the work should have been kept back for at least another decade or so, or blanks and asterisks should have been unsparingly used.

However, the evil is done, and it is no fault of Carlyle's. It will also, in time, disappear. Posterity will not resent it, as many now with justice do. There is a graver question beyond, and it is no less than this—whether Carlyle himself is not a sufferer, and a permanent sufferer, by this publication? All the four essays were written in conditions of great gloom and depression, in consequence of recent bitter bereavement. The first on James Carlyle was begun apparently the instant the author had news of his father's death. In the middle of it he interrupts his narrative to insert the remark, "Friday night. My father is now in his grave," showing he had not waited for the funeral to commence his memoir. The pathos and beauty of the piece cannot be surpassed, written in "star-fire and immortal tears," to use his own words on a similar occasion. But the grief, though poignant, is not overpowering, on the contrary, lofty and calm, and therefore touching in the extreme. The three other essays were composed some thirty-four years later, in the decline of life and health, when choked by anguish at the loss of his wife, and the result is, perhaps, more painful than beautiful. We had no need to wait for these Reminiscences to know that Carlyle took a sad and gloomy view of the world and its prospects in his later years. Perhaps he always did so, more or less. But these papers were composed when his gloom was deepest and blackest. This was not a good standpoint from which to pass in review

(1) *Reminiscences, by Thomas Carlyle.* Edited by James Anthony Froude, M.A. London: Longmans. 1881. . .

a long and checkered life, when the heart was sick, and the nerves unstrung, and the years lay heavy and numerous on the venerable head bowed down in passionate grief. The pious reverence and self-effacement of Mr. Froude are complete when he says: "The Reminiscences appeared to me to be far too valuable to be broken up and employed in any composition of my own." But it may be questioned whether he did the wisest thing for his friend's memory in sending forth these sombre sketches unrelieved by any colour or contrast derived from less melancholy periods of his long life. There was no particular need of hurry for anything that appears. The promised biography, comprising a large selection of his letters, "as full of matter as the richest of his published works," would surely have been well worth waiting for a little. Then we should have had a picture of Carlyle's life seen through a less sad and depressing medium than the present. Bright lights, and still brighter laughter, we may be sure would have relieved the shadows, and the sage and hero, for whom a whole generation of disciples has felt the deepest reverence and gratitude, would not have appeared, as he now does, in a manner which has already given occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. Carlyle's morose acerbities, harsh judgments of his contemporaries, morbid self-watchings, and very often quite unheroic fastidious delicacies and shrinkings, are naturally enough, with the text of this book before them, affording rare and congenial matter for mockery to some who, for obvious reasons, have no love for either the author or his work. True admirers will believe that another face will be put upon the subject when the whole record is produced. They will hope, until the contrary is proved, that *mutatis mutandis* something similar occurred to Carlyle as to his own Goethe in reference to this autobiography. Mr. Lewes, explaining why he used the *Wahrheit und Dichtung* only as a subsidiary source in his life of the poet, remarks:

"The main reason of this was the abiding inaccuracy of tone which, far more misleading than the many inaccuracies of fact, gives to the whole youthful period as narrated by him an aspect so directly contrary to what is given by contemporary evidence, especially his own letters, that an attempt to reconcile the contradiction is impossible."—*Life of Goethe*, Preface.

Let us have whatever biographical material there may be behind, especially the letters, before we venture on a final judgment. If the letters confirm the tone of the present pieces there is nothing more to be said. The great preacher and prophet of heroes was not himself the hero we thought him. The fact when it is proven will not be a welcome one at all; but it will not be the first of its kind and we must bear with it as we can. In the meanwhile the best thing to do is without shrinking advance to a close scrutiny of the facts as we have them and cast up some sort of balance-sheet which

will show how we stand. How far have these Reminiscences added to or altered our appreciation of Carlyle?

By far their most unpleasant trait, by reason of its unamiability and persistence, is the constant depreciation of contemporaries, even acquaintances and friends. Name after name is mentioned, only to be dismissed with a contemptuous epithet, often very skilfully chosen it must be owned; but Carlyle was ever a master of nicknames, and he dabs almost every one he meets with colours from his vigorous brush, which, as he said, "stick to one." But how cheaply he held his contemporaries—with the fewest exceptions—is known to all. His opinion of Coleridge, Bentham, Keats, Byron, even Scott, has been long on record. That he seemed, from some strange reason, incapable of doing justice to contemporary merit, has been obvious to all men for well-nigh forty years. The question has an interest, irrespective of the minor morals of social intercourse, by reason of its connection with his general view of life and history, his worship of the past, and his hatred of the present, about which a few words will be said presently.

But, as a matter of fact, he does not show himself more unjust (if so much) in this book than he had often before, especially to his literary contemporaries. There is nothing equal to the famous grunt against Keat's "maudlin weak-eyed sensibility," or to the deliberate ridicule of Coleridge in the *Life of Sterling*. The uncharitable tone he adopts seems, on this occasion, more offensive than heretofore; first, because there is so much of it; secondly, because it is used with regard to persons with whom he was on more or less friendly terms, and he appears not only as the harsh and mistaken literary critic, but as the ill-natured social neighbour, sneering at people behind their backs. Still there is nothing new in all this. The evil tendency is stronger than one knew, and far stronger than one could wish; but it does not alter the elements of our judgment, it only affects their proportions.

Again, the terms in which he refers to Dr. Darwin seem hardly rational, and are wholly indecent. But we were prepared even for this in a measure. The way in which he had already treated Laplace and Leibnitz showed that no scientific eminence was sufficient to save a man from his mockeries, and it is abundantly clear, from all sides, that Carlyle felt towards science like a monk of the sixteenth century felt towards the revival of learning.

"That progress of science which is to destroy Wonder, and in its stead substitute Mensuration and Numeration, finds small favour with Teufelsdröckh. The man who cannot wonder, were he president of innumerable royal societies and carried the whole *Mécanique Céleste* . . . in his single head, is but a pair of spectacles behind which there is no eye."

He had a perfect horror of anything being explained, accounted

for. To do this was "logic-chopping," "scrannel-piping," and the rest. In *Shooting Niagara* he hopes the "idle habit of accounting for the moral sense" will be eradicated and extinguished. "A very futile problem that, my friends; futile, idle, and far worse, leading to what moral ruin you little dream of." Sometimes he peremptorily closes investigation on his own historical ground, as in reference to the burial mounds on Naseby battle-field, which, with "more or less of sacrilege," had been recently explored. Quoting some account of what had been found, he sharply winds up with "Sweet friends, for Jesus' sake, forbear." He, no doubt, had a great respect for certain facts and investigations, and unwearied energy in their research—historical events, dates, and topographical details—coupled with unmeasured contempt for writers who were not endowed with his painstaking diligence. He is down upon Thiers for writing the 10th September when it should have been the 15th. But all precise and definite inquiry, especially if it led to systematic thinking, he regarded, as the ancients regarded dissection of the human body, as more or less impious, and leading to ruin. So his inane gibes at Darwinism, offensive as they are, strike us, again, as nothing new.

What does appear new, very serious, and not yet, at any rate, widely known, is the soft, shrinking, puling tone with which, on his own showing, he met the ills and even paltry discomforts of life. He cannot take a journey by train without railing, with unmeasured license of speech, at the "base and dirty hurly-burly," "the yelling flight through some detestable smoky chaos, and midnight witch-dance of nameless base-looking dirty towns." He is suffocated by the smoke and the foul air, finds the "inside of his shirt collar as black as ink," and hastens to get a bath. The least noise deprives him of sleep and half maddens him. All this must in common justice be set down to the irritability of an over-wrought nervous system, exhausted by excessive work. But his sensitiveness does not only shrink before physical ills. Contact, if only verbal, with coarse people alarms him. He mentions an instance in which there was no danger of a "quarrel about the fare" of a cab, "which was always my horror in such cases." This does not match with the spirit which inspired "The Everlasting No." He dropped schoolmastering with pretty prompt impatience when he found it uncongenial, though his surroundings at Kirkcaldy seem to have been otherwise eligible enough—pleasant country, the society of a beloved friend (Irving), sufficient leisure to allow of much reading and wide rambles by flood and field. He even cannot stand a temporary isolation in lodgings with his pupil, Charles Buller, of whom yet he was very fond; finds it "one of the dreariest and uncomfortablest of things." Still, nerves and dyspepsia may account for a good deal even of this.

What nothing can account for, or even well excuse, is the constant

manifestation of a weak and unworthy vanity. "Once or twice, among the flood of equipages at Hyde Park Corner, I recollect sternly thinking—'Yes; and perhaps none of you could do what I am at.'" He tries to make out—which may be likely enough, but why mention it?—that Leigh Hunt sought his acquaintance, and not the contrary.

"What they will do with this book none knows, my Jeannie lass; but they have not had, for two hundred years, any book that came more truly from a man's very heart, and so let them trample it under foot and *hoof* as they see best."

If Carlyle really said this to his wife on the day on which he had finished *The French Revolution*, the fact is a sad one. What is the natural, inevitable thought and feeling of an artist and worker who is not a coxcomb to boot, at the end of a great effort, but this—that, after all his toil, he has failed of his ideal, and that his performance, he alone knowing how much higher it might have been, is a poor and flat miscarriage, dreadful to look at? The quite unseemly word "*hoof*," which I have underlined, is not the only one of its kind in these reminiscences, and every one must admit that it is offensive in the extreme when applied by an author to the readers of his books, nay, even to his admirers. Yet this is what Carlyle, in very truth, actually does. Speaking of the fame acquired by his Edinburgh address, he says:—

"No idea or shadow of idea is in that address but what had been set forth by me tens of times before, and the poor gaping sea of prurient blockheadism receives it as a kind of inspired revelation, and runs to buy my books (it is said) now when I have got quite done with their buying or refusing to buy. If they would give me £10,000 a year and *bray* ungraciously their hosannahs heaven high—for the rest of my life, who now would there be to get the smallest joy or profit from it?"

What can one say of such an utterance? 'And this from the man who had, with much wise justice and charity, looked into the sad sick heart of Jean Jacques, and told us, with calm wisdom, whence *his* miseries flowed. Painful and regrettable indeed.

Were these acerb, contemptuous pages really written by that chastened and serene spirit, which of yore led us to the "Worship of Sorrow" in words of such persuasive depth and beauty that they have ever remained for many like shining lead-stars in the dark hours of doubt and misgiving, convincing them that there is "in man a higher than a love of happiness, that he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness"? What was Carlyle's message to the world preached in everything he wrote, from brochure to bulky history but this, that we must despise alike pleasure and pain, rise in victory over mere desire and the mean hungers and vanities of our poor selves, and become humble brave men and not grumble over our wages? Herein lies the grievous pain of this

book, that the physician had, apparently, after all not in the least healed himself; that at the end of a noble and victorious career externally, we find him inwardly bankrupt of hope, faith, and charity, looking on the world with moody anger and querulous unsatisfied egotism. Where one might hope to find, had almost a right to find, a solemn hymn of victory closing in melodious *adagio* the long, well-fought battle of life, we come upon this lamentable piercing cry, not only of pain but of irascible discontent and harsh vehemence against men and things, wounding to the ear, and still more to the heart. How can we ever again read our *Sartor* with the old eyes and the old faith in our teacher, when we discover that *this* was the outcome of his wisdom? If, as every lover of Carlyle must hope and believe, this is no true presentation of his permanent mood, but the exceptional voice of anguish uttered in the agony of bereavement with "nerves all inflamed and torn up, body and mind in a most hag-ridden condition," we may be comforted. But why should we have been discomfited?

After all, Carlyle has already passed into that select band of authors who are proof not only against criticism, good or bad, but their own weaknesses or even vices. The world knows better than to be unduly exacting and uncharitable to the truly great. Rousseau and Byron would long ago have been forgotten and abolished if criticism, very often morally quite just, had any efficacy against such spirits. The "ill-cut serpents of eternity" are not to be disposed of by such short and easy methods. Carlyle's work is finished and before the world, and it will not be to-day or to-morrow that a final corrected estimate of its value will be attained. Still the outlines of a judgment may even now be forecast which excludes him at once from the class of thinkers properly so called, to place him on the roll of great writers, whose function is to stir and charm the emotions rather than enlighten the intellect. It is easy to see that feeling not reflection was his guide in life as it was in opinion. To take pains to come to a sober, well-weighed, scientifically true judgment always appeared to him more or less of a disloyalty to the Silences and Eternities and "divine soul of man." No ignorance of a subject ever kept him from the most peremptory and dogmatic conclusions about it. As this book shows, he was on the point of writing a pamphlet on the American Civil War, though he confesses he was "so ignorant about the matter," that perhaps he might have done more harm than good to the cause he favoured, that cause being of course the interesting one of Jefferson Davis. His downright delirium about the "Nigger fanaticism," as he called it, is typical. If he could have really known slavery as the hateful thing it was, who can doubt that he, with his flaming love of justice and pity, would have been the fiercest of abolitionists and refused all

parley with the abettors of the accursed thing. But he had conceived a horror of the "cash nexus" as sole bond between man and man—very true and deep the feeling which prompted this—and forthwith rushed to the conclusion that emancipation of Quashee was only a piece of modern cant and anarchy, that Quashee was meant by nature to be a servant, and that it was everybody's interest, Quashee's included, that he should remain such. Carlyle could never be so unfaithful to the Veracities as to look at two sides of a question which stirred his feelings, otherwise he might have perceived that slavery was, if possible, more abominable and injurious to the white man than the black. So he judged, or rather felt about everything. The Vesuvian fire within him was always filling his sky with sulphurous clouds of black smoke and burning cinders, at times making him discharge torrents of red-hot lava; but calm sunlight was naturally intercepted by these volcanic explosions.

He seems to have come into the world a sort of one-faced Janus, with his back resolutely turned towards the future about which he would neither hear nor believe any good thing. He not only despaired of future good for the world, but for himself even when clear victory had rewarded his valiant efforts, and his path, if he could have seen it, was strewn with nobly-won palms and laurels. All honest work and ways had to his thinking ceased more or less with his entrance into the world. "His father is *Ultimus Romanorum*. He positively implies that such a thing as a good watch in these days of quackery could no longer be obtained. It is likely enough that the transition from the *ancien régime* which his long life fairly spanned, supplied his tenacious affections and memory with instances of wise old customs and usages which were lost or forgotten in the age of telegraphs and steam. But he is no mere commonplace *laudator temporis acti*. He thoroughly loathes the present and all its works. A fair, not to say a philosophic man would have struck a balance, would have said with regret that much good had been hurried away in the ever-surging new, but still have admitted that the new also contained much of good. Such a thought he would have put away from him. He was a strange spiritual survival, belonging to an extinct moral world. His real contemporaries were Luther, John Knox, and Oliver Cromwell. They had no qualms or mawkish doubts, they were "thorough men;" they did not palter with their moral sense or chop logic. Such a reactionary as Carlyle hardly can be found. De Maistre and his like are progressists in comparison. They are reactionary from the head, political interests of party, and what not. Carlyle is so from the blood, the most inward core and fibre. He detests the modern world and its ways, from no reason or interest, he simply detests it with his whole soul, and that is enough for him.

His work as an historian—that is his essential and permanent work—naturally bears the impress of these qualities and predispositions. He belongs to no school of modern writers on history, numerous and important as the class is. He shares not a whit the wider, juster, historical conception of the past—the classification of epochs, the notion of sociological growth carried on through the centuries, the long course of development which reaches from primitive man to the present day. The strongest and fruitfulest side of modern historical studies,—early institutions—he does not even glance at, and it would certainly have been abhorrent to him. “Institutions,” one can imagine him saying with his war-horse snort; “what of institutions? the spirit of man is what we seek, man symbol of eternity imprisoned into time,” &c., &c. As a matter of fact the only thing he cared about in history was *character*. The strong man who has his way, who makes cowards and caitiffs tremble before him, who pitches pedants’ formulæ to the winds, and plays the *diable à quatre* generally with owlish conventionalities and purblind decorums and decencies—that is the man who attracts him; he and his belongings make up history for Carlyle. This alone explains his otherwise inconsistent sympathy for all manner of wild men whom on other grounds he would have fiercely condemned, Burns, Mirabeau, Danton, and the rest. “Stormy force” ever arrests his eye; and what an eye. No poet or dramatist ever pierced with more unerring insight to the core of a character than he could in an instant and with a power well-nigh unique in literature unfold that character and make it live and move again before our very eyes. Michelet is not without a kindred talent, but he has not the depth and insight of Carlyle; nor his wondrous and truly sublime pathos. His historical imagination was transcendent and almost terrific. He realises the minutest details of a great event, feels with all the characters like a consummate dramatist, sees with their eyes, and yet with his own too, seeing much which they did or could not see, and in the end rolls out such pictures as never historian painted before. Where can anything be found, leaving the longest interval, approaching to the battle of Dunbar?

“The night is wild and wet. 2nd September means 12th by our calendar. The harvest moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. . . . The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against those whinestone bays. The sea and the tempests are abroad; all else asleep but we. And there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.” “The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangour night’s silence, the cannons awaken along all the line. ‘The Lord of hosts, the Lord of hosts!’ On my brave ones, on!” “Plenty of fire from field-pieces, snaphances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main. Battle across the Brock. Poor stiffened men roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out.”

And so on (for there is no end to quoting) till the Lord General Cromwell was heard to say, "They run; I profess' they run," and he and his at the foot of Doon Hill made a halt and sang the 117th Psalm, "rolling it strong and great against the sky." Is Milton often finer than this?

But Carlyle's especially characteristic mark among historians is his humour. Never since Herodotus, who loved his joke and cared often, one may suspect, more for the fun than the truth of his stories, has any historian in any language come near Carlyle in this respect. Historians have mostly been rather solemn and pompous folk. Not even Voltaire, the wittiest of writers in other developments, ventures in his serious histories to essay the comic vein. But Carlyle is hardly ever well out of it. In his most tragic and pathetic passages, the humorous side of things may recede a little just for a moment, but Puck is always hovering in the neighbourhood, and is at his antics again before you have time to say hold. The marvellous art and delicacy with which Carlyle applies his humour, always thereby deepening and softening his pathos, never in the least marring or destroying it, is one of the greatest things in literature. For it is clearly a greater achievement than that of the professed humourists—Rabelais, Montaigne, Swift, Sterne—who have nothing else to do but to cultivate their humour and follow its whims whithersoever it may lead them. Sidney Smith, by his admirable infusion of wit into his serious argument, comes nearest to him. But his wit, though of the brightest, is cold and on the surface compared to the warm rich humour of Carlyle, which appeals to the heart quite as much as to the sense of the ludicrous. The one, in short, is wit and the other humour. It is very likely that this quality, while it immensely increases the admiration of one class of readers, has been injurious to him in the eyes of another class, probably by a far larger one. Some good people resent fun and laughter especially in connection with otherwise serious subjects, and consider it as taking a liberty with them to introduce anything of the kind. There are, certainly, things in the *Frederick* which affect people accustomed to the so-called dignity of history, as Shakespeare's clowns and grave-diggers affected Voltaire, with his notions about the dignity of tragedy, and this may be one reason why the *Frederick* [not only in size, Carlyle's greatest book] has never, I believe, attained the popularity of his other works. There were much more to say on Carlyle as an historian, if these were the occasion and place for it. There is only space for a remark or two more, one of some importance.

Every attentive reader of Carlyle must have noticed a marked difference between his earlier and later writings consisting in this, that whereas from the *Sartor* onwards to *Past and Present* (1843),

he speaks of war and bloodshed and violence generally, with more or less disgust and becomingly human reprobation, he afterwards can hardly go far enough in their praise, practically occupied himself with little else than the study of campaigns and military matters (whether of Cromwell or Frederick), or in the germane enjoyment of excogitating means of coercing and subduing caitiffs and scoundrels and fairly gloating over the process. His vehemence against war in the *Sartor* might content the Peace Society itself. The humorous description of the French and English Drumdrudge, each sending its thirty recruits—

“Till after infinite effort the two parties come into actual juxtaposition, and thirty stands fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word ‘Fire!’ is given, and they blow the souls out of one another. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil, not the smallest. How then? Simpleton! Their governors had fallen out, and, instead of shooting each other, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.”

In *Past and Present* he speaks of the Manchester Insurrection like a man decently clothed and in his right mind, regards it as the most successful of insurrections just because so few were killed, and is altogether intelligent and humane. Then came a great change in his feelings with regard to all these matters. War and violence become with him almost ends in themselves one might say, so manifest is the relish with which he describes them. No one who ever read the latter-day pamphlet on Model Prisons will forget the Brobdignagian humour with which he addresses the “Devil’s regiments of the line.” “Mark it, my diabolic friends, I mean to lay leather on the backs of you, collars round the necks of you, and will teach you after the example of the Gods,” &c. There was a grain of truth and insight in all this, as there seldom fails to be in Carlyle’s wildest vagaries. He sees a fact, one aspect of a question, in dazzling clearness; but he does not only neglect, but scorns and repudiates as treason to heaven’s truth all effort to reconcile his fact or aspect with other facts and aspects. This temper grew on him with years and he came at last to sympathise with mere savage barbarity. As this shows, said of Kaiser Frederick Barbarossa—

“He made Gebhardus, the anarchic governor of Milan, lie chained under a table like a dog for three days, as it would be well if every anarchic governor, of the soft type and the hard, were made to do on occasion; asking himself in terrible earnest, ‘Am I a dog, then; alas, am I not a dog?’ Those were serious old times.”

This is so much the worse as nothing is more certain than that these Italian expeditions of the German Emperors were the source of ultimate ruin to the Empire and disaster to Europe. But Carlyle did not trouble himself with considerations of this

kind. The point which I want to come to is this, that in these Reminiscences he gives us himself the approximate date when this momentary change of which we have been speaking took place in his sentiments. Referring to Mill's "considerably hidebound" *London Review*, he regrets that he was not made editor of it.

"Worse, I could not have succeeded than poor Mill himself. . . . I had plenty of Radicalism, but the opposite hemisphere (which never was wanting either, as it miserably is in Mill and Co.) had not yet found itself summoned by the trumpet of time and his events (1848, study of Oliver, &c.) into practical emergence and emphasis and prominence as now."

Though short, the intimation is sufficient. The year of revolution in the nineteenth century, and the too sympathetic brooding over the great leader of the rebellion in the seventeenth century, had, combining with elective affinities within, wrought this change. He never seems to have been aware that there had been a change, which is also characteristic.

And now to take leave even of this melancholy book with a few friendly words. Disappointing as is the picture which Carlyle here gives us of his inner mind, on one side he appears truly admirable, and that is his indomitable courage and persistence in work. In this respect he carried out to the letter all his precepts. From the *Life of Schiller* to the *Life of Frederick*, a period of some forty odd years, he never drew rein; through ill-health and disheartenment, through trials and sorrows, through neglect and through fame, he worked on with "desperate hope," determined to bring out his "product," infinitesimal or otherwise, with truly heroic courage.

Secondly: These hastily written pages—written under the circumstances we know—are nevertheless very often, in point of style and literary power, equal to anything the author ever produced. They were dashed off at such speed that in one instance—the *Essay on Irving*—the writer absolutely forgot the fact of their composition. Without the straining after effect sometimes too visible in Carlyle, his language is here often singularly rhythmical, picturesque, and graphic. The Scotch border country is painted in quiet tones and modest colours—transparent, deep, harmonious—with great beauty. And all this was done in a moment, as it were, by a broken-hearted old man of three-score years and twelve. It is difficult to refer to the deepest note of all—the cruel, the relentless pathos with which he mourns his wife. Literature may be searched through, and nothing found so unutterably pitiful and melting as this long wail of anguish of the bereaved one over his lost partner of forty years. I am half-tempted to blot what I have written. There were depths of love, radiant sublimities, in this man which we shall not soon meet with again.

JAS. COTTER MORISON.

THE COST OF THE GENERAL ELECTION OF 1880.

THE incidents of a contested election in the good old times when Reform Bills were as yet unknown must have forced themselves on most Englishmen. The choicest wines flowed without stint for the gratification of the thirsty voters, and scenes of violence which threatened destruction to the persons as well as the property of obnoxious candidates or electors were frequent in the streets. Successive changes in the law have spared us a recurrence of such scandals, and the terror of the judges has lessened the possibility of the wholesale debauchery of the whole kingdom which passed unchallenged a century ago. No longer is the cost of a county or borough election attended with the ruinous consequences which impoverished noble families for several generations. Sandwich is not so bad as Totnes, and Canterbury is better than Yarmouth. Gradual reductions in the franchise, by which units have been multiplied into tens, and tens have expanded into hundreds, have, however, led to considerable expenses in other and more legitimate ways. Registration is the fruitful parent of falsehood, but difficult as it is to arrive at a correct statement of the gains and losses before the revising barrister, the politician who hopes for success in the contest must act upon the oft-repeated maxim of Sir Robert Peel. Overseers cannot always be relied upon for absolute accuracy in the preparation of burgess lists, and the voters on their part are often so phlegmatic as not to cast a momentary glance at the lists which are exposed to public scrutiny on the door of every church and chapel. The duties of both overseer and voter must be supervised by the clerks of the registration agent, and legal assistance is often required for many days in the courts of the revising barrister. By the introduction of the lodger franchise, which in the constituencies (already swollen beyond natural bounds) of London and the chief boroughs of the North has imported a new and shifting class of electors wholly independent of the actions of any public official, the labour of issuing and obtaining the execution of elaborate forms of application has been imposed on the election agent every year, and, although a considerable portion of the attendant expenses is defrayed from the party funds, the residue generally falls on the candidate himself. Few sections of men thrive more at election times than country solicitors, and from their ranks two or three of the most popular and plausible practitioners are selected in every town for the purpose of accompanying the future senator in his tour of exploration, and of sharing in the oratorical struggles of the campaign. A swarm of

canvassers spread themselves throughout the district, and their duty is to flatter or cajole the perplexed voters into making promises which after the day of election—such is too often the sad experience of a disappointed candidate—are found to have been left unfulfilled. Committee-rooms must be established in all parts of the constituency, and a crowd of needy dependents may always be found around them rendering services which it would puzzle a lexicographer to define. Public meetings must be held at all hours of the day, and if the exhausted candidate should prove unequal to the task of attending them all some efficient substitute must be found in his place. The candidate with the best chance of success is the man who can speak at most meetings in a week, and the hoarse Codrus has been known to boast of having reiterated the same ideas at thirty different places in six days. Each individual voter must receive an expression of the political views of the gentleman who woos his suffrage. To every member of the constituency there must be transmitted a card with minute directions as to the manner in which his vote must be recorded, and, as in some cases his intelligence is not of the highest order, it is the object of an unscrupulous partizan to tempt him into the belief that unless he should mark the card in one particular manner for the benefit of an especial candidate his vote would be altogether thrown away. Such artifices are practised on the ignorant and unwary: for the voter of a higher class more attractive baits must be sought. The eldest son of a peer, or in default of an offshoot of the peerage, a distinguished commoner, must be secured as the chairman of the executive committee, and on the day of election the voter is gratified by the sight of his breakfast-table of an envelope franked by the chairman's autograph, and containing a lithographed appeal that the vote may be recorded at an early hour of the day. The multiplication of newspapers has introduced another fruitful source of expense. It is a matter of paramount necessity that the proprietors of the journals supporting the candidate's views should render him an unswerving support, and this must be attained by long and frequent advertisements. For weeks before a general election many columns of the local newspapers are filled with rival addresses, the recurrence of which after the first day or two is only of interest to the owners of the papers. These are the expenses which a candidate incurs in his endeavour to ingratiate himself with a majority of the constituency. The days of canvassing are at last past, and the time approaches when it will be seen whether his efforts have been successful. The servants of the returning officer now interpose with a demand for the money required for the erection of the polling-booth. The convenience of the electors must be consulted, and this can only be done by establishing numerous places for polling. Though many of the

counties were subdivided at the last Reform Bill, yet most of them still remain of unwieldy dimensions, and it is difficult to ascertain the principles on which some of them have been divided. Numerous as are the places of polling, it has always been beneath the dignity of the county voter to walk from his house to the town where he must vote; and many a man sees the inside of a carriage at the elections who has only the passing glimpse of the outside for the rest of his life.

At the general election of 1880 there was not a single constituency offering the slightest chance of success for an enterprising politician which was not wooed by candidates from the ranks of both the great parties in the State. To any one able to sit down and reflect in his study with calmness on the prospect of success for a representative of Liberal opinion in the City of London, an attempt to storm that fortress of Conservatism might well have seemed beyond hope. Certainty of defeat, however, could not daunt the three devoted champions who advanced to the attack. Their onset was gallant, but they were soon borne down by overpowering numbers. To secure the triumph the Conservative members spent £8,435, the Liberal defeat extracted a little over £7,000 from the pockets of the vanquished combatants. The "royal borough" of Greenwich was the only constituency around London that gave a ray of hope to the partisans of the Government. The Liberal supremacy had for some time been gradually declining, and in 1880, for the first time since the Reform Bill, both its members support the action of the Conservative leaders. Their victory was won with an expenditure of £7,166, whilst their routed antagonists were only called upon to pay the sum of £3,621. Everywhere else the campaign ended in disaster for the followers of Lord Beaconsfield. Westminster, indeed, was true to its old love, but a reduction of the majority of Mr. William Henry Smith and his colleague from 5,000 to half that number was the forewarning of defeat in the future. The election cost the victorious members £6,146, and the defeated candidates £3,588. In Southwark, where the result of a by-election two months previously had deluded the Government into the belief that the verdict of the country would be in their favour, the two Conservatives courted defeat at an outlay of £7,562; in Marylebone, the expenditure on the same side reached £5,396. The expenses of the Liberals came to £8,008 and £2,446 respectively. Two of the champions of the then Ministry ventured upon contesting the borough of Chelsea, with the painful result of wasting in a disastrous defeat over £5,600; while the outlay of their opponents only came to £3,715. Major Duncan made a daring attempt in Finsbury to win one of the seats which had long been held by the Liberal party, but his canvass was not crowned with the success which his friends anticipated. The expenses for which he

was responsible exceeded £3,800. Sir Andrew Lusk and Mr. McCullagh Torrens held their own with disbursements amounting to £3,219 and £1,536. A well-known philanthropist threw himself into the contest at Hackney in support of the cause of "Constitutionalism," and his admirers exerted themselves on his behalf with unusual ardour. Mr. Edward Stanhope painted a glowing picture of Indian finance, the colours of which too quickly faded; and Sir Stafford Northcote endeavoured to beguile the ears of the electors with some ingenious pleas in justification of the oft-recurring deficiencies in his budgets; but all such labours were in vain. Messrs. Fawcett and Holms were re-elected with the moderate expense of £1,588. In spite of an outlay of £4,134, Mr. Bartley was left far behind at the poll, though the ultimate victory of Conservatism at Hackney is, if we may trust Lord Salisbury, not beyond the powers of party organization. The disunion of the Liberals in 1874 gave several seats to the opposite side; but during six years of contemplation of the effects of Conservative policy at home and abroad, the divisions in the party had gradually healed. The Tower Hamlets is now the only constituency of London where the representative of a Conservative minority finds a seat. Professor Bryce was returned for £1,616; Mr. Ritchie came second, with expenses amounting to £1,988. The defeat of Mr. Samuda was rendered doubly bitter by the circumstance that his 10,384 votes cost him more than the united expenses of the two members, and that Mr. Lucraft polled nearly half as many votes at an outlay of little more than £500.

Figures like these can give little pleasure to any one anxious for the purity of an electoral system, except as showing that the politician who is prepared to pay dearly for the honour of a seat in Parliament does not always obtain the object of his desire even when he dispenses his liberality on all sides; but they dwindle into insignificance when compared with the reckless lavishness displayed in the rest of England. The evil is not confined to any district, and is not limited to either party, though from the particulars which we have already quoted, and from those yet to come, it will be obvious that the expenditure of the Liberal candidates is (with a few exceptions) less culpable for its profuseness than that of their political opponents. Those who are conversant with the details of electoral corruption in this country during the last half century will readily concede that the criminal misuse of wealth, for the object of debauching the consciences of the voters, reaches its highest point in our cathedral cities. The fair fame of Norwich has been trailed in the dirt for many elections. The election of 1837 cost the Whigs over £13,000, and the Tories a far greater sum. Norwich is known to include within its limits a large number of persons whose votes can be purchased by drink or money, and, in consequence of the evidence

of its impurity which was elicited by the investigations of a Royal Commission, the writ for the second seat was suspended during the last Parliament. At the last election there was the usual contest for supremacy between the rival parties, but the Liberal candidates succeeded in gaining both seats by majorities unexampled in the city's annals. Their triumph was obtained for the comparatively moderate outlay of £1,555; a sum which contrasts very favourably with the expenditure of £6,493 incurred on the opposite side. For the first time for several Parliaments an owner of the name of Lowther was not returned as one of the representatives for the city of York. Neither the hereditary influence of his family, nor the distinction conferred by high office in the Ministry, could avert defeat. He sank to the bottom of the poll with 3,959 votes, each of which represented a cost of thirty shillings, while his opponents contrived to monopolize the representation of that famous city, the centre of many an inspiring contest in past ages, for £4,398. At Bristol, Messrs. Morley and Fry, with an outlay of £3,221, retained their seats against the combined attacks of an open Conservative and a "patriotic" Liberal, who together threw away £5,624. Further west, at Exeter, a Liberal candidate, Mr. Edward Johnson, gained a seat which had been held in the previous Parliament by a Conservative of the same name, and Mr. Arthur Mills found himself displaced by the son of his leader in the House of Commons. The seat of the fortunate Liberal was won for £2,626; the candidature of his opponents mulcted them in £2,886. The constituency of Bath, which usually shares its honours with strict impartiality between the contending parties, threw itself with fervour into the arms of its Liberal wooers. Bath has always enjoyed an honourable reputation for the cheapness of its contests. This time the successful suitors spent no more than £1,438; the addresses of the Conservatives were rejected even when accompanied by the extravagant outlay of £3,464. After the interval of a single Parliament, when the whole of the representation of Winchester was monopolized by the Conservatives, a supporter of the present Ministry has again found favour with the Wykehamists; but his expenses are returned at £1,568, exceeding those of his opponents by about £160. The number of petitions presented against the returns for the cathedral cities has again laid bare the corruption which is their perennial characteristic. No less than six election inquiries have been necessary in the constituencies of this class, and in every instance but one the candidates returned to the House have been declared unduly elected. Of the cities which have come into painful notoriety before the Election Commissioners since the spring of 1880, it is perhaps not unjust to the rest to give the palm for corruption to Canterbury. This little borough was once again the scene of a fierce outburst of

political animosity, in which the passions both of the populace and of their leaders were stirred to the lowest depths. For many years the city had been represented by a gentleman of considerable ability and unimpeachable Conservatism. The first of these qualities remained, the last was gradually worn away by time. After a short retirement from Parliament, the famous Conservative member came forward as a suppliant for the favours of its voters in union with a Liberal who had previously tried his fortune without success. Their expenses were published as amounting to £1,432; the outlay on the other side professedly came to no more than £1,210; but the examination of the freemen and electors before the Court of Inquiry showed that a much larger sum must have been expended illegally by both parties. A similar result was shown at Gloucester. The official statement of the money spent by the Conservatives was slightly in excess of the outlay acknowledged by the Liberals; but it became evident, before the narrative of the city's degradation had come to an end, that thousands of pounds, which had been scattered broadcast in bribing the voters, had been omitted from the summary. Salisbury was the only cathedral town that escaped the condemnation of the judges. The petition was dismissed with scorn, and the borough declared free from any taint of corruption. The expenditure of the victorious Liberals amounted to £1,421, and the cost of their rivals was less by £225. Far different was the fate of Chester. The present President of the Local Government Board and Mr. Lawley ousted from the representation the late Chairman of Committees, but their triumph was shortlived. At the inquiry which ensued the judges declared that corrupt practices had extensively prevailed, and their decision has been abundantly confirmed by subsequent investigation. Even in the imperfect return which was published to the world, Mr. Dodson and his colleague owed to an expenditure of £3,332, while the disbursements of their opponents were also in excess of £3,000. Until the brewers began to realise their "potentiality" in politics, and to exert the full measure of their influence, Oxford was considered a Liberal borough. For the whole of the last Parliament (with the exception of a single month) the representation was divided between Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Hall, a local Conservative, connected with the dominant trade of beer. At the triangular fight of the general election the expenses of the two Liberals were returned as £2,958. The defeated Conservative was presented with a bill for £2,558. When Sir William Harcourt came forward for re-election, the supporters of Mr. Hall secured for their patron, at an expense of nearly £5,000, a triumph of a few weeks, and for the city a reputation which it will take many years to efface.

To the Conservatives the political maps that were published after

the last election must present a very doleful appearance. There is but one county in England that returned a favourable answer to the manifesto of the Prime Minister. Kent was the single county where the fortunes of the Ministerial adherents rose triumphant above the waves. At Maidstone two of their number were returned by a considerable majority, and the two Liberals who had represented it with credit throughout the last Parliament were left in the cold shade of defeat until one of them succeeded Mr. Lowe in the representation of London University, and the other found favour in the eyes of the electors at Gravesend. Another Conservative victory was won in the city of Rochester. Ever since the Reform Bill of 1832 it had consistently returned to Parliament two supporters of Liberalism in the face of persistent and strenuous opposition. In 1880 the city repented of its ancient fidelity and rejected the advances of the senior Liberal candidate. The expenditure on that side was returned as in excess of £2,000; the outlay of the other party was declared to fall short of that sum by over £400. The adjacent borough of Chatham, where one of the most active members of the "fourth party" contrived to retain his seat, but by a vastly diminished majority, furnished almost the solitary instance in which the outgoings of an adherent of the present Government exceeded those of his opponent so largely as to deserve condemnation. Mr. Gorst won his triumph for £1,404; his antagonist wasted in the contest more than twice that sum. Towns like Chatham and Rochester, where a considerable section of the voters are engaged in seafaring occupations, seem to require from the candidate ambitious of the honour of representing them in Parliament an expenditure of money far beyond the just requirements of an election. Bills amounting to £2,080 were presented to the Liberals as the price for the seats won at Colchester, while the champions of the opposite cause confessed to having spent £1,749 in their vain attempt to retain the supremacy of their party. At Dover there was but a difference of £3 between the expenses of the contending politicians, the aggregate disbursements exceeding £5,900. Over £2,000 was spent by the Liberals in a vain attack on the Tory stronghold at Portsmouth; for £3,192 they secured both seats at Southampton. The seaport of Poole—and who has not heard of the fury of political frenzy in this Dorsetshire borough?—was another of the boroughs won by the Conservatives, but the money spent by them in the contest was far in excess of any justifiable expenditure. Mr. Waring, the Liberal candidate, spent but £733; his opponent, who polled 854 votes and won by a majority of 6, admitted that he had paid over £2,000. In one of the remote constituencies of the West of England, in the twin boroughs of Penryn and Falmouth, more than £4,600 was lavished in the fight. Before

1832 the small boroughs of Cornwall furnished a strong contingent of Tories to the House of Commons; since that time the predominance of political feeling in the county has shown itself on the side of Liberalism. At the last election the voters of Liskeard and Bodmin steadily refused to exchange their members for Liberals of a less pronounced kind. The difference in the outlay in the former borough was but slight, but it is difficult to understand in what manner Colonel Farquharson could have expended over £2,000 in contesting Bodmin, while Mr. Gower retained his seat for less than half that sum. Both these boroughs extend for some miles into the country, and their lists of voters include many persons of the class which, after the equalisation of the franchise in town and country, will command the monopoly of the county constituencies. Many of the boroughs where the agricultural voter predominates seem almost as costly to contest as the borough where sailors and seafaring men abound. At Cricklade, the two Conservatives found themselves after the battle was over poorer by nearly £4,000, the victorious Liberal, who polled more votes than his two antagonists put together, was fined in £2,740. The expenditure at Shoreham on the part of the Conservatives was equally large. Mr. Hubbard, who polled twice as many votes as his predecessor in defeat at the general election of 1874, contented himself with an outlay of £1,612. The contest at Aylesbury was loud and long; the sitting Liberal member refused to join his forces with those of the gentleman bent on winning the seat enjoyed throughout the last Parliament by a supporter of the Beaconsfield Ministry, and each candidate fought for his own hand. Victory declared itself on the side of the two Liberals, but the peculiar nature of the struggle resulted in an aggregate expenditure in a borough of 4,228 votes of not less than £7,200. In the four small boroughs of Abingdon, Buckingham, Horsham, and Woodstock—the largest of which contains but 1,214 voters—each of the candidates supporting the late Government found himself responsible for the payment of bills in excess of £1,000, while the outgoings of their opponents fell in every case far short of such a sum.

In the boroughs of the Midland and Northern shires the same characteristics prevail as in the Southern. In every part of the country the privilege of sitting on the benches of the House of Commons cannot be obtained except after a profuse outpouring of money. A few small boroughs in the Midlands have escaped the destroyer's hand, and the courageous gentleman who resolves upon contesting them may think himself fortunate if at the close of the campaign every day's work has not entailed the spending of more than a hundred pounds. Tamworth will ever be invested with especial interest in the eyes of English politicians, and there is scarcely an elector throughout England who feels any enthusiasm

for the constitution of the House of Commons but will regret that the historic name which has been associated with the fame of Tamworth for three generations, stretching over ninety years, should be dissevered from its representation. Two centuries ago the member for Tamworth carried through the House a resolution of gratitude to the constituencies which had returned their members free of charge. To-day the successful Liberals spent within its boundaries over £3,000, and the opponent whom they distanced at the poll found that his defeat had cost him more than £2,400. At the last election two adventurous Conservatives were found ready to dispute the re-election of the sitting members at Leicester; one hardy "patriot" ventured upon opposing Mr. C. P. Villiers and his Liberal colleague at Wolverhampton. In both places the attacking parties were beaten by thousands, although their election expenses in the former borough were nearly £500, and in the latter borough more than £2,000 in excess of those of their antagonists. In the three-cornered constituency of Birmingham a determined attack was made by the intrepid warrior who rode to Khiva and a colleague of great local influence on two of the seats in the possession of the Liberals. The sitting members were hampered in the struggle by the action of the Minority Clause, and to secure their tenure of the seats which might have been jeopardized had a large section of their supporters thrown their votes on two out of the three Liberals to the exclusion of a less popular candidate, strict instructions were issued as to the manner in which their undoubted majority should be employed to the best advantage. In spite of the complicated machinery required for the accomplishment of this design the expenditure of the three victorious Liberals amounted to only £6,067, against the sum of £7,308 disbursed by their gallant but vanquished foes. The strife at Manchester was more simple though not less severe. Neither party had such confidence in its strength as to aim at a monopoly of the representation; each made a virtue out of the necessity of yielding the third seat to the defeated cause. The result showed that the Conservatives were in a minority of 4,000 votes, and as there was a difference of only £400 in the expenditure of the two parties (the aggregate disbursements exceeding £20,000), it is charitable to hope that the cost of contesting such an enormous constituency was not disproportionate to its just requirements. Bradford involved the combatants in an outlay of £9,500. Preston was fought for £6,000. Throughout the last Parliament Bolton neutralized its political influence by returning a member of either party; in 1880 it rejected entirely the overtures of the Conservatives. Bolton is almost the sole manufacturing constituency in the North where the expenditure (£3,018) of the opponents of the late Government exceeded that of its supporters. The balance was

more than restored at Blackburn. Once again that divided borough selected a Whig and a Tory for its representatives. The Conservative champions were called upon to pay £3,101 for their expenses; those who took up the gauntlet on behalf of Liberalism were only required to provide £1,486. Of all the representative boroughs outside London the busy town of Sheffield alone declared itself on the side of the Beaconsfield Cabinet. The seat of Mr. Mundella was secure from the first, and it was against his colleague that the strength of the Opposition was directed. For lack of forty votes Mr. Waddy is for a time an outcast from Parliament. It required an outlay of £4,025 to win the second place on the poll for the Conservative, but his rivals had the consolation of knowing that their joint expenses only came to £2,542.

If the resolution to contest an English borough taxes the energies and strains the pecuniary resources of the politician, the boldest among us may well shrink from engaging in a struggle for the honour of representing the division of a county. There is scarcely a seat of this kind which can be fought with any reasonable prospect of success unless the candidate is prepared to find himself the poorer at the end by at least £3,000. In many cases, the demands on the pockets of the candidate, if not carefully and continually checked, will reach to nearly twice that sum; and when a hundred or more of his supporters have agreed to spend money on all sides it is not easy to counteract their efforts. The country gentleman who is forced into action by the call of public opinion, and supported throughout the campaign by voluntary labour, may look forward to a less expensive victory. In times of great political excitement instances of this kind are not uncommon; but they cannot be expected to recur at every dissolution of Parliament. The eastern division of the county of Cornwall may be singled out as a prominent example of a Liberal victory won by the unwavering determination of the rank and file of the party almost to coerce their leaders into action. With few exceptions, it has been represented during the last fifty years by a Cornish squire from either side, although it has long been currently reported across the Tamar that in a fair stand-up fight the adherents of Conservatism would find themselves in a minority. An active and resolute body of tenant-farmers met in deliberation at the little town of Callington, and drew up a statement of the grievances which required to be redressed by legislation. At that time there was but one Liberal candidate before the electors, and all attempts to obtain a colleague for him, even from the neighbouring county, had failed. In this emergency, a gentleman from the extreme West, whose tastes had previously inclined to literature rather than to politics, was appealed to. When the appeal was backed by the pledges of 3,000 voters, Mr. Borlase threw himself into the fight with vigour, and found at the polling-booth

that the votes of the Cornishmen corresponded with their promises. The bills of the victorious Liberals came to £4,571; their rivals expended £421 less. A gallant attack on the long monopoly of the Tory party in North Wilts only failed of success by half-a-hundred votes. The retention of the seats by two members of the present Opposition was secured at a cost of £7,937; the vanquished antagonist satisfied the claims on his purse by the payment of £5,932. All the divisions of Kent were contested by Liberals, but at the close of the fight they all remained in the hands of their opponents. In Mid-Kent the combatants were required to provide over £9,400, the expenditure of the Conservatives being but £300 in excess of that of the losers. The sitting members were re-elected in West Kent at a cost of £10,646; Mr. Bompas, who led the forlorn hope on the part of the Liberals, expended nearly £4,600; and a tenant-farmer, who embarked in the struggle without much prospect of success, polled less than a thousand votes at a cost exceeding a pound a head. In Essex, as in Kent, the Conservatives retained, at the close of an arduous struggle, the whole of the county seats, though the cost of the fight was marked by some curious inequalities. In East Essex the expenses of each candidate slightly exceeded £1,300. In the opposite division, where the former members held their own against the opposition of Sir T. W. Fowell-Buxton, who expended in the fight over £2,500, the attack was repelled at a cost of £5,080. The vigorous attempt to regain the Liberal seats in South Essex, which were lost in 1874, failed of success, but the defence involved the victorious combatants in a payment of £15,530, while the vanquished Liberals were only mulcted of £4,525. No county contest attracted more attention than that of Middlesex. There was a time when its seats were considered the property of the Whigs. Those days can only be recalled by a close attention to the register, and by the union in "one harmonious whole" of the several sections of Liberal opinion. The conspicuous place which its senior member held in the ranks of the younger officials of Conservatism, and the relationship of the champion of the opposite cause to the future Prime Minister, caused the election of 1880 to be regarded with especial interest throughout the country. The Liberals determined on running their candidates at their own expense, and the members of the party responded to the call so liberally, that although the bill came to £8,377 there still remained an unexpended balance. On the other side the fight was even more costly, as the aggregate expenditure exceeded £11,500. In West Gloucestershire, a single Conservative, who headed the poll in 1874, now found himself at the bottom, with bills to be met amounting to £8,082. The minority seat in Berkshire was fiercely contested by its occupant in the last Parliament and by a gentleman representing the electors, who were dissatisfied with the votes given by Mr. Walter in support

of the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Walter held his own, but at an expense of £4,752, while his opponent satisfied all claims by paying £1,324. At the election of 1874, two Conservatives were returned in each of the divisions for Leicestershire by large majorities, but the Liberal candidates who were defeated in that trying year resolved, nothing daunted, on trying their luck again. One of them was elected and the other rejected. In North Leicestershire, the Conservative expenses exceeded £6,600; those of Mr. Packe, the defeated Liberal, came to £4,821. In the other division the electors returned a follower of Mr. Gladstone at the head of the poll. The election cost him £3,715, and his opponents £288 more. The conditions of the struggle in two of the divisions of Lincolnshire were identical with those of Leicestershire. Throughout the last Parliament the four seats were all held by devoted supporters of the then Ministry; one of them is now in the possession of a member of the Liberal party. More than £19,000 was spent in contesting the two divisions; the greatest expenditure (£6,754) being incurred on behalf of the gentleman who succeeded in ousting Sir John Astley from the representation.

In the keen air of the North the fire of political enthusiasm burns more brightly than under the softer influence of the Southern skies. Both in 1874 and in 1880 the struggle in Lancashire was regarded as a test of the political feeling in the manufacturing counties. In the former year the representation was monopolized by the Conservatives, and the praises of the Lancashire operatives were on the lips of every Conservative speaker. Each division was the scene of an exciting contest in 1880, but with varying success. In South-East Lancashire the Tory seats were wrested from them by considerable majorities, but the Liberal triumph was only achieved with an expense of £12,640, of which over £3,000 went in bringing the voters to the poll. The result was the same in the North-East section of the county. After an arduous contest of more than three weeks' duration, during which he delivered twenty-four elaborate speeches, the Marquis of Hartington had the gratification of thanking the voters for a handsome majority of more than a thousand votes. The Liberal expenditure reached £9,235, that of the Conservative fell ten pounds short of seven thousand. The division of South-West Lancashire remained true to its former members, and returned the late Home Secretary and a Conservative colleague by substantial majorities. Nearly £11,000 was required as the price of victory, while the attacking parties were called upon to provide £8,588. The six seats allotted to the three sub-divisions of the West Riding of Yorkshire were held in the last Parliament by four supporters of the then Government and by two members of the Opposition. Now the whole of the seats are in the hands of the supporters of the Gladstone Cabinet. In the vain hope of retaining

this acquisition the Conservatives did not shrink from disbursing the aggregate sum of £26,605, the prizes were carried off for £24,628. The total of the expenditure in Durham, though there were but four seats to fight for and only two Conservatives ventured upon throwing down the gauntlet of opposition, fell but little short of the figures just mentioned. Nearly £46,000 was expended in this single county, and Sir George Elliot has the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that his expenses (£12,726) exceeded those of any other candidate in England. A seat was won by the Liberals in West Cumberland for the comparatively small sum of £3,138 (though that amounted to just a pound a head); the Conservative candidates were mulcted by their agents in £7,589. The bold attempts of Sir Henry Tufton to break the links which for generations had bound the constituency of Westmoreland to the "Constitutional" cause were foiled on this occasion. Rather more than £7,000 was demanded from the victorious combatants in return for a fresh lease of their seats; their vanquished assailant was allowed to solace himself in defeat with the thought that he was only bled to the extent of £3,242.

Wales and Scotland have deserved well of the present Cabinet. Their electors have through doubt and depression been staunch to Liberal principles, "true as the dial to the sun, even though it be not shone upon." It was a common prophecy in the political circles of Scotland that the whole of the Conservative members for that country would be able to ride to London in a single compartment of a first-class carriage, and some of the more sanguine Liberals predicted that there would be room for them to put their feet on the opposite side. The first part of the prophecy was all but fulfilled. In spite of a lavish expenditure of money in agency and canvassing, the whole of Scotland at the general election furnished the ranks of the Opposition with exactly seven votes. The defeat of the landlords in Wales was of such a decisive character, that a few of their number, who trusted in the delusive promises which their agents brought back to their employers, were carried away by their irritation at defeat into a display of passion which has probably widened the differences of political thought between the gentry and the farmers. When the popular feeling is stirred to its lowest depths, as was the case in these two countries in the spring of 1880, it is clear from the election expenses that the employment of innumerable canvassers and the hiring of a countless number of legal supporters cannot check the tendency of political enthusiasm. In the contest for the representation of Cardiff Mr. Guest laid out £3,278, against £1,440 provided by Sir E. J. Reed; but the seat which in 1874 was held by the Liberals with a majority of nine was in 1880 won by more than 400 votes. Mr. Meyrick again endeavoured to save a Conservative victory for Pembroke, but his efforts were in vain; his

expenses were £1,133, against £599 expended for the Liberal member. The cost of the Conservative attack at Montgomery was £2,253; the defence at Monmouth led to an outlay of £2,437. In the one the Liberal member expended £1,433, in the other £1,639. In no election in Great Britain was the issue of a more startling character than in Montgomeryshire. The seat had long been held by a scion of the most influential family in Wales. It had passed for many generations from one bearer of the name of Wynn to another. A bold champion was found to enter upon what seemed a hopeless struggle, and the name of the "King of Wales" has no longer any connection with the parliamentary representation of Montgomeryshire. The fight was protracted and expensive. Mr. Rendel, the Liberal member, had to provide over £6,600, and that sum would have seemed wholly disproportionate to the necessities of the case had not Mr. Wynn been mulcted in the enormous outlay of £13,454, and yet lost the victory. More than £20,000 for 4,273 votes!

Any hope of winning a seat in the two chief cities of Scotland must be crushed out of the hearts of the Conservatives for ever. At the election of 1874, one of their candidates contrived, under the operation of the Minority Clause, to secure the third seat for Glasgow; but last year, through the absence of any discord in the Liberal ranks, the lowest supporter of Mr. Gladstone polled more than twice as many votes as the highest partizan of the then Government. The cost of the campaign was returned, as against the two Conservatives, at a sum in excess of £11,000, an expenditure very far exceeding that of the sitting members. Edinburgh has not for many years been "polluted" by a Conservative representative. Once and again has a member of that party ventured on trying a fall with Mr. McLaren and his colleague, but never without being thrown heavily to the ground. At the last election for Edinburgh, only £3,600 was the total of the expenditure on both sides, and of this amount £2,034 was spent by the defeated Conservatives. From the first the issue was never doubtful in the Scotch burghs. The adventurous Conservatives advanced to the fight with a courage worthy of all admiration, but no amount of personal exertion, no display of pecuniary resources, could bring them victory. That was never expected, and no one knew it better than the gentleman who solicited the votes of the electors. Their only object was, by forcing a contest in every borough north of the Tweed, to divert the attention of the Liberals from, and to retain unimpaired the Conservative strength in, the counties. This happy thought sprang from the brain of Mr. Charles Dalrymple, and was put forward by him in a letter addressed to the leading members of his party. Money was wanted to carry out the plan, and money was soon found. The Duke of Buccleugh, never backward in any effort to support his political friends, came forward with a subscription of £1,000, and

three other peers connected with Scotland followed up his lead with donations of £500 a piece. The humbler members responded to the call with such alacrity that sovereigns came in more rapidly than votes. The mortified Conservatives found themselves unable to secure victory in the burghs or to hold their ground in the shires. Midlothian was, of course, the centre of interest in Scotland. Victory was won by Mr. Gladstone at an outlay of £2,693; the efforts of the Earl of Dalkeith to retain his seat landed him in an expenditure of £4,068. Renfrewshire has long been the battle-ground of parties. In the autumn of 1873, after a contest of unexampled severity, and a prodigality of expenditure almost without parallel in this generation, the coveted honour was won by a Conservative. At the general election, in the following February, Colonel Mure displaced his victorious opponents of the previous year, and last spring was again returned by a majority which had risen from 88 to 474. The expenses of Colonel Campbell, in the last of these fights, was returned at £4,013; the Liberal member was permitted to gain the prize for £600 less¹. Both divisions of Ayrshire are represented by Conservatives in this as in the last Parliament. In the fight for the northern section about £6,000 was spent; in the other division the outgoings on both sides came to nearly £7,500. Perthshire, which, with the exception of one Parliament, had long been the *peculium* of the Conservatives, is now represented by a follower of Mr. Gladstone; but the struggle was more than ordinarily expensive, costing both victor and vanquished more than £4,500. In South Lanarkshire, a Liberal, expending £2,802, ousted a Conservative who threw away £3,267. A seat was won for the present Ministry in Dumfriesshire, but the sitting member spent £890 more than his rejected opponent. The voice of the gallant Admiral who formerly sat for Stirlingshire will no longer enliven the proceedings at Westminster, and the leader of the Opposition must look elsewhere for the applause which that zealous admirer, with more consistent devotion than is rendered by a Lord of the Treasury, never failed to bestow on his chief. Returned in 1874 by a majority of less than fifty votes, he was excluded last spring with a deficiency of more than seven times that number. His outlay was close on £2,700; but his opponent was called upon to provide at least £240 more. A Conservative candidate, of more than ordinary recklessness, ventured on crossing swords with the Liberal in Linlithgowshire, and retired from the scene of combat with the painful consciousness that he had only succeeded in bringing to the polling-booth rather more than a third of the votes which were tendered for Mr. McLagan, although he had scattered among the constituents more than £1,500, whilst Mr. McLagan's outlay fell short of £1,000.

(1) These three elections in Renfrewshire are said to have cost the Conservatives over £40,000.

Even if the sums which I have particularized could still be accepted as the total of the moneys spent in the recent elections of the United Kingdom, they could not but wound the susceptibilities of all anxious for the maintenance of the high character of the House of Commons. Unfortunately it has become too evident that in many cases they represent but a portion of the moneys expended during those exciting contests. If any doubt on this point ever existed, it must have been dispelled by the protracted inquiries of the Election Commissioners. The evidence of hundreds of witnesses, most of whom seemed unconcerned at the immoral conduct which they confessed, furnished conclusive proofs that corruption of the most flagrant character had eaten into the electoral system of the country. No class, whatever its station in life may have been, seems exempt from the degrading influence. Virtue with rich and poor alike easily succumbs at elections to temptation, which would be repelled with scorn on any other occasion. Under the spell of political passion, the solicitor seems to abandon the path of prudence, and the clergyman turns his back on the principles which he professes in the pulpit. The chief election commissions have been at Oxford, Chester, Gloucester, Canterbury,¹ Boston, Macclesfield, and Sandwich, and each of these boroughs has its own favourite vice, its distinctive form of bribery. The first of them is conspicuous among its fellows for the importance which the managers of the Conservative party attached to the opposition to the re-election of Sir William Harcourt. It was through their counsels that the Home Secretary was attacked by weapons long since banished from political life, and it was from club funds and the general resources of the party that the cost of the campaign was defrayed. All of the Home Secretary's opponents, from the distinguished gentleman who apparently combines the duties of a high office in the Upper House with the care of the elections for the other House in the Conservative interest to the meanest messenger at Oxford, were possessed with the absorbing idea that the Home Secretary must be dispossessed from his seat, no matter what the cost or the hazard might be. In a constituency numbering some 6,000 votes, the 600 people who were employed by the Liberals as messengers and detectives might have been deemed sufficient for the purpose by the most prodigal of election agents, but even that number was but a moiety of those engaged to support the Conservative cause. At least 12,000 persons were retained for the service of Mr. Hall, and through their agency 60,000 circulars and placards were sown broadcast among the electors. His election expenses were at first returned as £3,611. An ominous paragraph in the papers subsequently stated that £1,200 had been accidentally omitted from the return of the sum expended in the West Ward. Even with

(1) There have been at least five petitions for Canterbury since 1832.

the addition of this sum there still remained a large amount unaccounted for, and before the Commissioners it was frankly confessed that the barren victory of the Conservative candidate had cost his friends about £7,000.

At Chester and Gloucester the publicans kept open houses for their respective parties in the hope that after the election was over the cost of their generous hospitality would be repaid to them. The oft-repeated warnings which the electioneering managers in Gloucester have received in the past have not induced them to mend their ways. Bribery was committed with as little show of secrecy as on previous contests, and the money was distributed among the electors with such reckless profusion, that over £3,300 is believed to have been spent in corrupting the constituency. The speciality of the contest at Chester was an excursion of the constitutional association to Rhyl. Without the aid of the late Conservative member for that ancient city, this happy association of ardent patriots would have perished still-born, and it was only by subscriptions wrung from its patrons that it hovered between life and death. This pleasant trip to the seaside was one of the means by which the flickering light of life was kept from perishing. Its members were enabled to travel to the seashore for about half the price paid by the ordinary tourists, and were presented on their arrival with tickets marked with the figures 1, 2, 3, and 4, entitling them to various kinds of meat and drink, chiefly the latter, at the expense of their illustrious entertainers. No vulgar entertainment of this kind would tempt the Conservatives of Boston. In that happy town musical concerts were set on foot during the election, and voters of the right sort were admitted without passing through the formality of paying at the doors. Something more than harmony was required to insure a victory and it was forthcoming. An enterprising maltster confessed to the Commissioners that on the polling-day he prevailed on about seventy electors to vote for the Conservatives with the pleasing argument of half-sovereigns. From other unwilling witnesses it was extracted that 368 persons were employed by the same political party as clerks and messengers, and about 500 by their opponents. Matters were still worse at Macclesfield. It was admitted that out of 2,678 who voted for the leading supporter of the late Government, all but 209 had a pecuniary interest in his success, 1,863 having been bribed and 600 paid as canvassers. In one ward, with a register of 625 Liberal votes, there were only 200 righteous men who had not stooped to accept money for their votes; in another ward there were 800 Liberals and 500 Conservatives who confessed to having received moneys for services which might have been dispensed with save for the fact that they had votes to render in return. There are about 6,000 registered voters in this borough, and two-thirds of them at least were bribed either directly or indirectly. At Macclesfield the prices given for

votes rarely exceeded a few shillings; in the twin borough of Sandwich and Deal the average sum which each elector received was £3, and a few of the more experienced declined to go to the poll until five sovereigns had changed hands. In the Cinque Ports everything is conducted in the princely style common before the Reform Bill. No candidate has any chance of election who is not prepared to spend £600 in the personal expenses of a single fortnight. Nearly a hundred public-houses were engaged by the agents for the Conservative side in the dull little town of Sandwich, and the tariff was fixed at £5 for each committee-room. Enormous flagstaves were erected in front of the candidates' houses and on every vacant spot, while a score of idle boatmen were liberally paid to bestow an occasional glance on the flags which flaunted on the poles. Bands of musicians decked out in the colours of the candidates paraded the streets, discoursing sweet music for the gratification of the pleasure-seeking voters. Each candidate at Deal must join the ranks of the Foresters or Odd Fellows, and make liberal contributions to the charitable funds, if he is not called upon as Mr. Crompton Roberts was "to stand drinks all round" for the benefit of the members. If there is a pier on which no one is allowed to walk without the payment of a small fee, it must be thrown open on one day at least for the gratification of the public. Those who are above such a temptation as that must be gratified by the sight of a regatta with handsome prizes paid for by the candidate bent on winning the election. Should these inducements not be sufficient, the candidate must promise that, if elected, he will come to live in the constituency, and spend his money freely for the benefit of all classes. If the elections have for any number of years been uniformly successful for the Liberal cause, he must threaten that should the Conservative again lose the seat no candidate of that party will ever more condescend to contest the constituency.

When these discreditable disclosures were printed in the papers a cry of horror went up from their readers. Rarely, indeed, has the demand for a thorough reform of an abuse been more generally expressed by the leading organs of political opinion. The necessity for removing the causes which led to such an extravagant outlay of money was immediately recognised by the principal members of both political parties, and several of them came forward with propositions for rendering a recurrence of such scandals impossible. To such an expression of feeling the members of the Ministry could not be indifferent. During the recess the Attorney-General was engaged with several of his colleagues in drafting a measure which should accomplish the universal wish of the country. Even in this session, when weeks upon weeks have been spent on nothing but the discussion of the perennial grievances of Ireland, time has been found for the introduction of this Bill, and it has been generally

accepted as an honest and effective attempt to remove the blots on the existing electoral system. It embodies most of the suggestions which have been made in previous years by zealous reformers who were in advance of their times, and it contains some novel provisions for preventing an undue expenditure of the candidate's money within limits which are not in themselves improper. The person who either by himself or another supplies entertainment for an elector will for the future be guilty of treating, and the elector who accepts the generosity of his friend will find that he has not only been guilty of the same offence but that he has also by his conduct vitiated his vote. Any one committing a corrupt practice may be imprisoned for a period not in excess of two years and fined in the penalty of £500. He will also be incapable during the next ten years after his conviction of being included in the authorised lists of voters or of sitting in the House of Commons. Only one election agent may be legally employed, and his assistants are limited to one personation agent for each polling station, and to one clerk with one messenger for each district in a county, or for every five hundred electors in a borough. All payments for the conveyance of voters, for bands, flags, ribbons, and other election luxuries are forbidden, and all such disbursements will render the payer and the recipient alike guilty of an illegal practice and expose them to very severe penalties. Until last year the bringing of electors to the poll was a matter with which the politician who contented himself with courting a borough had little practical concern. If carriages and cabs were engaged in his interest, they were generally either lent or hired by his supporters. The county candidate, on the other hand, discovered to his cost that the task of bringing his admirers to the supreme point of recording their votes in his favour absorbed no mean part of his outlay. They might be cruising in northern latitudes or botanizing in the South Sea, and must be summoned home to swell his triumph or mitigate his defeat. In most county elections it may be assumed that nearly three-fourths of the gross expenditure is incurred for agency, canvassing, and the conveyance of voters. Even in the boroughs, if Liverpool is a fair test, nearly a third of the outgoings may be ascribed to the cost of bringing the electors to the polling-booth. The sums which have been lavished in honour of the candidates on bands and flags cannot be estimated with certainty. In this respect the borough of Sandwich and Deal has an unenviable notoriety; the supposition that the other constituencies had offended to an equal extent would be repudiated with indignation by their election managers. As such payments have long been declared illegal the particulars of their cost have been carefully concealed, but the evidence before the commissions on the other offending boroughs has shown that the Kentish constituency is not the only one in England in which the money of the candidates has been applied to the profits

of the vendors of flags and the discourses of sweet music. Great as have been the gains of those fortunate voters at election times, their profits have been as nothing compared with those of the licensed victuallers. In most towns there are both Liberal and Conservative houses, and elections, even when the issue of the struggle is beyond a doubt, are sometimes arranged for the benefit of their proprietors. Huge notices announcing that the committees of the respective candidates meet in those establishments arrest the eye of the voter as he passes along the streets. It is in these rooms that the mysterious gatherings which have afforded such trouble to the Election Commissioners are ordinarily held; and in their precincts may be descried the conscientious supporters who render their party some valuable but occult services in exchange for a very disproportionate rate of payment, and then throw in their votes in addition. The facilities which the licensed houses afford for refreshing the hungry and still more the thirsty voter, tempt the hangers-on of both parties into many breaches of the law. Such offences will for the future be impossible. The Bill of the Attorney-General provides that no part of any premises licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors shall be used as a committee-room.

These reforms are no novelties; they have been advocated by a few members on both sides of the House for many sessions. Even in the dull days of 1868 a motion for prohibiting the use of public-houses for election purposes was supported by Mr. Beresford Hope and Sir Rainald Knightley, though it was promptly rejected by a majority of nearly two votes to one. If every one of these suggestions should receive the sanction of Parliament, the cost of a contested election might still exceed all legitimate limits. A candidate with an income of £40,000 per annum might even then throw away £600 on his personal expenses in the course of a single fortnight. Printing and advertising in newspapers, with the kindred items of stationery and postage, might still absorb many hundreds of pounds. Committee-rooms might be hired by scores, provided that they were not attached to public-houses. The difficulty of devising any scheme which should apply a check upon lavish outlay under these heads seemed almost insurmountable, but the Attorney-General has hit upon a plan which may be confidently assumed to answer the purpose of its inventor. A maximum scale of expenditure has been fixed for such outgoings, and all payments must for the future come within its limits. If the number of the electors on the register do not exceed 2,000 persons, a sum of £100 is allowed for printing, advertising, stationery, postage, and telegrams, and a further sum of £250 for all other expenses, with the exception of the candidate's personal bills and the charges of the returning officer. For every addition of a thousand voters a further sum of £10 may be expended on printing and subsidiary item of postage, while

an extra payment of £20 is allowed for all other expenses. If the hotel bills of the candidate fall short of £20, they may be discharged without the intervention of his election agent (though even then an account of the charges must be supplied to his adviser), but any expenses in excess of that sum must be paid by the agent himself. The duties of the agent will be of a far more important character in the future than they have been in the past. The failure of the existing system has been abundantly shown before the Election Commissioners. In every case which has come under public notice the amounts returned as the total of the disbursements have been shown to form but a small part of the money actually expended. At elections all the ordinary rules of life are suspended, and gentlemen who at any other time would scrutinize the accounts of their servants with the keenest vigilance, refrain from ascertaining whether the published returns include the total of the cheques which they have signed. The principle laid down by the Bill of the Attorney-General is that all the arrangements for the election and poll shall be made by the agent. He is to appoint the clerks and messengers; he is to hire the committee-rooms. No payment shall be made except through his means, and every disbursement which he makes must be vouched for by a bill, and accounted for to the returning officer. The details of the expenditure must be published in two newspapers, and the vouchers themselves will be open to inspection during twelve months' time on payment of a trifling fee. The appointment of this political agent is not to free the candidate from all responsibility for the purity of the contest. Many men who would not scruple to connive at the introduction into a party contest of the practice of treating or paying the electors extravagantly for very trifling services will hesitate before committing a breach of the laws of honour. The late Lord Hampton proposed that every member should be required, on his entrance into Parliament, to make a solemn declaration of his freedom from all improper practices. Under the Bill of the Attorney-General a similar declaration is to be made by each candidate before a justice of the peace, and, until this injunction shall have been complied with, the offending member will be liable to a penalty for every day on which he sits and votes. •

A Bill of this nature deals with so many vested interests that its provisions will be keenly criticised, and its progress resolutely opposed. It is perhaps from a fear lest its progress through the House should meet with even more obstacles that its authors have refrained from incorporating in it any clauses for throwing the expenses of the returning officers on the rates. A supplementary Bill for effecting that object has since been introduced, and no satisfactory settlement of this question can be arrived at until it shall have been carried into law.

W. P. COURTNEY.

MODERN ITALIAN POETS.

ONE of the first specimens I saw of the "nuova scuola," the realistic school of Italian poetry, happened to be Lorenzo Stecchetti's *Postuma*. It came to me accompanied by a feeling complaint of the usual sad fate and early death of men of genius, and the little volume itself contained a short biography of the departed poet, telling how he was born in 1845, and was left an orphan at five years old, how he lived and studied and loved, and finally fell a victim to a lingering and painful chest disease at the early age of thirty-one. The final scene is described with graphic touches:—to the suggestion of seeing a priest he stoutly answered no! With his dying breath he asked that the window should be opened to let him see the sun once more, but there was no sun. *Fine*, "the end," was his last word. "He is buried," the account concludes, "in the churchyard of his village (Fiumana), under the fifth cypress to the left as you enter. The tombstone bears simply the names and dates. He left all his property to charities." The account is signed by Dr. Olindo Guerini, a cousin of Stecchetti's; "le nostre madri furono sorelle" is added for the sake of accuracy.

Some time after receiving the volume, I mentioned Stecchetti to my friend Signor Mazzucato, expressing my regret at the untimely extinction of his unmistakable, although as yet undeveloped, gift; whereupon Signor Mazzucato asked me with a smile to be comforted, for that the author of *Postuma*, so far from being dead, was, on the contrary, in excellent health, and might be seen every evening in Bologna drinking beer and playing "tresette" at the brasserie of the excellent Otto Hofmeister, to whom one of his volumes is affectionately dedicated. "Stecchetti," I was further informed, is a pseudonym, the poet's real name being Olindo Guerini, the name which stands at the end of his own obituary notice.

The reason for this elaborate hoax in the style of Edgar Poe seems to have been that Stecchetti, who had been savagely attacked by the critics, wished to see how they would modify their opinion of him when defunct. Moreover, he appears to have thought that a dead poet had a better chance in Italy than a living one, and in this he was evidently not mistaken; for *Postuma* went through six editions in a little more than a year, and it has certainly contributed more to its author's reputation than anything he had done before.

A trick of this kind appears at first sight scarcely more account-

able and dignified than the dedication of a serious volume of poetry to a tavern-keeper. But all this and more is fully explained when we come to consider the peculiar position of Stecchetti and his literary companions. Their youthful eccentricities have been the object of most savage attacks on the part of "respectable" critics.

- All the crimes in the Newgate Calendar of literature and morality were laid to their charge; they were compared to unclean animals (*vide* Professor Rizzi's *Sonetti al Majale*), and generally handled in a style compared with which the treatment of the "Satanic School" by the *Quarterly* would appear the pink of courtesy. Their natural retort was the assumption of an exaggerated cynicism and Bohemianism, which, if in some measure it seemed to justify the attack of their adversaries, at the same time served to irritate them. This, at least, is the attitude assumed by Stecchetti in the elaborate essay in defence of the new school which he has prefixed to his *Nova Polemica*, and which, in a convenient form, sums up the charges made against the movement, and, by inference, its own aim and *raison d'être*.

Stecchetti begins by crowing over his critics for having gone into the trap set them by the rumour of his death. "When they thought me defunct," he exclaims, "they were willing to bury me in the Capitol with every honour; now that they see me come forth from the hearse, they will no doubt continue to throw me from the Tarpeian rock." To induce such a violent course his "apologia" is indeed well adapted. "Prima di tutto, dici, che non credo in Dio," he addresses the "malevolent reader" at the outset, and begins to discuss religious questions in a manner which shows that the forbidden charm of wickedness and Byronism still attaches to flippant unbelief in Italy. In England the days are fortunately over when Shelley thought it necessary to proclaim his atheism in the visitors' album at the Chartreuse at Montanvert, but young Italians evidently still love to pose in the interesting attitude of militant unbelievers, a circumstance scarcely less creditable to their own tact than to the wisdom of the orthodox critics whom they hope to irritate.

Stecchetti next turns to the charge of immorality raised against the new school, and again reveals a mind rather cynical than thoughtful. His glorification of the senses reminds one of the early writings of Heine, wherein he used to preach the doctrine of the "third testament" of joy, which would be so true and so pleasant if youth and health and money would only last for ever. Stecchetti elsewhere proclaims Byron, Heine, and Alfred de Musset to be his poetic trinity, and he has evidently studied his models to some purpose. His plea in excuse of the cynical tendency of his poetry is singular enough. He simply declares that the public are tired of ideal women, that they want realities, and that these realities are anything but what

moral and religious people might desire. This method is at least as good as that of painting, to use Schiller's words, "vice and the devil by the side of it," so as to please both the wicked and the virtuous. Signor Stecchetti does not pretend to any great degree of virtue, neither does he attempt to cover his licentious pictures with the mantle of an ulterior moral and didactic purpose; all he says is that what he describes is true, and therefore a legitimate object of modern realistic as opposed to conventional "ideal" poetry. This plea, although it does not justify the tone of some of Stecchetti's poems, explains well the *raison d'être* of the new school. It does not materially differ from the *l'art pour l'art* principle, of which so much has been heard of late both in France and England; neither do the *veristi* show much originality in describing their programme as a "return to nature." That pliable term has been the battle-cry of every new movement in literature, and its significance is to a great extent determined by the double question whence that return is made and whither it leads. In Italy, however, some such movement was needed beyond a doubt. Her last great poet, Leopardi, died half a century ago, and he left no school. Only what was least individual in him, his sorrow for the fate of his country, found an echo in the patriotic songs which record the long strife for Italian unity. But even this motive has lost its meaning now that the goal is reached. This is well pointed out by Stecchetti, who, as soon as he forgets his cynicism and his grievances against the critics, becomes sensible and even eloquent. "In 1860," he says, "there was the ideal of a united Italy. At present, when that unity is no longer discussed or threatened, how can we have and sing the same ideal? Should we, perhaps, hold meetings for l'Italia irredenta? What would 'Il Pungolo' and 'La Perseveranza' say then? Realism, in short, is nothing but the effect of a social condition—a moment in a social evolution. . . . We cannot have an ideal, because we cannot find one in the present state of things, and the old ones would be no longer in their place in our State, our Society, our Family. Give us a new idea, at once elevated and in accordance with the demands of the epoch, and the singer of that idea will be forthcoming without delay; neither will there be wanting the confessors and martyrs, such as there were for other ideals."

And here we touch upon the really important side of the new movement. The altered state of the political condition in Italy has brought about a commensurate change of public feeling. A long period of political and social lethargy is naturally followed by a powerful impulse at first in the practical direction, and, however archaeologists and artists and poets may deplore the external changes involved in such a movement, it is impossible to deny its necessity in the natural order of things. Students of literature have at the

same time been curious to see whether the revival of Italian unity would infuse new life into Italian poetry, whether the united nation would produce a great national poet. To answer that question in the affirmative would be, to say the least, premature. The "nuova scuola" has not at present produced a man worthy of being named by the side of Leopardi, but it has as undoubtedly paved his way if he should appear. This merit is beyond dispute; it may be proved by figures and statistics. "A few years ago," Stecchetti says, "only French books were read in Italy, and our country was the drain into which third and fourth rate French novelists emptied their inanities. Pope Gregory—good old soul—was an enthusiastic admirer of Paul de Kock's novels. Italian books had no sale. How is it, then, that our little emancipation from the great Parisian market, our little revival of literature, has come to pass exactly when our poets have given up swimming against the stream of the time with their tragedies, idyls, historic romances, and sacred hymns?" The final sentence alludes to Manzoni and his school, against which the *veristi* wage incessant war, without, however, in their calm moments failing to acknowledge the genius of the author of *I promessi Sposi*. But, although an *ex parte* statement, Stecchetti's remarks are true in most respects. Manzoni's poetry is sublime, dignified in expression, and strictly religious; modern Italians are practical, matter-of-fact in speech, and, amongst the intelligent classes, thoroughly sceptical, at least anti-Catholic. The consequence has been for a number of years a total want of *rapport* between the public and the Manzoniani, and a general decline of interest in any poetry whatever. Stecchetti's statement in this respect is fully confirmed by independent testimony. Signor Enrico Panzacchi, for example, by no means a blind admirer of the new school, states how in former days "even the most celebrated poets, Prati and Aleardi, had to bow to the indifference of the public spirit, and to wait for some event in order to justify in some measure the publication of a new poem." All this is altered, and the pretty volumes in which the new poets love to appear before the world, and to which they owe their second nickname of "Elzeviriani," are found on every bookstall. To have revived the interest of Italians in their native poetry is, absolutely speaking, a feat well worthy of notice apart from the intrinsic merit of that poetry: .

The fact is the more curious as the *nuova scuola* derives its poetic *cachet* distinctly from French sources. Those who remember the movement of the "Parnassiens" in France, or have seen their eccentric organ *La République des Lettres*, will at once recognise a kind of elective affinity with the Italian poets. There is not, as in the case of some English writers, a direct imitation. Italian poetry is too rich in beautiful and varied forms to have to borrow

rondeaux and rondels and triolets from Villon through the medium of M. Théodore de Banville. An innate feeling for beauty also has protected even Stecchetti and other extreme members of the school from the delight in filth and abomination which constitutes the higher morality of Zola. But the external features, the battle-cry of realism at any price, the revival of old verse forms, the violent radicalism in religion and in politics, the indifference as to other people's prejudices—all this we find in Milan and Bologna as well as in Paris. For it should be noted that the new movement belongs exclusively to the north of Italy. It is in the two cities already named that most of the *veristi* reside, and here their works are published, and no doubt chiefly read. By birth also the leaders of the school belong to the north.

To return to the parallelism with the modern French school, it extends to the taste for certain congenial movements in the sister arts of painting and music. When Wagner's *Tannhäuser* was hissed off the stage in Paris it was Gautier and Baudelaire and Catulle Mendez who became his champions; and the appearance of *Lohengrin* at Bologna was received with poetic acclamations of the highest enthusiasm by the young bards of the ancient university city. I may mention in this connection that the most promising composer of modern Italy, Signor Arrigo Boito, the author of *Mephistofele*, is at the same time a distinguished poet of the new school.

It is time that we should leave generalities for individual cases, and inquire into the merits of some of the leaders of the new movement. To begin with Stecchetti himself, he may be characterized in comparatively few words. There is nothing complex or occult in his poetical constitution, and the themes he has chosen are of the simplest, one may say most primitive, kind. Love, of course, stands at the head of them; and as to the nature of that love the reader will be able to form an idea by what has been said before. To condemn obvious *juvenilia* of this kind with the stern mind of the moralist would be obviously out of place. But even from the æsthetical point of view, which Stecchetti justly asks his critics to occupy, there is a great deal that is highly objectionable in the tone of his amorous raptures, in his frequent references to "la carne," and similar excrescences of a youthful imagination. That anything approaching to a direct appeal to the senses, whether in the way of pleasure or of horror, ceases to be art, is an axiom acknowledged by the best opinions of all ages. Stecchetti here has out-Musseted Musset and out-Heined the youthful Heine in a manner which does more credit to his powers of assimilation than to his discretion. Of Heine's *Weltschmerz* also we have ample supply in such poems as *Noia*, in which the poet regrets the happiness of his "Cari vent'anni," and looks upon the world in general through the black spec-

tacles of his ennui. Again, we find him in other poems of the *Postuma* develop that "talent de chambre de malade," which supplies a kind of poetic commentary to the story of his own death in the preface.

"Quanto amor, quanta gioia in questo mondo
Di pochi passi che si desta al sole!
Oh quanta vita! Ed io son moribondo!"¹

he exclaims at the end of one of his most melodious sonnets, and the same sad note is faintly audible in many of his poems. In the outbursts of jealousy and other troubles caused the poet by the fickleness of his various mistresses, the influence of Heine's early work gains prominence. Stecchetti is alternately cynical and sad; and by saying that he is influenced by Heine, I do not wish to deny that there is much that is fine and powerful in such lines as those which I subjoin in a literal translation:—

"And since that night I never more saw thee,
And never know thy fate or heard thy name.
At this hour, it may be,
Thou standest at the gate in sin and shame,
Expectant who would buy
Thy venal kisses. Maybe thou didst die.

"Perhaps—the thought is bitterer to my heart—
Thou hast forgotten thy departed life,
And now contented art
In the chaste duty of a happy wife;
Tending with love divine
The children of a love which is not mine."

But in spite of admirable detached passages, it must be owned that Stecchetti's love poetry, with its raptures and regrets, has about it a touch of the mechanical, which extends even to his description of external appearance. He has the love of all southern poets for fair-haired beauties, and in Milan no doubt the type is by no means uncommon. At the same time it is scarcely credible that the stereotyped phrases of "testa bionda," "capelli biondi" should apply to all the numerous ladies whose charms the poet celebrates.

For this and other reasons one finds the poet most satisfactory where he forgets his Byronic attitudes, and gives utterance to simple, unsophisticated feeling. The subjoined lyric, in a metre which Stecchetti's reserve for poems of this kind, may not contain much depth of thought or originality of diction, but it has the true ring of lyrical poetry—

"Un organetto suona per la via
La mia finestra è aperta e vien la sera,
Sale dai campi alla stanzuccia mia
Un alito gentil di primavera.

(1) "What love, what joy in this world of a few paces (his garden) which awakens to the sun. Oh what life, and I am doomed to die."

"Non so perchè mi tremino i ginocchi
Non so perchè mi salga il pianto agli occhi."

"Ecco, io chino la testa in sulla mano
E penso a te che sei così lontano."¹

Almost equally sweet is the sentiment of the stanzas beginning, "Quando tu sarai vecchia," which he has borrowed from Beranger, Beranger from Ronsard, and Ronsard from Tibullus. Only in the last line there is a harsh dissonance peculiar to the Italian poet.

But Stecchetti is not always in the melting mood. He has a quiet humour of his own, and his attacks on his detractors are sometimes very quaint and pretty, as, for instance, where in a poem of anything but unimpeachable Latin and morality he comforts his muse by the sweeping assertion, "Nesciunt critici latinum, quamvis macaronicum." He has also admirably caught Heine's trick of throwing, as it were, cold water on the enthusiasm called forth by the passionate beginning of a love poem. Thus he describes with great intensity how, in a beautiful dream, he floats in a frail bark on the sea alone with his loved one, rocked by the waves and seen only by the stars: "Suddenly she is silent, and, struck by a thought, she lifts her blonde head from my shoulders, and with her face strangely fixed on the deep darkness of the night she whispers, 'Be silent, yonder are the lights of Lissa.'"

Take him all in all Stecchetti is a literary phenomenon of no small interest. He is evidently young, and his work shows the sins and sillinesses of youth, but there is unmistakable power of a more or less undeveloped mind. Amongst the *veristi* he represents the Bohemian side of the movement; and his faults may be to a great extent explained from the false and exaggerated position in which he was placed by the injudicious attacks of his critics.

Another exponent of the same extreme principles, to whom we must now turn, is Emilio Praga, one of the most interesting poets of the new school. He is a kind of tragic pendant to Stecchetti. What the latter frequently pretends to be the former is in sad earnest. There is in the first instance, unfortunately, no doubt as to Praga being dead. His premature end made a painful sensation in Italy, and Domenico Milelli, another *verista*, has laid his volume of *Odi Pagane* on the "grave marked No. 10 in the cemetery of Porta Magenta (Milan)," where Praga is buried. His life is soon told; it is typical of a phase too common in the rapid transitions of modern existence: a man of high imaginative power, in search of new ideals, dissatis-

(1) "An organ sounds in the street; my window is open, and evening is coming. From the fields comes to my chamber a gentle breath of spring. I do not know why my knees tremble; I do not know why tears rise to my eyes. Behold, I lean my head on my hand, and think of thee who art so far."

fied with established law and custom, and at the same time unable to keep his moral equilibrium without them. Born in 1839, Emilio Praga started in life as a landscape painter, it is said, of no ordinary power, and with the same tendency towards the sombre and melancholy which is observable in his poetry. But he soon seems to have discovered his vocation for literature, and published his first collection of verse at the age of twenty-three, under the title *La Tavolazza* (The Palette). It was brought out against the advice of prudent friends, and with little hope of success. All the poet asks for is a stray flower or sprig of laurel; and he compares himself to a Savoyard boy going about the cafés playing his fiddle, and too grateful if any one has a kind word for him. Of kind words, or, indeed, of any words, he was not to have many. In those days the public interest was entirely taken up by the great political changes which had gone before and were impending, and Praga's volume fell dead from the press. But, nothing daunted, the poet continued to work, and two years after his first book he published a second of increased import and maturity. On this second effort, called *Penombre* (1864), Praga's claim to immortality must mainly rest. He still published another volume of verse, consisting of "Stories and Legends"; but narrative poetry was evidently not congenial to his intensely individual mind. Neither do his dramatic efforts seem to have been condemned without good reason, if one may judge by the specimen printed in a posthumous volume. It is called *Fantasma*, and is, indeed, of a very shadowy character. Its motive is that constant wavering between sin and repentance, which is the keynote also of Praga's lyrical poetry; and the author has succeeded in cramming into a few scenes a number of painful incidents and some very beautiful lines of rhetorical poetry. The *Fantasma* was played at Milan in 1870, and seems to have met with a moderate success. Two pieces, *Le madrigalanti* (written in collaboration with Arrigo Boito) and *Il capolavoro d'Orlando*, preceding it, had been hissed off the stage; a romantic drama, *Altri Tempi*, written subsequently, was rehearsed at various theatres, but never performed. Praga's solitary dramatic success was his faithful and elegant translation of Coppée's "Le Passant." The detached lyrics of his latter years Praga intended to collect in a volume of *Trasparenze*; but death overtook him in 1874, and the work was published posthumously. There is, unfortunately, little doubt that that death was accelerated by his own excesses, although Signor Molineri, his biographer, denies the assertions of charitable critics that Praga died of delirium tremens, and that his later poems were written under the influence of absinth. Of his private life it is ascertainable only that he was intensely fond of his little son, a fact, moreover, which is beautifully apparent from his poetry. From that son and from his wife he was separated shortly before his death; for what reason we are not told.

It would have been unnecessary to dwell on these common and melancholy incidents but for the curious reflex they find in Praga's poetry. Never has the interconnection between a man's life and a man's work been illustrated in a more striking manner. In the opening "preludio" of *Penombre* the poet exclaims—

"Giacchè canto una misera canzone
Ma canto il vero,"

and to this programme he has adhered throughout his poetical career. He is in the first instance true, a *verista* in a sense more literal and more tragic than the more æsthetic realists of the school ever dreamed of. Hence the strong tone of individual suffering which gives to Praga's work an almost painful interest. For his is not a healthy attitude of life and mind. Like Alfred de Musset's *Rolla*, "il est venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux;" and in that world of doubt and temptation and practical strife he is as one in a wilderness. Unlike Stecchetti, Praga is not a bold unbeliever or an open sensualist. He loves the good but does the evil; and at the gay banquet, amidst the clinking of glasses and the laughter of girls, he hears the distant bells, which remind him of childhood and pure love. "Poor child!" he says in another poem, "what can you say of me? I am not a fool, nor a coward! I have loved you in good days and evil, and love thee still with a pure holy love. But there are days when my heart grows faint, when the mud threatens to choke me; pray, pray for a pure sky. For do you not know that man is also a brute? Fly, fly from me." ✍

That this frame of mind leads in its ultimate consequences to a morbid delight in the horrible will not surprise psychologists. This side of Praga's poetry finds its climax in the lines addressed "A un feto," and is expressed in a less crude, though hardly less powerful, form in a poem on the death of Seraphina, the twin-sister of Heine's *Königin Pomare*. Fortunately there is a bright counter-part to this dark side of the picture. The happy childhood of Praga has left its echo in such charming creations as the poem called *Noli*, after the fishing village of that name; and another, dedicated to the memory of the good village priest, to whom he owed his early education. The poet here is genuinely at home, quite as much, at least, as in the vicious atmosphere of a great city, and his regret of the past is entirely free from the affectation too common in such moral effusions. He is, moreover, a real lover of nature, which is not saying a little of an Italian poet; for the resplendent scenery of the South has curiously enough left slight traces in the poetry of southern nations. The troubadours of Provence refer to blue skies and spring blossoms in the most conventional manner, and the great Italian poets of the Middle Ages were not

at least *par excellence* lovers of nature, any more than Raphael and Leonardo were landscape painters. Praga's early artistic training may to some extent account for his genuine love of the country. At the same time he is not a minute observer of every little flower and every change of clouds in the sense, for instance, that Wordsworth is; neither does he ever attempt an actual pictorial effect. It would be easy to guess, if one did not know, that the hand which penned the descriptions of scenery in the *Princess of Thule* must at one time have held the brush; but there is nothing in Praga to betray the old landscape painter beyond the intense sympathy with nature already alluded to. The beautiful poems addressed by Praga to his child should finally be mentioned. The sentiment in these is as true as it is pure. They are not, as some readers might infer, specimens of Italian baby-worship. The poet looks upon his boy with the eyes of a thoughtful and even a sad man; but at the same time he sees in a child's smile at once the hope and the mystery of man's destiny:—

“Un vagito di bimbo, ecco la fede,
Ecco il segreto dei destini umani.”

It would be idle to prophesy that Praga had he lived would have been a great poet. Of the attributes belonging to such he had at least two—intensity and truth of feeling; but two others seem as conspicuously wanting in the work he has left behind him. These are balance of mind and beauty of form. With regard to the latter it may seem presumptuous for a foreigner to speak in an authoritative manner. But judged by the standard of Dante and Petrarch and Leopardi, and even of Carducci and Stecchetti, Praga seems to me to lack that perfect symmetry of strophic development and that harmonious rhythm of metre without which an Italian poet, albeit of the Realistic School, can scarcely be imagined.

Stecchetti and Praga, with many others, represent, as it were, the extreme left of the *veristi*. They are Bohemians by profession, and irreconcilable enemies to literary proprieties. Their works are published by a certain firm, and their readers, in all probability, limited to a certain—although, no doubt, a wide—circle of readers. All this is changed as soon as we come to speak of the acknowledged leader of the school, Giosuè Carducci. He is admitted by writers of all parties to be the leading poet of Italy; the most exalted and most beautiful lady of his country has paid tribute to his genius; and his literary respectability is confirmed by a handsome edition of his collected poems under the auspices of the celebrated firm of Barbèra in Florence. In short, he is on the straight road to classical dignity. And all this he has achieved without forfeiting the adoration of his own immediate followers. Domenico

Milelli, a thoroughpaced Bohemian, dedicates to him a poetical confession of faith, and Stecchetti calls him "nostro duce intanto e nostra forza." It may be surmised that a poet who is thus able to please opposite parties must possess high qualities independent of all party considerations.

Giosuè Carducci's life is devoid of stirring incidents; with few interruptions it has been that of the poet and the scholar. He was born in 1836, at Val di Castello, near Pietrasanta, in the province of Pisa, the son of a physician of moderate means. His early youth was passed in a small village of the Maremma, where his father had an appointment as medical man to a French mining company. The dreary solitude of this fever-haunted region did not depress the spirit of the boy, who here received his earliest poetic impressions, and who, moreover, was at liberty to follow his studious inclinations under his father's guidance. The latter was by literary creed a member of that school of Manzoni worshippers which his son was destined to destroy, or at least to throw into the background for a season. Like most intelligent men of his day Dr. Michele Carducci was a Carbonaro, and his liberal views were developed by his son into the extreme forms of radicalism. As early as 1849 the youthful republican execrated the name of Charles Albert, and persuaded his friend the village tailor and a great politician to raise the cry of "Abasso tutti i re: viva la repubblica." To this creed the poet remained faithful in after life, and it was on a republican, although law-abiding, platform that he was in 1876 returned as member for Lugo di Romagna. On that occasion he made a very remarkable speech, which deserves brief notice were it only on account of its fundamental difference from any electioneering address that could possibly be delivered in this country. His chief argument is the fitness of poets for a political career, which he tries to prove by both ancient and modern instances. Plato, he says, would not tolerate a poet in his Republic, but the Platonic Republic itself was more lyrical than an ode of Pindar. Solon, on the other hand, composed elegies; Milton penned the "Apologia del Popolo d'Inghilterra;" Uhland was a staunch advocate of liberty in the Frankfort Parliament, and Lamartine braved the fury of the mob for days together. "Perhaps my adversaries may exclaim, 'You are not a Milton or an Uhland or a Lamartine;,' 'Neither are you a Plato,' I should reply." Fancy any one talking of Plato and Uhland and Lamartine to the enlightened electors of Gloucester or Boston, and being rewarded with "Ilarità e applausi," besides obtaining the seat.

It may be mentioned in this connection that on one occasion Carducci is accused of having sunk his stern Republican principles. It appears that he was introduced to the Queen of Italy, who received him in the most gracious manner, and paid him the compliment dearest to

the poet of showing intimate acquaintance with his works. Soon afterwards Carducci wrote the ode "Alla Regina d'Italia," of which an enthusiastic publisher's circular states, "Una distintissima copia,"—"printed on parchment and bound in white silk"—was presented to Her Majesty, and which raised a shout of derision in the Conservative press. Carducci's motive, and even the meaning of his verses, were misrepresented in the grossest manner, till at last he was compelled to publish an explanatory letter. To the outsider it seems natural enough that even a republican poet need not be debarred from doing homage to a beautiful and distinguished lady because she happens to be a queen.

It is highly to the credit of the Italian Government—as, indeed, Carducci himself acknowledges—that a man of his extreme views should not in any way have suffered in his professional career. He was, on the contrary, from the first treated with the distinction no doubt fully deserved by his scholarly attainments. In 1859, at the early age of twenty-five, he was appointed Professor of Greek in the University of Pisa, and in the following year obtained the same distinguished position at Bologna, which he still holds. Only on one occasion, in 1867, he was with two of his colleagues suspended for a short time for signing an address to Mazzini, "a slight injury, quite excusable," Carducci himself remarks, "in those days of political contention."

Carducci's poetical work is comprised under the following titles, *Juvenilia*, *Levra Gravia*, *Decennalia*, *Nuove Poesie*, and *Odi Barbare*, the first three published in a collected form as *Poesie* (Florence), the last two belonging to the pretty Elzevir edition of modern poets appearing at Bologna. It must be owned that in the early poems there is little to betray the future *verista* or to distinguish Carducci from the school of literature then most in vogue. The stately march of his stanzas, the dignified grace of the diction, do not in any way differ from the style of Monti and Manzoni. And there is little variation of manner in the treatment of the various subjects; Venus and Bacchus are duly invoked if a love song or a "brindisi" is attempted, and the patriotic addresses to "Liberty," and the Italians are full of the classic magniloquence of Alfieri, to whom, indeed, the former is dedicated.

The phenomenon is easy of explanation. Carducci's father was, as we have seen, a staunch "Manzoniano," and the poet himself joined a society of young literary men who saw the only chance of Italian poetry in the strict adherence to the great models of the mediæval and Renaissance periods, to the exclusion of all foreign and modern elements. It was in the literary organ of this movement, significantly called *Angelo Poliziano*, that Carducci earned his first laurels, and his serious studies at this period enabled him subse-

quently to appear amongst the learned editors of the charming "diamond" edition of Italian classics published by Barbèra. The poet himself is, by no means ashamed of these antecedents. "I started," he writes, "and I am proud of it, from Alfieri, Parini, Monti, Foscolo, Leopardi; through them and with them I went back to the ancients and imbued myself with Dante and Petrarch." The same tone prevails essentially in the *Levia Gravia*, and begins to disappear only in the *Decennalia*, comprising the poems mostly political, which were written during the ten eventful years preceding the occupation of Rome by the Italians. The last-named collection contains one of the author's most famous, or as some would say most notorious, poems, the "Inno a Satana," which on its appearance in 1869 evoked all the thunders of a Conservative press, and in the eyes of pious persons still surrounds the poet with a sort of lurid glow of unholiness. Adolfo Borgogni relates how one evening when walking with the poet at Bologna they were met by an old priest, who greeted Carducci in the most cordial manner. Turning to Borgogni the kind old man added: "A very good excellent person the professor, an excellent person! What a pity he should have written *quel demone!*" meaning the "Hymn to Satan." That such a title alone would be sufficient to frighten a simple-minded priest or a pious lady is not a matter for surprise. Those, however, who had the courage to read must have seen that Carducci's meaning is not quite as terrible as might appear at first sight. The Satan glorified by him is not the "northern phantom" of the Middle Ages justly despised by Mephistopheles, nor yet that spirit of negation himself; perhaps the interesting fiend in the "Vision of Judgment" is the nearest approach to a principle which is at once the "king of forms and phenomena in matter," the spirit of noble resistance which lived in Huss and Savonarola and Luther, and finally the "ribellione e forza vindice della ragione." It may be readily admitted that in this sense many enlightened men are devil-worshippers both in and out of Italy. It was no doubt this perfect *rapport* with the spirit of modern progress which attracted Carducci's readers, and made him the idol of Italian, more especially of North Italian, youth.

The purely literary importance of Carducci's work belongs to a comparatively later period. In his career the process of sowing wild oats has been curiously delayed. Speaking of the *Juvenilia*, Enrico Panzacchi, one of the leading Italian critics, remarks: "If youth in art as in life signifies power and liberty, then the poems of Carducci at forty are more juvenile than those he wrote at twenty." This process of regeneration is accounted for by the study of modern foreign literatures, especially those of France and Germany, Victor Hugo in the former and Heine in the latter being the poets to whom Carducci seems to think himself most indebted. Hence the accusa-

tion of hostile critics that Carducci has been all his life, and remains, little more than a skilful and learned remodeller of other people's ideas, that he began by imitating Dante and Leopardi, and ended by mimicking Heine and the modern French School. There is a grain of truth to a whole heap of error in this sweeping assertion. If Carducci adopts his ideas from other poets, he knows at least how to remodel them in his own way so that hardly a trace of their origin remains. He has, for example, in common with Victor Hugo, a perfect horror of Cæsarism, as represented in modern times by the Bonapartes; and he thunders against the vices of royal Versailles as if all philosophers and Republicans—Diderot, and Mirabeau and Danton—had been models of virtue. But at these conclusions a staunch Republican might well arrive without the aid of the great French poet. And here, as far as I can see, Carducci's indebtedness ends, if one excepts a certain more personal and less conventional pathos which distinguishes his later from his earlier work.

It is very similar with the relations of the Italian poet to Heine. From him he is said to have borrowed his "paganism." Now Heine's paganism was never of a genuine or of a lasting kind. Even when he was in the full vigour of health, and when the golden ducats of his uncle Salomon jingled in his pockets, his enjoyment of life and beauty was mingled with the melancholy note of romanticism. When experience and illness had chastened him and developed the true greatness of his genius the mask of Greek optimism fell from his face. For the old gods he has only a regretful farewell in *Les Dieux en Exil*, and the finest of his poems is concerned with a true man of sorrow, the mediæval Jewish poet, Jehuda ben Halevi. Of all this there is not a trace in Carducci. He is a genuine and healthy pagan in the style of Goethe, or perhaps still more in that of Platen, Heine's great enemy, whom Carducci quotes frequently, and with whom he shares the love of classical metres. The lesson he has learnt from the modern poet is of a negative rather than of a positive kind. In the *Nuove Poesie* his style, without losing anything of its sonorous breadth, is more simple, and therefore more intense, more personal. The imagery also has grown in boldness and colour, and the typical deities of Greek mythology are less frequently called upon. In addition to this the subject matter is more substantial, more tangible. Instead of vague addresses to Italy or Liberty we have now a memorial poem on the battle of Mentana, and another "On the Seventy-ninth Anniversary of the French Republic, 21st September, 1871." To quote detached portions of these poems would give little idea of their continuity of thought and of their force of declamatory pathos. It will be better to give the final stanzas of the address to the

"wild courser," his genius with which the poet prefaces his "New Songs":—

"Corriam degli avversarii sovra le teste e i petti
Dei mostri il sangue imporpora i tuoi ferrei garetti
E a noi rida l'april!

L'april dei colli italici vaghi di messi e fiori
L'april santo dell' anima piena di nuovi amori
L'aprile del pensier.

Voliam, sin che la folgore di Giove tra la roffa
Nube ci arda e purifichi, o che il torrento inghiotta
Cavallo e cavalier.

O ch'io disconda placido dal tuo stellante arcione
Con l'occhio ancora gravido di luce e visione
Sul toscano mio suol.

Ed al fraterno tumulto posi da la fatica,
Gustando tu il trifoglio da una bell' urna antica
Verso il morente sol."¹

His climax of development Carducci has, according to some of his critics, reached in his last volume, the *Odi barbare*. The title immediately suggests Leconte de Lisle's *Poèmes barbares*, but those would be entirely mistaken who from a kindred name would guess at a kindred spirit. Here, indeed, the different instincts of French and Italian literature are strikingly illustrated. The "Parnarissiens" and their great master and model, Victor Hugo, represent a kind of mediæval Renaissance. The Italian mind instinctively abhors the Middle Ages, and we see accordingly that the leader of the *veristi* chooses paganism for his battle-cry, and tries to revive Horatian metres. In these metres the *Odi barbare* are written, and on that account extolled to the skies by enthusiastic Italians, and not by them alone. The celebrated Professor Mommsen is a great admirer of these odes, and has himself translated several of them into German. In spite of this high authority, and at the risk of being classed amongst irresponsible, indolent reviewers, I must own that I cannot see the value of these metrical experiments in a language which has not only lost the sense of quantity but even to a great extent that of rhetorical accent. The latter is the vital metrical principle in English and German, but the romance languages have abandoned even this last rhythmical stronghold, and measure their

(1) "Let us run over the heads and breasts of the enemies; let the blood of the monsters dye purple thy iron knee-caps; and on us shall smile April—the April of Italian hills, rich with harvests and flowers; the holy April of the soul, full of new love; the April of thought. Let us fly till the lightning of Zeus from the scattered cloud burn and purify us, or till the torrent engulf horse and rider. Or till I descend calmly from your starry saddle with my eyes still heavy from the light and the vision, on my Tuscan soil, to rest from my fatigue on my brother's tomb, while you taste the trefoil from a beautiful antique urn, towards the dying sun."

verses entirely by the number of syllables. That even on this principle fine rhythmical effects may be produced by great poets is a truism which need not be here insisted upon, but it is a very different thing where a certain rhythm is to be repeated in a certain part of each line. Here the impotence of the modern language becomes noticeable at every step. I doubt if an unwary reader would suspect Horatian metre in the following dainty stanza addressed to Lidia, the presiding deity of the "Odi":—

"O devîata verde solitudine
Lungi dal rumor de gli uom'ni!
Qui due con noi divini amici vengono
Vino ed amore o Lidia."

To me the most striking feature of this stanza is the absence of rhyme, which is, to say the least, of doubtful value. At the same time it is very possible that an Italian ear may discover subtle beauties of rhythm and melody hidden from the foreigner. And the same reservation should be made in judging of Carducci's literary importance in its entirety. He is not a lyrical poet, and seldom touches the heart. His subjects are, indeed, seldom chosen with such a view, being in most instances suggested by the great events and the leading ideas of the present day. For all these he finds an expression fully satisfactory to the rising generation of Italians, who, moreover, admire the nobility of his thought and diction, the depth of his scholarship. All this gives him a prominent place in the modern development of his country; but it is of course different when his position in international literature comes to be examined. The latter, however, is of little importance for our present purpose. It was the aim of this article to show that Italian poetry has entered upon a new phase, which, whithersoever it may ultimately lead, has at any rate the sympathy of the young and the intelligent amongst the nation. By the side of this fact the nice distinctions of more or less individual merit are of comparatively little significance.

FRANCIS HUEFFER.

SUICIDE.

IN recording a few facts and figures about the sin and crime of suicide, I shall not attempt even a brief treatise on the general question. I have therefore purposely refrained from consulting such books and papers on the subject as have appeared in this and other countries, being content to give the evidence of one who is, unfortunately, obliged to be somewhat of an expert in the matter, rather than to assume the position of one who generalises from the evidence of many witnesses from many lands. Especially have I avoided some almost exhaustive treatises on the subject, which have been produced, I believe, by foreign authors, believing that the comparative study of this question would be as fallacious as interesting.

That I have peculiar opportunities for studying the question will be recognised probably by all readers of newspapers from the familiar phrases "remanded for a week to the House of Detention," or "remanded to receive the advice of the prison chaplain," which close the account of the appearance before a police magistrate of some one charged with an attempt at self-murder. I suppose that no one in the world has similar or as great opportunities of observing the phenomena of this particular crime. Thus in 1880, no less than 341 were brought to her Majesty's Prison, Clerkenwell, on this charge, of whom all but 35, who were Roman Catholics, were commended to and received my special care and attention. To take the decennium 1868—1877, there were 2,053 brought in on this charge, of whom 1,900 were "Church of England," that is, not Romanists, the yearly number fluctuating from 146 to 258. It will be seen, therefore, that the material from which I draw such facts, figures, and conclusions as I place before the reader is by no means scanty. Not, however, that these figures represent the entire number of those who attempt this crime, for it will be seen from the Metropolitan Police Return that in the years 1869—78 there were 1,868 suicides in London, and 3,810 attempts known to the police. To these numbers we must, of course, add those cases which are not discovered, being hushed up by friends, or relegated to the categories of Lost or Found Drowned. It is somewhat remarkable that while during the last three years the number of suicides reported by the police has been steadily decreasing, thus, 310, 240, 174, the number of attempts at suicide has been as steadily increasing, thus, 386, 388, 448.

Let us now imagine that a would-be suicide has been brought before the magistrate. In a great majority of cases these kindly, conscientious, hard-worked men remand them for a week, that the chaplain of Clerkenwell Prison, or, as it was formerly called, the

Middlesex House of Detention, may endeavour to make them understand the folly and sin of their act, and may see if in any way they can be aided to begin a better life. He visits them daily, sees and writes to their relations, finds Homes or other institutions for deserving cases where such help is necessary, in other ways helps them, temporally as well as spiritually; and in each case he writes to the committing magistrate his opinion of the case, with a recommendation, which is always carefully and kindly considered, as to its disposal. From the notebooks in which I record the particulars of each case, I have now taken 300 cases of separate individuals, not picked cases, however, but simply taken as they come; and from these I will draw some facts and figures, leaving others to theorise upon them if they will.

Statistics, for example, as to the sex, condition, occupation, and age of those who committed these attempts, and of their manner and causes, will be found to afford food for thought, and these are as follows:—

With regard to sex, there is a very considerable preponderance of the impulsive female sex.

I find, for example, that of the 300 cases, 117 were males and 183 females; while if the figures for the decennium 1868—77 are taken, they show 746 males to 1,307 females brought here on this charge. On one day in 1877 I had 15 women under my notice for attempting suicide, either on remand or in default of bail; while the number of men on the same day was not probably (I am not quite certain) above 5, if so many. This shows, of course, a different state of affairs to that presented by the ordinary records of crime, in which men have always the preponderance. Thus in 1878, there were apprehended in London, for all crimes, 56,122 males and 27,624 females; while if we deduct the apprehensions for being drunk, or drunk and disorderly—in which departments of crime women are rapidly becoming equal to the men—the proportionate numbers would be more striking, *i.e.* 37,239 males to 11,099 females. Suicide is therefore seen to be a specially female crime, though some allowance must be made for the fact that a man often has more force, both physical and mental, and therefore his attempt is more frequently successful; and again, the sham attempts of silly girls may help to swell the record against their sex.

With regard to the *condition* of these persons, I find that 90 were single, 131 married, 30 widows or widowers, 40 married but separated from their husbands or wives, 40 prostitutes, and 22 living in concubinage. These figures will be found to amount to 353, not 300; but this is attributable to the fact that some persons would come under two categories, *i.e.* a widow, or even a wife, might also be a prostitute. These may be divided again thus:—

Married or in concubinage	223	} 353
Single or prostitutes	130	

This seems to run on all fours with the canon deducible from other sources, that marriage increases crime in women, but decreases it in men. Thus in the Black Book or register, of 179,601 habitual criminals discharged in 1869—75, it is shown that the relative percentage is as follows :—

Married males	32·8 }	Married females	59·12
Single males .	67·2 }	Single females	40·88

With regard to the *trade or occupation* of persons taken into custody on this charge, I observe that in 1877, of 388 who had attempted suicide, 212 were of no trade or occupation (*i.e.* married women and prostitutes chiefly), 33 were labourers, and 30 servants, leaving only 113 artisans, tradesmen, &c. It must be noted, however, that in the higher classes of society attempts are most frequently made at home, and are hushed up, or do not come under the notice of the police.

Their *ages* varied from 15 to 88, every year being represented from 15 to 47, even to 60, with the exception of 48 and 57. (While writing, I have a case under my notice of a boy, aged 13, remanded for this offence.) Beyond 60, the years 65, 67, 69, 73, 83, and 88 are represented by one case each.

The decade to 20 years inclusive contains 37 cases.

„	30	„	„	12	„
„	40	„	„	61	„
„	50	„	„	44	„
„	60	„	„	28	„
„	70	„	„	3	„
„	80	„	„	1	„
„	90	„	„	2	„

300

It is to be noted that suicide therefore presents no exception to the rule that the decade from 20 to 30 years is the worst for nearly every species of crime.

With regard to the ages most represented—the favourite age, so to speak, for suicide—there were—

21 cases of persons 23 years old				11 cases of persons 21 years old			
15	„	23	„	11	„	25	„
14	„	30	„	11	„	42	„
13	„	26	„	10	„	24	„
12	„	18	„	10	„	29	„
12	„	27	„	10	„	31	„

The ages which came next in order, as represented by attempts at suicide, were 19, 28, 32, 36 (8 cases each), 38, 53 (7 cases), 33, 40, 46 (6 cases), 20, 34, 41, 43, 44, 58 (5 cases), 16, 35, 37, 39, 47, 55, 60 (4 cases), 17, 45, 59, 52 (3 cases), 50, 56 (2 cases), and the years 15, 51, 54, 59, 65, 67, 69, 73, 83, and 88, one case only each.

The manner in which these attempts were made is as follows :—

Attempts to drown	138	Throwing self from window . .	6
Poison	58	Throwing self before train . .	2
Strangling or hanging	49	Throwing self before carriage .	1
Cutting throat	36	Shooting	1
Stabbing self	8	Poison and cutting arm . . .	1

It must be remembered, of course, that the majority of attempts at shooting oneself are unhappily successful, and therefore the number of attempts in this manner do not represent the proportion in which this form of suicide prevails. It is said also by those of wide experience that they remember no instance of a person twice attempting his or her life by firearms. It may be noted also that women have an aversion to shed blood, very rarely cutting their throat, and only in one case of the eight of stabbing was the offender a woman.

CAUSES OF 300 CASES.

144 Simple drunkenness of prisoner.	}	145	}	\
1 Chloral drunkard.				
15 Drunk and quarrel with husband.	}	24	}	179
2 Drunk and quarrel with wife.				
1 Drunk and quarrel with son.				
5 Drunk and bad husband.	}		}	182
1 Drunk and deserted by concubine.				
1 Annoyance by drunken wife.				
1 Brutality of drunken father.				
1 Persecution by drunken husband				
who had deserted her.	}		}	/
40 Depression from destitution, debt, disease, distress, &c.				
41 Unknown or doubtful.				
8 Bad temper.				
7 Jealousy or jilting.				
5 Insane at the time.				
2 Poison by mistake.				
2 Too strong dose of poisonous medicine.				
2 Quarrel with husband.				
2 „ paramour.				
2 Deserted by husband.				
2 „ paramour.				
3 Bad husband.				
2 Brutality of paramour.				
1 Infidelity to husband.				
1 Unkindness of stepfather.				
1 Loss of hoard.				
1 Apparently no intention of suicide.				
1 To frighten wife.				

The large proportion of the cases attributable to drunkenness will not fail to attract notice, 145 being caused apparently by nothing else; as when the deed is committed in a fit of *delirium tremens*, or when, as is the case in very many instances, a prisoner (usually a woman in this kind of attempt) is apprehended for drunkenness, and

attempts self-strangulation in the police cell or van. In 24 additional cases a quarrel or grievance is superadded to drunkenness as a cause, and 3 others are attributable to the drunkenness, not of the prisoner, but of another who made life a misery to the would-be suicide. There is no doubt also that a more accurate knowledge of the cases would have caused some of the 41 described as of unknown or doubtful cause to be transferred to the account of the facilities afforded for and the social fashions of drinking. Occasionally, however, a far higher proportion may be thus ascribed to intemperance. It happened, for example, that in July, 1878, there were brought to the prison 28 cases of attempted suicide, which present the following facts:—

1. Woman, 59, canal, drink.
2. Woman, 25, canal, husband admits his drunkenness and brutality.
3. Woman, 31, strangling, drink.
4. Woman, 32, canal, drink, often in prison for drink.
5. Man, 42, river, *delirium tremens*.
6. Woman, 29, strangling in cell when apprehended for drink; frequently punished for drink.
7. Man, 26, poison, 4 or 5 years' hard drinking, a raving maniac for 5 days after admission owing to *delirium tremens*.
8. Man, 27, canal, 16 times in prison for drink.
9. Woman, 48, strangling in cell when apprehended for drink.
10. Woman, 38, canal, debt and misery from a drunken and idle husband.
11. Woman, 34, strangling in cell when apprehended for drink.
12. Woman, 38, river, not apparently due to drink.
13. Man, 18, dock, drink.
14. Woman, 27, throat, drinking all week.
15. Man, 61, river, apparently not due to drink.
16. Man, 34, river, drink.
17. Man, 26, throat, drink.
18. Woman, 17, canal, not primarily due to drink, but had stolen brandy and wine.
19. Woman, 63, canal, drink; habit of pawning husband's clothes for drink.
20. Man, 31, canal, drink; spent £2 therein in 3 days, though only a day labourer.
21. Woman, 47, canal, drink.
22. Woman, 30, canal, left husband 11 times from his drunken cruelty.
23. Woman, 27, strangling, not apparently due to drink.
24. Man, 28, poison, hard drinking for a year.
25. Woman, 21, strangling when apprehended for drink.
26. Woman, 26, pond, drink.
27. Woman, 30, strangling, when apprehended for drink.
28. Man, 31, poison, drink.

That is, 21 cases plainly caused by the drunkenness of the prisoner, 3 due to the intemperance and brutality of husbands, 1 partially caused by drink, and only 3 not apparently due directly or indirectly to intemperance.

There are of course many remote causes of the crime which cannot now be even enumerated, but three that do not appear upon the list given above must be mentioned. First, heredity. My inquiries

have not been specially directed into this channel, and such a cause would be found of course chiefly amongst those who had a decided suicidal mania, which is not the case with more than a very small fraction of those who once, or even several times, attempt suicide. One case, however, may be mentioned: W. C. H., aged 50, a labourer, who had four times attempted, at last committed suicide by drowning himself; a brother had drowned himself at the same spot; a sister poisoned herself; and another sister had attempted suicide. Amongst the 300 cases I find but two in which heredity may be suspected, though I have not usually made inquiries as to this point. One man had an uncle who had poisoned himself, and a grandfather who cut his throat, both under the influence of drink; and a woman said her father had blown his brains out about a year before her attempt to poison herself. The temperament and dispositions, however, which prompt or incline to suicide, are no doubt matters of transmission from parents who have not taught or transmitted the power of self-government and the reverence for life which they themselves did not possess. Secondly, I cannot doubt but that the sentimental glamour thrown over suicide by some poets and novelists has had an evil result, which they would be eager to deprecate. I distinctly assert, for example, my belief that the poem of T. Hood, *The Bridge of Sighs*, written with the sole object of evoking charity for the despised, has yet, with a certain class, tinged suicide with a halo of romance, and afforded a justification of cowardice and crime to the unreasoning and hysterical. Thirdly, many of the attempts that have come under my notice are distinctly attributable to the ordinary violently exaggerated language of parents, perhaps especially mothers, of the poorer classes. "I'll break every bone in your body," is an ordinary way of expressing displeasure at some trivial offence of a child; and no one who has been forced to overhear "a few family words" will wonder how that deed of violence, which is threatened with no intention whatever of accomplishment, becomes in a less guarded moment the suggestion of a crime which is familiar in language, though never really contemplated hitherto in act. Brought up in an atmosphere of threats against life, what wonder if children proceed from the sin of word to that of deed?

The next point to notice is the influence of the seasons upon this crime, a subject obviously difficult to determine. It appears, however, from books kept by my predecessors and by myself, that in the decennium 1868—77, there were nearly exactly 1,900 cases brought to the notice of the chaplain. Of these, 377 came in during the first quarter of the year, 542 during the second, 561 during the third, and 420 during the last. The first or winter quarter is thus 184 under the third or summer quarter; or to divide the year into halves, there were in the half year, October to March, 797 cases, and

from April to September, 1,103, a difference of 306. All crime is greater, or at least the total amount of crime is greater, during the summer half of the year, but yet the disproportion is not so marked as that we find in the one item of suicide. I believe, considering that nearly half the cases are those of seeking a watery grave, the difference of the temperature of the water has much to do with the matter. There is occasionally an epidemic or local outbreak of this, as of most other crime. Thus the *Lancet* drew attention lately to the fact that no less than 16 cases of suicide were registered in London in the week ending August 16, 1879, whereas the corrected weekly average is scarcely 6. In the four weeks ending on that day, 51 suicides were recorded in the metropolis, the corrected average of the corresponding period of the last ten years being but 22.

An uncle of mine, who was coroner for a large country district, used to say that whenever a suicide had occurred in one place, he made his arrangements to visit the same again soon, as suicide is like marriage in respect to one making many.

It might, perhaps, be imagined that suicides in prison were of not infrequent occurrence, especially when the shame of detection was fresh and the fear of punishment greater even than the reality is found to be. This is not, however, the case. In the last ten years, for example, 85,015 persons have entered the Clerkenwell Prison, and there have been only ten cases of suicide; and in Coldbath Fields, into which came 34,437 male convicted prisoners in the years 1867—8—9, there were but two deaths ascribed to this cause.

Others, again, might imagine that no attempts could be successful if a sufficient watch were kept. When a person from any cause or reason is supposed to be not unlikely to attempt self-destruction he is, in Clerkenwell at least, placed in a "special" cell into which a light is cast all night, so that frequently during every hour the warder's eye is applied to the inspection hole in his door, and suicides or attempts in such cells are rare. But in other cases it seems simply impossible, with the utmost ingenuity and vigilance, to prevent such deeds. Even if no bar or pipe were accessible, a shirt torn into strips will afford means of self-strangulation, and in some terrible cases a sudden leap from a gallery affords a way to death which none can stop. Where there is a will there is a way is unfortunately true in this as in almost every other respect. For example, an officer was once standing by the bedside of a prisoner, talking to him, and, noticing that his face became purple, he tore off the bed-clothes to discover that the man had made a rope of his sheet, put one loop round his neck, and was pulling it tight by means of inserting his foot into another noose at the other end. Very often, of course, such attempts are mere pretence, and all the prisoner desires is to make a fuss, or perhaps to produce such indisposition as

may cause his removal to the infirmary. One wretched lad I remember who used frequently to tie something tightly round his neck, and then ring the bell to attract attention! Unfortunately, however, he tried this once too often, and was found dead beneath the handle of the bell, not having had, I am persuaded (though he was the most hopelessly bad prisoner), the least intention of succeeding. It is said of a stalwart warder from the Sister Isle, that he once found a man of this kind hanging in his cell at an hour when he knew well that his cell door was about to be opened for chapel. Exclaiming, "I'll tache ye to commit suicide," he took off his uniform belt, and so belaboured the man before he cut him down that never again was the man known to indulge in this pastime. It is satisfactory to know that in every case of death in a prison a coroner's inquest must be held, and the most critical or suspicious juryman can never find a really preventible means or facility by which suicide is accomplished.

Many also of the cases which appear in the police-courts, and figure in my list and tables, are simply shams. Hysterical girls make demonstrations on the Embankment, and a pail of water over their finery would often be more efficacious a deterrent or cure than the notoriety they gain (and perhaps seek) by apprehension. The words of Dickens will be remembered with regard to the bridge in Old Gravel Lane, which, to the disgrace of St. George's-in-the-East or Dock authorities, is still allowed to be a favourite and undefended spot for suicides:—

"I found myself on a swing bridge, looking down at some dark locks in some dirty water. Over against me stood a creature remotely in the likeness of a young man. I asked the apparition what it called the place. Unto which it replied, with a ghastly grin and a sound like gurgling water in its throat, 'Mister Baker's trap.' Inspiration suggested that Mr. Baker was the coroner of the neighbourhood. 'A common place for suicide?' said I, looking down at the locks. 'Sue?' returned the ghost with a stare, 'Yes! and Poll: likewise Emily and Nancy: and Jane: always a headering down here, they is. On'y mind you, there must be somebody comin'. They don't go a headering down here wen there ain't no bobby nor gen'ral cove fur to hear the splash.'"

I have already mentioned suicidal mania, which I consider rare; but yet the subject of suicides in prison brings to my mind a case which aptly illustrates both.

The girl in question was, when I knew her first, about 17, and had previously been in prison five times, including twice for attempting suicide. Her parents and home were utterly bad, and she herself quiet, but weak and sullen. She came to my notice first under a punishment of two months, in default of bail, for attempting suicide (the third time). On discharge she soon attempted twice again, and was remanded to Horsemonger Lane Prison. In a month or so she reappeared here for attempts in a canal and in the police-cell, and got six months. She attempted to strangle herself a few days

after entrance, once in the next month, seven or eight times in the next, and, finally, on the day before her discharge, having preferred to return to her parents, though over and over I had tried to get her to go into a Home. Two days after she got a month's hard labour for being drunk and attempting suicide, and thence came to us for six months. She attempted here twice, though, on the latter occasion, her hands were confined by leather straps, owing to the determined nature of her previous attempt. On discharge I sent her to a Home, but she left, and, in two weeks, attempted to buy poison, and twice tried to strangle herself in the police-cell. After a week's remand I tried another Home for her, but there she threatened suicide and left. Very soon she was in again for attempting to drown herself and making three attempts in the police-cell. She then got six months' hard labour, attempted her life again, and from prison was sent to an asylum, where she is now I believe. I knew of her attempting her life 28 times in two years; every means had been tried with her, but no doctor would, or could, ever certify that she was insane in the legal sense of the word. This has, however, since been done.

I may here note that of the 300 cases I have known, that 21 had attempted their life on more than one occasion.

It is worthy of note that the impression (greatly justified by facts) which prevails among the class from which most of these cases come, that the punishment for the crime is merely a week's detention and a lecture, has a bad effect by causing the persons to think lightly of the crime, and even to repeat it on the next occasion of irritation or apprehension.

An alderman was once derided for expressing his intention of putting down suicide, but he probably meant, what is undoubtedly true, that some real punishment, inflicted as a rule, would be a strong deterrent to those who are unable or unused to see moral crime in what is ignored or treated lightly by the law of the land.

I firmly believe that if it became the exception instead of the rule for such offences to escape a period of hard labour, the numbers of attempts would at once, and to a remarkable extent, diminish.

That the legal, or perhaps the public, mind is at present irrational with regard to this crime needs no further illustration than that afforded by the fact that an attempt at suicide, *if successful*, is almost universally said by coroners and their juries to be due to temporary insanity, while, *if unsuccessful*, the chaplain or doctor would be simply derided who hinted at insanity, temporary or otherwise, as existing, or having existed, in the case. The truest kindness would, I believe, be found in more seeming severity in the attitude of the law, of moralists, and of society, towards this form of murder, which is often more cowardly and less frequently followed by real penitence than those forms of the offence which are expiated on the scaffold.

J. W. HORSLEY.

THE MORALITY OF THE PROFESSION OF LETTERS.

THE profession of letters has been lately debated in the public prints; and it has been debated, to put the matter mildly, from a point of view that was calculated to surprise high-minded men, and bring a general contempt on books and reading. Some time ago, in particular, a lively, pleasant, popular writer devoted an essay, lively and pleasant like himself, to a very encouraging view of the profession. We may be glad that his experience is so cheering, and we may hope that all others, who deserve it, shall be as handsomely rewarded; but I do not think we need be at all glad to have this question, so important to the public and ourselves, debated solely on the ground of money. The salary in any business under heaven is not the only, nor indeed the first, question. That you should continue to exist is a matter for your own consideration; but that your business should be first honest, and second useful, are points in which honour and morality are concerned. If the writer to whom I refer succeeds in persuading a number of young persons to adopt this way of life with an eye set singly on the livelihood, we must expect them in their works to follow profit only, and we must expect in consequence, if he will pardon me the epithets, a slovenly, base, untrue, and empty literature. Of that writer himself I am not speaking; he is diligent, clean, and pleasing; we all owe him periods of entertainment, and he has achieved an amiable popularity which he has adequately deserved. But the truth is, he does not, or did not when he first embraced it regard his profession from this purely mercenary side. He went into it, I shall venture to say, if not with any noble design, at least in the ardour of a first love; and he enjoyed its practice long before he paused to calculate the wage. The other day an author was complimented on a piece of work, good in itself and exceptionally good for him, and replied in terms unworthy of a commercial traveller, that as the book was not briskly selling he did not give a copper farthing for its merit. It must not be supposed that the person to whom this answer was addressed received it as a profession of faith; he knew, on the other hand, that it was only a whiff of irritation; just as we know, when a respectable writer talks of literature as a way of life, like shoemaking, but not so useful, that he is only debating one aspect of a question, and is still clearly conscious of a dozen others more important in themselves and more central to the matter in hand. But while those who treat literature in this penny-wise and virtue-foolish spirit are themselves truly in possession of a better light, it does not follow that the treat-

ment is decent or improving, whether for themselves or others. To treat all subjects in the highest, the most honourable, and the pluckiest spirit, consistent with the fact, is the first duty of a writer. If he be well paid, as I am glad to hear he is, this duty becomes the more urgent, the neglect of it the more disgraceful. And perhaps there is no subject on which a man should speak so gravely as that industry, whatever it may be, which is the occupation or delight of his life; which is his tool to earn or serve with; and which, if it be unworthy, stamps himself as a mere incubus of dumb and greedy bowels on the shoulders of labouring humanity. On that subject alone even to force the note might lean to virtue's side. It is to be hoped that a numerous and enterprising generation of writers will follow and surpass the present one; but it would be better if the stream were stayed, and the roll of our old, honest, English books were closed, than that esurient bookmakers should continue and debase a brave tradition and lower, in their own eyes, a famous race. Better that our serene temples were deserted than filled with trafficking and juggling priests.

There are two just reasons for the choice of any way of life: the first is inbred taste in the chooser; the second some high utility in the industry selected. Literature, like any other art, is singularly interesting to the artist; and in a degree peculiar to itself among the arts, it is useful to mankind. These are the sufficient justifications for any young man or woman who adopts it as the business of his life. I shall not say much about the wages. A writer can live by his writing. If not so luxuriously as by other trades, then less luxuriously. The nature of the work he does all day will more affect his happiness than the quality of his dinner at night. Whatever be your calling, and however much it brings you in the year, you could still, you know, get more by cheating. We all suffer ourselves to be too much concerned about a little poverty; but such considerations should not move us in the choice of that which is to be the business and justification of so great a portion of our lives; and like the missionary, the patriot, or the philosopher, we should all choose that poor and brave career in which we can do the most and best for mankind. Now nature, faithfully followed, proves herself a careful mother. A lad, for some liking to the jingle of words, betakes himself to letters for his life; by-and-by, when he learns more gravity, he finds that he has chosen better than he knew; that if he earns little, he is earning it amply; that if he receives a small wage, he is in a position to do considerable services; that it is in his power, in some small measure, to protect the oppressed and to defend the truth. So kindly is the world arranged, such great profit may arise from a small degree of human reliance on oneself, and such, in particular, is the happy star of this trade of writing, that it should

combine pleasure and profit to both parties, and be at once agreeable, like fiddling, and useful, like good preaching.

This is to speak of literature at its highest; and with the four great elders who are still spared to our respect and admiration, with Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning, and Tennyson before us, it would be cowardly to consider it at first in any lesser aspect.¹ But while we cannot follow these athletes, while we may none of us, perhaps, be very vigorous, very original, or very wise, I still contend that, in the humblest sort of literary work, we have it in our power either to do great harm or great good. We may seek merely to please; we may seek, having no higher gift, merely to gratify the idle nine-days' curiosity of our contemporaries; or we may essay, however feebly, to instruct. In each of these we shall have to deal with that remarkable art of words which, because it is the dialect of life, comes home so easily and powerfully to the minds of men; and since that is so, we contribute, in each of these branches, to build up the sum of sentiments and appreciations which goes by the name of Public Opinion or Public Feeling. The total of a nation's reading, in these days of daily papers, greatly modifies the total of the nation's speech; and the speech and reading, taken together, form the efficient educational medium of youth. A good man or woman may keep a youth some little while in clearer air; but the contemporary atmosphere is all powerful in the end on the average of mediocre characters. The copious Corinthian baseness of the American reporter or the Parisian *chroniqueur*, both so lightly readable, must exercise an incalculable influence for ill; they touch upon all subjects, and on all with the same ungenerous hand; they begin the consideration of all, in young and unprepared minds, in an unworthy spirit; on all, they supply some pungency for dull people to quote. The mere body of this ugly matter overwhelms the rarer utterances of good men; the sneering, the selfish, and the cowardly are scattered in broad sheets on every table, while the antidote, in small volumes, lies unread upon the shelf. I have spoken of the American and the French, not because they are so much baser, but so much more readable, than the English; their evil is done more effectively, in America for the masses, in French for the few that care to read; but with us as with them, the duties of literature are daily neglected, truth daily perverted and suppressed, and grave subjects daily degraded in the treatment. The journalist is not reckoned an important officer; yet judge of the good he might do, the harm he does; judge of it by one instance only: that when we find two journals on the reverse sides of politics each, on the same day, openly garbling a piece of news for the interest of its own party, we smile at the discovery (no discovery

(1) Since this article was written, only three of these remain. But the other, being dead, yet speaketh.

now!) as over a good joke and pardonable stratagem. Lying so open is scarce lying, it is true; but one of the things that we profess to teach our young is a respect for truth; and I cannot think this piece of education will be crowned with any great success, so long as some of us practise and the rest openly approve of public falsehood.

There are two duties incumbent upon any man who enters on the business of writing: truth to the fact and a good spirit in the treatment. In every department of literature, though so low as hardly to deserve the name, truth to the fact is of importance to the education and comfort of mankind, and so hard to preserve, that the faithful trying to do so will lend some dignity to the man who tries it. Our judgments are based upon two things: first, upon the original preferences of our soul; but, second, upon the mass of testimony to the nature of God, man, and the universe which reaches us, in divers manners, from without. For the most part these divers manners are reducible to one, all that we learn of past times and much that we learn of our own reaching us through the medium of books or papers, and even he who cannot read learning from the same source at second hand and by the report of him who can. Thus the sum of the contemporary knowledge or ignorance of good and evil is, in large measure, the handiwork of those who write. Those who write have to see that each man's knowledge is, as near as they can make it, answerable to the facts of life; that he shall not suppose himself an angel or a monster; nor take this world for a hell; nor be suffered to imagine that all rights are concentrated in his own caste or country, or all veracities in his own parochial creed. Each man should learn what is within him, that he may strive to mend; he must be taught what is without him, that he may be kind to others. It can never be wrong to tell him the truth; for, in his disputable state, weaving as he goes his theory of life, steering himself, cheering or reproving others, all facts are of the first importance to his conduct; and even if a fact shall discourage or corrupt him, it is still best that he should know it; for it is in this world as it is, and not in a world made easy by educational suppressions, that he must win his way to shame or glory. In one word, it must always be foul to tell what is false; and it can never be safe to suppress what is true. The very fact that you omit may be what somebody was wanting, for one man's meat is another man's poison, and I have known a person who was cheered by the perusal of *Candide*. Every fact is a part of that great puzzle we must set together; and none that comes directly in a writer's path but has some nice relations, unperceivable by him, to the totality and bearing of the subject under hand. Yet there are certain classes of fact eternally more necessary than others, and it is with these that literature must first bestir itself. They are not hard to distinguish, nature once more easily leading us; for the

necessary, because the efficacious, facts are those which are most interesting to the natural mind of man. Those which are coloured, picturesque, human, and rooted in morality, and those, on the other hand, which are clear, indisputable, and a part of science, are alone vital in importance, seizing by their interest, or useful to communicate. So far as the writer merely narrates, he should principally tell of these. He should tell of the kind and wholesome and beautiful elements of our life; he should tell unsparingly of the evil and sorrow of the present, to move us with instances; he should tell of wise and good people in the past, to excite us by example; and of these he should tell soberly and truthfully, not glossing faults, that we may neither grow discouraged with ourselves nor exacting to our neighbours. So the body of contemporary literature, ephemeral and feeble in itself, touches in the minds of men the springs of thought and kindness, and supports them (for those who will go at all are easily supported) on their way to what is true and right. And if, in any degree, it does so now, how much more might it do so if the writers chose! There is not a life in all the records of the past but, properly studied, might lend a hint and a help to some contemporary. There is not a juncture in to-day's affairs but some useful word may yet be said of it. Even the reporter has an office, and, with clear eyes and honest language, may unveil injustices and point the way to progress. And for a last word: in all narration there is only one way to be clever, and that is to be exact. To be vivid is a secondary quality which must presuppose the first; for vividly to convey a wrong impression is only to make failure conspicuous.

But a fact may be viewed on many sides; it may be chronicled with rage, tears, laughter, indifference, or admiration, and by each of these the story will be transformed to something else. The newspapers that told of the return of our representatives from Berlin, even if they had not differed as to the facts, would have sufficiently differed by their spirit; so that the one description would have been a second narration, and the other a prolonged insult. The subject makes but a trifling part of any piece of literature, and the view of of the writer is itself a fact more important because less disputable than the others. Now this spirit in which a subject is regarded, important in all kinds of literary work, becomes all important in works of fiction, meditation, or rhapsody; for, there it not only colours but itself chooses the facts; not only modifies but shapes the work. And hence, over the far larger proportion of the field of literature, the health or disease of the writer's mind or momentary humour forms not only the leading feature of his work, but is, at bottom, the only thing he can communicate to others. In all works of art, widely speaking, it is first of all the author's attitude that is narrated, though in the attitude there be implied a whole experience

and a theory of life. An author who has begged the question and reposes in some narrow faith, cannot, if he would, express the whole or even many of the sides of this various existence; for his own life being maim, some of them are not admitted in his theory, and were only dimly and unwillingly recognised in his experience. Hence the smallness, the triteness, and the inhumanity in works of merely sectarian religion; and hence we find equal although unsimilar limitations in works inspired by the spirit of the flesh or the despicable taste for high society. So that the first duty of any man who is to write is intellectual. Designedly or not, he has so far set himself up for a leader of the minds of men; and he must see that his own mind is kept supple, charitable, and bright. Everything but prejudice should find a voice through him; he should see the good in all things; where he has even a fear that he does not wholly understand, there he should be wholly silent; and he should recognise from the first that he has only one tool in his workshop, and that tool is sympathy.¹

The second duty, far harder to define, is moral. There are a thousand different humours in the mind, and about each of them, when it is uppermost, some literature tends to be deposited. Is this to be allowed? not certainly in every case, and yet perhaps in more than rigourists would fancy. It were to be desired that all literary work, and chiefly works of art, issued from sound, human, healthy, and potent impulses, whether grave or laughing, humorous, romantic, or religious. Yet it cannot be denied that some valuable books are partially insane; some, mostly religious, partially inhuman; and very many tainted with morbidity and impotence. We do not loathe a masterpiece although we gird against its blemishes. We are not, above all, to look for faults but merits. There is no book perfect, even in design; but there are many that will delight, improve, or encourage the reader. On the one hand, the Hebrew Psalms are the only religious poetry on earth; yet they contain sallies that savour rankly of the man of blood. On the other hand, Alfred de Musset had a poisoned and a contorted nature; I am only quoting that generous and frivolous giant, old Dumas, when I accuse him of a bad heart; yet, when the impulse under which he wrote was purely creative, he could give us works like *Carmosine* or *Fantasio*, in which the lost note of the romantic comedy seems to have been found again to touch and please us. When Flaubert wrote *Madame Bovary*, I believe he thought chiefly of a somewhat morbid realism; and behold! the book turned ip his hands into a

(1) A footnote, at least, is due to the admirable example set before all young writers in the width of literary sympathy displayed by Mr. Swinburne. He runs forth to welcome merit, whether in Dickens or Trollope, whether in Villon, Milton, or Pope. This is, in criticism, the attitude we should all seek to preserve, not only in taste, but in every branch of literary work.

masterpiece of appalling morality. But the truth is, when books are conceived under a great stress, with a soul of nine-fold power nine times heated and electrified by effort, the conditions of our being are seized with such an ample grasp, that, even should the main design be trivial or base, some truth and beauty cannot fail to be expressed. Out of the strong comes forth sweetness; but an ill thing poorly done is an ill thing top and bottom. And so this can be no encouragement to knock-knee'd, feeble-wristed scribes, who must take their business conscientiously or be ashamed to practise it.

Man is imperfect; yet, in his literature, he must express himself and his own views and preferences; for to do anything else, is to do a far more perilous thing than to risk being immoral: it is to be sure of being untrue. To ape a sentiment, even a good one, is to travesty a sentiment; that will not be helpful. To conceal a sentiment, if you are sure you hold it, is to take a liberty with truth. There is probably no point of view possible to a sane man but contains some truth and, in the true connection, might be profitable to the race. I am not afraid of the truth, if any one could tell it me, but I am afraid of parts of it impertinently uttered. There is a time to dance and a time to mourn; to be harsh as well as to be sentimental; to be ascetic as well as to glorify the appetites; and if a man were to combine all these extremes into his work, each in its place and proportion, that work would be the world's masterpiece of morality as well as of art. Partiality is immorality; for any book is wrong that gives a misleading picture of the world and life. The trouble is that the weakling must be partial; the work of one proving dank and depressing; of another, cheap and vulgar; of a third, epileptically sensual; of a fourth, sourly ascetic. In literature as in conduct, you can never hope to do exactly right. All you can do is to make as sure as possible; and for that there is but one rule. Nothing should be done in a hurry that can be done slowly. It is no use to write a book and put it by for nine or even ninety years; for in the writing you will have partly convinced yourself; the delay must precede any beginning; and if you meditate a work of art, you should first long roll the subject under the tongue to make sure you like the flavour, before you brew a volume that shall taste of it from end to end; or if you propose to enter on the field of controversy, you should first have thought upon the question under all conditions, in health as well as in sickness, in sorrow as well as in joy. It is this nearness of examination necessary for any true and kind writing, that makes the practice of the art a prolonged and noble education for the writer.

There is plenty to do, plenty to say, or to say over again, in the meantime. Any literary work which conveys faithful facts or pleasing impressions is a service to the public. It is even a service to be

thankfully proud of having rendered. The slightest novels are a blessing to those in distress, not chloroform itself a greater. Our fine old sea-captain's life was justified when Carlyle soothed his mind with *The King's Own* or *Newton Forster*. To please is to serve; and so far from its being difficult to instruct, while you amuse, it is difficult to do the one thoroughly without the other. Some part of the writer or his life will crop out in even a vapid book; and to read a novel that was conceived with any force, is to multiply experience and to exercise the sympathies. Every article, every piece of verse, every essay, every *entre-filet*, is destined to pass, however swiftly, through the minds of some portion of the public, and to colour, however transiently, their thoughts. When any subject falls to be discussed, some scribbler on a paper has the invaluable opportunity of beginning its discussion in a dignified and human spirit; and if there were enough who did so in our public press, neither the public nor the parliament would find it in their minds to drop to meaner thoughts. The writer has the chance to stumble, by the way, on something pleasing, something interesting, something encouraging, were it only to a single reader. He will be unfortunate, indeed, if he suit no one. He has the chance, besides, to stumble on something that a dull person shall be able to comprehend; and for a dull person to have read anything and, for that once, comprehended it, makes a marking epoch in his education.

Here then is work worth doing and worth trying to do well. And so, if I were minded to welcome any great accession to our trade, it should not be from any reason of a higher wage, but because it was a trade which was useful in a very great and in a very high degree; which every honest tradesman could make more serviceable to mankind in his single strength; which was difficult to do well and possible to do better every year; which called for scrupulous thought on the part of all who practised it, and hence became a perpetual education to their nobler natures; and which, pay it as you please, in the large majority of the best cases will still be underpaid. For surely, at this time of day in the nineteenth century, there is nothing that an honest man should fear more timorously than getting and spending more than he deserves.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

POLITICAL HEADS—CHIEFS, KINGS, ETC.

Of the three components of the tri-une political structure traceable at the outset, we have now to follow the development of the first. Already in the last two chapters something has been said, and more has been implied, respecting that most important differentiation which results in the establishment of a headship. What was there indicated under its general aspects has here to be elaborated under its special aspects.

"When Rink asked the Nicobarians who among them was the chief, they replied laughing, how could he believe that *one* could have power against so many?" I quote this as a reminder that there is at first resistance to the assumption of supremacy by one member of a group—a resistance which, though in some types of men small, is in most considerable, and in a few very great. To instances already given of tribes practically chiefless, may be added, from America, the Haidahs, among whom "the people seemed all equal;" the Californian tribes, among whom "each individual does as he likes;" the Navajos, among whom "each is sovereign in his own right as a warrior;" and from Asia the Angamies, who "have no recognized head or chief, although they elect a spokesman, who, to all intents and purposes, is powerless and irresponsible."

Such small subordination as rude groups show, occurs only when the need for joint action is imperative, and control is required to make it efficient. Instead of recalling before-named examples of temporary chieftainship, I may here give a few others. Of the Lower Californians we read—"In hunting and war they have one or more chiefs to lead them, who are selected only for the occasion." Of the Flatheads' chiefs it is said that "with the war their power ceases." Among the Sound Indians the chief "has no authority, and only directs the movements of his band in warlike incursions."

As observed under another head, this primitive insubordination has greater or less play according as the environment and the habits of life hinder or favour coercion. The Lower Californians, above instanced as chiefless, Baegert says resemble "herds of wild swine, which run about according to their own liking, being together to-day and scattered to-morrow, till they meet again by accident at some future time." "The chiefs among the Chipewyans, are now totally without power," says Franklin; and these people exist as small migratory bands. Of the Abipones, who are "impa-

tient of agriculture and a fixed home," and "are continually moving from place to place," Dobrizhoffer writes—"they neither revere their cacique as a master, nor pay him tribute or attendance as is usual with other nations." The like holds under like conditions with other races remote in type. Of the Bedouins Burckhardt remarks "the sheikh has no fixed authority;" and according to another writer "a chief, who has drawn the bond of allegiance too tight, is deposed or abandoned, and becomes a mere member of a tribe, or remains without one."

And now, having noted the original absence of political control, the resistance it meets with, and the circumstances which facilitate evasion of it, we may ask what causes aid its growth. There are several; and chieftainship becomes settled in proportion as they co-operate.

Among the members of the primitive group, slightly unlike in various ways and degrees, there is sure to be someone who has a recognized superiority. This superiority may be of several kinds, which we will briefly glance at.

Though in a sense abnormal, the cases must be noted in which the superiority is that of an alien immigrant. The headmen of the Khonds "are usually descended from some daring adventurer" of Hindoo blood. Forsyth remarks the like of "most of the chiefs" in the highlands of Central Asia. And the traditions of Bochica among the Chibchas, Amalivaca among the Tamanacs, and Quetzalcoatl among the Mexicans, imply kindred origins of chieftainships. Here, however, we are mainly concerned with superiorities arising within the tribe.

The first to be named is that which goes with seniority. Though age, when it brings incapacity, is often among rude peoples treated with such disregard that the old are killed or left to die, yet, so long as capacity remains, the greater experience accompanying age generally insures influence. The chiefless Esquimaux show "deference to seniors and strong men." Burchell says that over the Bushmen, old men seem to exercise the authority of chiefs to some extent; and the like is true with the natives of Australia. By the Fuegians "the word of an old man is accepted as law by the young people." Each party of Rock Veddahs "has a headman, the most energetic senior of the tribe," who divides the honey, &c. Even with sundry peoples more advanced the like holds. The Dyaks in North Borneo "have no established chiefs, but follow the counsels of the old man to whom they are related;" and Edwards says of the ungoverned Caribs, that "to their old men, indeed, they allowed some kind of authority."

Naturally, in rude societies, the strong hand gives predominance. Apart from the influence of age, "bodily strength alone procures distinction among" the Bushmen. The leaders of the Tasmanians were tall and powerful men: "instead of an elective or hereditary chieftaincy, the place of command was yielded up to the bully of the tribe." A remark of Sturt's implies a like origin of supremacy among the Australians. Similarly in South America. Of people on the Tapajos, Bates tells us that "the footmarks of the chief could be distinguished from the rest by their great size and the length of the stride." And in Bedouin tribes "the fiercest, the strongest, and the craftiest obtains complete mastery over his fellows." During higher stages physical vigour long continues to be an all-important qualification; as in Homeric Greece, where even age did not compensate for decline of strength: "an old chief, such as Pélus and Laërtes, cannot retain his position." And throughout Mediæval Europe, maintenance of headship largely depended on bodily prowess.

Mental superiority, alone or joined with other attributes, is a common cause of predominance. With the Snake Indians, the chief is no more than "the most confidential person among the warriors." Schoolcraft says of the chief acknowledged by the Creeks that "he is eminent with the people only for his superior talents and political abilities;" and that over the Comanches "the position of a chief is not hereditary, but the result of his own superior cunning, knowledge, or success in war." A chief of the Coroados is one "who by his strength, cunning, and courage had obtained some command over them."

Yet another source of governmental power in primitive tribes is largeness of possessions: wealth being at once an indirect mark of superiority and a direct cause of influence. With the Taculies "any person may become a *miuty* or chief who will occasionally provide a village feast." "Among the Tolewas, in Del Norte Country, money makes the chief." And of the chiefless Navajos we read that "every rich man has many dependants, and these dependants are obedient to his will, in peace and in war."

But naturally in societies not yet politically developed, acknowledged superiority is ever liable to be competed with or replaced by superiority arising afresh.

"If an Arab, accompanied by his own relations only, has been successful on many predatory excursions against the enemy, he is joined by other friends; and if his success still continues, he obtains the reputation of being 'lucky'; and he thus establishes a kind of second, or inferior agyship in the tribe."

So in Sumatra—

"A commanding aspect, an insinuating manner, a ready fluency in discourse,

and a penetration and sagacity in unravelling the little intricacies of their disputes, are qualities which seldom fail to procure to their possessor respect and influence, sometimes, perhaps, superior to that of an acknowledged chief." And supplantings of kindred kinds occur among the Tongans and the Dyaks.

At the outset then, what we before distinguished as the principle of efficiency is the sole principle of organization. Such political headship as exists, is acquired by one whose fitness asserts itself in the form of greater age, superior prowess, stronger will, wider knowledge, quicker insight, or larger wealth. But evidently supremacy which thus depends exclusively on personal attributes is but transitory. It is ever liable to be superseded by the supremacy of some more able man from time to time arising; and if not superseded, is inevitably ended by death. We have, then, to inquire how permanent chieftainship becomes established. Before doing this, however, we must consider more fully the two kinds of superiority which especially conduce to chieftainship, and their modes of operation.

As bodily vigour is a cause of predominance within the tribe on occasions daily occurring, still more on occasions of war is it, when joined with courage, a cause of predominance. War, therefore, ever tends to make more pronounced any authority of this kind which is incipient. Whatever reluctance other members of the tribe have to recognize the leadership of any one member, is likely to be over-ridden by their desire for safety when recognition of his leadership furthers that safety.

This rise of the strongest and most courageous warrior to power is at first spontaneous, and afterwards by agreement more or less definite: sometimes joined with a process of testing. Where, as in Australia, each "is esteemed by the rest only according to his dexterity in throwing or evading a spear," it is inferrable that such superior capacity for war as is displayed, generates of itself such temporary chieftainship as exists. Where, as among the Comanches, any one who distinguishes himself by taking many "horses or scalps, may aspire to the honours of chieftaincy, and is gradually inducted by a tacit popular consent," this natural genesis is clearly shown us. Very commonly, however, there is deliberate choice; as by the Flatheads, among whom, "except by the war-chiefs no real authority is exercised." By some of the Dyaks, both strength and courage are tested. "The ability to climb up a large pole, well-greased, is a necessary qualification of a fighting chief among the Sea Dyaks;" and St. John says that in some cases, "it was a custom in order to settle who should be chief, for the rivals to go out in search of a head: the first in finding one being victor."

Moreover, the need for an efficient leader tends ever to re-establish chieftainship where it is only nominal or feeble. Edwards says of the Caribs that "in war, experience had taught them that subordination was as requisite as courage; they therefore elected their captains in their general assemblies with great solemnity;" and "put their pretensions to the proof with circumstances of outrageous barbarity." Similarly, "although the Abipones neither fear their cacique as a judge, nor honour him as a master, yet his fellow-soldiers follow him as a leader and governor of the war, whenever the enemy is to be attacked or repelled."

These and like facts, of which there are abundance, have three kindred implications. One is that continuity of war conduces to permanence of chieftainship. A second is that, with increase of his influence as successful military head, the chief gains influence as political head. A third is that there is thus initiated a union, maintained through subsequent phases of social evolution, between military supremacy and political supremacy. Not only among the uncivilized Hottentots, Malagasy, and others, is the chief or king head of the army—not only among such semi-civilized peoples, as the ancient Peruvians and Mexicans, do we find the monarch one with the commander-in-chief; but the histories of extinct and surviving nations, all over the world exemplify the connexion. In Egypt "in the early ages, the offices of king and general were inseparable." Assyrian records represent the political head as also the conquering soldier; as do the records of the Hebrews. Civil and military supremacy were united among the Homeric Greeks; and in primitive Rome "the general was ordinarily the king himself." That throughout European history it has been so, and partially continues so even now in the more militant societies, needs no showing.

How command of a wider kind follows military command, we cannot readily see in societies which have no records: we can but infer that along with increased power of coercion which the successful head-warrior gains, naturally goes the exercise of a stronger rule in civil affairs. That this has been so among peoples who have histories there is proof. Of the primitive Germans Sohm remarks that the Roman invasions had one result:—

"The kingship became united with the leadership (become permanent) of the army, and as a consequence, raised itself to a *power* [institution] in the State. The military subordination under the king-leader furthered political subordination under the king. . . . Kingship after the invasions is a kingship clothed with supreme rights—a kingship in our sense."

In like manner it is observed by Ranke that during the wars with the English in the fifteenth century—

"The French monarchy, whilst struggling for its very existence, acquired at the same time, and as the result of the struggle, a firmer organization. The expedients adopted to carry on the contest grew, as in other important cases, to national institutions."

And modern instances of the relation between successful militancy and the strengthening of political control, are furnished by the career of Napoleon and the recent history of the German Empire.

Political headship then, commonly beginning with the influence gained by the strongest, most courageous, and, most astute warrior, becomes established where activity in war gives opportunity for his superiority to show itself and to generate subordination; and thereafter the growth of political power continues primarily related to the exercise of militant functions.

Very erroneous, however, would be the idea formed if no further origin for political headship were named. There is a kind of influence, in some cases operating alone and in other cases co-operating with that above specified, which is all-important. I mean the influence possessed by the medicine-man.

That this arises as early as the other can scarcely be said; since, until the ghost-theory takes shape, there is no origin for it. But when belief in the spirits of the dead becomes current, the medicine-man, professing ability to control them and inspiring faith in his pretensions, is regarded with a fear which prompts obedience. When we read of the Thlinkets that "the supreme feat of a conjurer's power is to throw one of his liege spirits into the body of one who refuses to believe in his power, upon which the possessed is taken with swooning and fits," we may imagine the dread he excites and the sway he consequently gains. From some of the lowest races upwards we find illustrations. Fitzroy says of the "doctor-wizard among the Fuegians" that he is the most cunning and most deceitful of his tribe, and that he has great influence over his companions. "Though the Tasmanians were free from the despotism of rulers, they were swayed by the counsels, governed by the arts, or terrified by the fears, of certain wise men or doctors. These could not only mitigate suffering, but inflict it." A chief of the Haidahs "seems to be the principal sorcerer, and indeed to possess little authority save from his connexion with the preter-human powers." The Dakota medicine-men—

"Are the greatest rascals in the tribe, and possess immense influence over the minds of the young, who are brought up in the belief of their supernatural powers. . . . The war-chief, who leads the party to war, is always one of these medicine-men, and is believed to have the power to guide the party to success, or save it from defeat."

Among more advanced peoples in Africa, supposed powers of working supernatural effects similarly give influence, strengthening authority otherwise gained. It is so with the Amazulu: a chief "practises magic on another chief before fighting with him;" and his followers have great confidence in him if he has much repute as a magician. Hence the power possessed by Langalibalele, who, as Bishop Colenzo says, "knows well the composition of that *intelezi* [used for controlling the weather]; and he knows well, too, the war-medicine, *i.e.* its component parts, being himself a doctor." Still better is seen the governmental influence thus acquired in the case of the king of Obbo, who in time of drought calls his subjects together and explains to them—

"How much he regrets that their conduct has compelled him to afflict them with unfavourable weather, but that it is their own fault. . . . He must have goats and corn. 'No goats, no rain; that's our contract, my friends,' says Katchiba. . . . Should his people complain of too much rain, he threatens to pour storms and lightning upon them for ever, unless they bring him so many hundred baskets of corn, &c. &c. . . . His subjects have the most thorough confidence in his power."

And the king is similarly supposed to have power over the weather among the people of Loango.

A like connexion is traceable in the records of various extinct peoples in both hemispheres. Of Huítzilopochtli, the founder of the Mexican power, we read that "a great wizard he had been, and a sorcerer;" and every Mexican king on ascending the throne had to swear "to make the sun go his course, to make the clouds pour down rain, to make the rivers run, and all fruits to ripen." Reproaching his subjects for want of obedience a Chibcha ruler told them they knew "that it was in his power to afflict them with pestilence, small-pox, rheumatism, and fever, and to make to grow as much grass, vegetables, and plants as they wanted." Ancient Egyptian records yield indications of a similar early belief. Thutmes III., after being deified, "was considered as the luck-bringing god of the country, and a preserver against the evil influence of wicked spirits and magicians." And it was thus with the Jews:—

"Rabbinical writings are never weary of enlarging upon the magical power and knowledge of Solomon. He was represented as not only king of the whole earth, but also as reigning over devils and evil spirits, and having the power of expelling them from the bodies of men and animals and also of delivering people to them."

The traditions of European peoples furnish kindred evidence. As before shown stories in the *Heims-kringla* saga imply that the Scandinavian ruler, Odin, was a medicine-man; as were also Njort and Frey, his successors. And after recalling the supernatural

weapons and supernatural achievements of early heroic kings, we can scarcely doubt that with them were in some cases associated the supposed magical powers whence have descended the supposed powers of kings to cure diseases by touching or otherwise. We shall the less doubt this on finding that like powers were ascribed to subordinate rulers of early origin. There were certain ancient Breton nobles whose spittle and touch had curative properties.

One important factor, then, in the genesis of political headship, originates with the ghost-theory, and the concomitant rise of a belief that some men, having acquired power over ghosts, can obtain their aid. Generally the chief and the medicine-man are separate persons; and there then exists between them some conflict: they have competing authorities. But where the ruler unites with his power naturally gained, this ascribed supernatural power, his authority is necessarily much increased. Recalcitrant members of his tribe who might dare to resist him if bodily prowess alone could decide the struggle, do not dare to do this if they believe he can send one of his *posse comitatus* of ghosts to torment them. That rulers desire to unite the two characters we have, in one case, distinct proof. Canon Callaway tells us that among the Amazulu, a chief will endeavour to discover a medicine-man's secrets and afterwards kill him.

Still there recurs the question—How does permanent political headship arise? Such political headship as results from bodily power, or courage, or sagacity, even when strengthened by supposed supernatural aid, ends with the life of any savage who gains it. The principle of efficiency, physical or mental, while it tends to produce a temporary differentiation into ruler and ruled, does not suffice to produce a permanent differentiation. There has to co-operate another principle, to which we now pass.

Already we have seen that even in the rudest groups age gives some predominance. Among both Fuegians and Australians, not only old men, but old women, exercise authority. And that this respect for age, apart from other distinction, is an important factor in establishing political subordination, is implied by the curious fact that, in sundry advanced societies characterized by extreme governmental coercion, the respect due to age takes precedence of all other respect. Sharpe remarks of ancient Egypt that "here as in Persia and Judæa the king's mother often held rank above his wife." In China, notwithstanding the inferior position of women socially and domestically, there exists this supremacy of the female parent, second only to that of the male parent; and the same thing occurs in Japan. As supporting the

inference that subjection to parents prepares the way for subjection to rulers, I may add a converse fact. Of the Coroados, whose groups are so incoherent, we read that—

"The pajé, however, has as little influence over the will of the multitude as any other, for they live without any bond of social union, neither under a republican nor a patriarchal form of government. Even family ties are very loose among them . . . there is no regular precedence between the old and the young, for age appears to enjoy no respect among them."

And, as re-inforcing this converse fact, I may add that, as I have shown elsewhere, the Mantras, the Caribs, the Mapuchés, the Brazilian Indians, the Gallinomeros, the Shoshones, the Navajos, the Californians, the Comanches, who submit very little or not at all to chiefly rule, display a filial submission which is mostly small and ceases early.

But now under what circumstances does respect for age take that pronounced form seen in societies distinguished by great political subordination? It was pointed out that when men, passing from the hunting stage into the pastoral stage, began to wander in search of food for their domesticated animals, they fell into conditions favouring the formation of that patriarchal group, at once family and miniature society, constituting the unit of composition of societies which reach the highest stages of evolution. We saw that in the primitive pastoral horde, the man, dissociated from those earlier tribal influences which interfere with paternal power, and which prevent settled relations of the sexes, was so placed as to acquire headship of a coherent group: the father became "by right of the strong hand, leader, owner, master, of wife, children, and all he carried with him." There were enumerated the influences which tended to make the eldest male a patriarch; and it was shown that not only the Semites, Aryans, and Turanians have exemplified this relation between pastoral habits and the patriarchal organization, but that it recurs in South African races.

Be the causes what they may, however, we find abundant proof that this family supremacy of the eldest male, common among pastoral peoples and peoples who have passed through the pastoral stage into the agricultural stage, naturally develops into political supremacy. Of the Santals Hunter says—

"The village government is purely patriarchal. Each hamlet has an original founder (the Manjhi-Hanan), who is regarded as the father of the community. He receives divine honours in the sacred grove, and transmits his authority to his descendants."

Of the compound family among the Khonds we read in Macpherson that—

"There it [paternal authority] reigns nearly absolute. It is a Khond's maxim that a man's father is his god, disobedience to whom is the greatest crime—and all the members of a family live united in strict subordination to its head until his death."

And the growth of groups thus arising into compound and doubly compound groups, acknowledging the authority of one who unites family headship with political headship, has been made familiar by Sir Henry Maine and others as common to early Greeks, Romans, Teutons, and as still affecting social organization among Hindoos and Slavs.

Here, then, we have making its appearance a factor which conduces to permanence of political headship. As was pointed out in a foregoing chapter, while succession by efficiency gives plasticity to social organization, succession by inheritance gives it stability. No settled arrangement can arise in a primitive community so long as the function of each unit is determined exclusively by his fitness; since, at his death, the arrangement, in so far as he was a part of it, must be recommenced. Only when his place is forthwith filled by one whose claim is admitted, does there begin a differentiation which survives through successive generations. And evidently in the earlier stages of social evolution, while the coherence is small and the want of structure great, it is requisite that the principle of inheritance should, especially in respect of the political headship, predominate over the principle of efficiency. Contemplation of the facts will make this clear.

Two primary forms of hereditary succession have to be considered. The system of kinship through females, common among rude peoples, results in descent of property and power to brothers or to the children of sisters; while the system of kinship through males, general among advanced peoples, results in descent of property and power to sons or daughters. We have first to note that succession through females results in less stable political headships than does succession through males.

From the fact named when treating of the domestic relations, that the system of kinship through females arises where unions of the sexes are temporary or unsettled, it is to be inferred that this system characterizes societies which are unadvanced in all ways, political included. We saw that irregular connexions involve paucity and feebleness of known relationships, and a type of family the successive links of which are not strengthened by so many collateral links. A common consequence is that along with descent through females there goes either no chieftainship, or chieftainship is established by merit, or, if hereditary, it is usually unstable. The

Australians and Tasmanians may be named as typical instances. Among the Haidahs and other savage peoples of Columbia "rank is nominally hereditary, for the most part by the female line;" and actual chieftainship "depends to a great extent on wealth and ability in war." Of other North American tribes the Chippewas, Comanches, and Snakes, show us the system of kinship through females joined with either absence of hereditary chieftainship or very feeble development of it. Passing to South America, the Arawaks and the Waraus may be instanced as having female descent and almost nominal, though hereditary chiefs; and much the same may be said of the Caribs.

A group of facts having much significance may now be noted. In many societies where descent of property and rank in the female line is the rule, an exception is made in the case of the political head; and the societies exemplifying this exception are societies in which political headship has become relatively stable. Though in Fiji there is kinship through females, yet, according to Seemann, the ruler, chosen from the members of the royal family, is "generally the son" of the late ruler. In Tahiti, where the two highest ranks follow the primitive system of descent, male succession to rulership is so pronounced that, on the birth of an eldest son the father becomes simply a regent on his behalf. And among the Malagasy, along with a prevailing kinship through females, the sovereign either nominates his successor, or, failing this, the nobles appoint, and "unless positive disqualification exists, the eldest son is usually chosen." Africa furnishes evidence of varied kinds. Though the Congo people, the Coast Negroes, and the Inland Negroes, have formed societies of some size and complexity, notwithstanding that kinship through females obtains in the succession to the throne, yet we read of the first that allegiance is "vague and uncertain;" of the second that, save where free in form, the government is "an insecure and short-lived monarchic despotism;" and of the third that, where the government is not of mixed type, it is "a rigid but insecure despotism." Meanwhile, in the two most advanced and powerful states, stability of political headship goes along with departure, partial or complete, from succession through females. In Ashantee the order of succession is "the brother, the sister's son, the son;" and in Dahomey there is male primogeniture. Further instances of this transition are yielded by extinct American civilizations. Though the Aztec conquerors of Mexico brought with them the system of kinship through females, and consequent law of succession, yet this law of succession was partially, or completely, changed to succession through males. In Tezcuco and Tlacopan (divisions of Mexico) the eldest son inherited

the kingship; and in Mexico the choice of a king was limited to the sons and brothers of the preceding king. Then, of ancient Peru, Gomara says "nephews inherit, and not sons, except in the case of the Yncas:" this exception in the case of the Yncas having the strange peculiarity that "the first-born of this brother and sister [*i.e.*, the Ynca and his principal wife] was the legitimate heir to the kingdom"—an arrangement which made the line of descent unusually narrow and definite. And here we are brought back to Africa by the parallelism between the case of Peru and that of Egypt. "In Egypt it was maternal descent that gave the right to property and to the throne. The same prevailed in Ethiopia. If the monarch married out of the royal family the children did not enjoy a legitimate right to the crown." When we add the statement that the monarch was "supposed to be descended from the gods, in the male and female line;" and when we join with this the further statement that there were royal marriages between brother and sister; we see that like causes worked like effects in Egypt and in Peru. For in Peru the Ynca was of supposed divine descent; inherited his divinity on both sides; and married his sister to keep the divine blood unmixed. And in Peru as in Egypt there resulted royal succession in the male line, where, otherwise, succession through females prevailed.

With this process of transition from the one law of descent to the other, implied by these last facts, may be joined some processes which preceding facts imply. In New Caledonia a "chief nominates his successor, if possible, in a son or brother:" the one choice implying descent in the male line and the other being consistent with descent in either male or female line. And in Madagascar, where the system of female kinship prevailed, "the sovereign nominated his successor—naturally choosing a son." Further it is to be noted that where, as in these cases, when no nomination has been made the nobles choose among members of the royal family, and are determined in their choice by eligibility, there may be, and naturally is, a departure from descent in the female line; and this once broken through is likely for several reasons to be abolished. We are also introduced to another transitional process. For some of these cases are among the many in which succession to rulership is fixed in respect of the family, but not fixed in respect of the member of the family—a stage implying a partial but incomplete stability of the political headship. Several instances occur in Africa. "The crown of Abyssinia is hereditary in one family, but elective in the person," says Bruce. "Among the Timmanees and Bulloms, the crown remains in the same family, but the chief or head men of the country upon whom the election of a king depends, are at liberty to

nominate a very distant branch of that family." And a Kaffir "law requires the successor to the king should be chosen from amongst some of the youngest princes." In Java and Samoa, too, while succession to rulership is limited to the family, it is but partially settled with respect to the individual.

That stability of political headship is secured by establishment of descent in the male line is, of course, not alleged. The assertion simply is that succession after this mode conduces better than any other to its stability. Of probable reasons for this, one is that in the patriarchal group, as developed among those pastoral races from which the leading civilized peoples have descended, the sentiment of subordination to the eldest male, fostered by circumstances in the family and in the gens, becomes instrumental to a wider subordination in the larger groups eventually formed. Another probable reason is, that with descent in the male line there is more frequently a union of efficiency with supremacy. The son of a great warrior, or man otherwise capable as a ruler, is more likely to possess kindred traits than is the son of his sister; and if so, it will happen that in those earliest stages, when personal superiority is requisite as well as legitimacy of claim, succession in the male line will conduce to maintenance of power by making usurpation more difficult.

There is, however, a more potent influence which aids in giving permanence to political headship, and which operates more in conjunction with descent through males than in conjunction with descent through females—an influence probably of greater importance than any other.

HERBERT SPENCER.

(To be continued in the next Number.)

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

No incident in the month's history will be looked back upon with more satisfaction than the arrangement which has been made with the Boers. The satisfaction is obviously not without alloy. The extrication of one's self from the consequences of a blunder must necessarily be accompanied by regret that the blunder was ever perpetrated. While we rejoice that a just and honourable way has been found out of our embarrassments in the Transvaal, we cannot forget the many shameful circumstances which landed us in them. We cannot forget how many lives, alike of brave Englishmen and brave Dutchmen, have been sacrificed as a consequence of political incompetency. This is not a party question, and perhaps that is the worst of it. If either the Conservative Secretary who was first responsible for annexation, or the Liberal Secretary who ratified, confirmed, and accepted annexation, if either Lord Carnarvon or Lord Kimberley had shown caution and foresight, we might have found some comfort in thinking that an evil destiny had put the wrong man into power at a critical time. Unfortunately we cannot fall back upon this. What Lord Carnarvon weakly did, Lord Kimberley weakly adopted. Nor must we forget that Mr. Forster and Lord Brabourne are just as responsible as anybody else. *The upshot of it is that the country must feel that neither the statesmen of one party nor the other have anybody of sound doctrine in the region of colonial policy. In a more robust time Lord Kimberley would have suffered penalties for the series of blind acts of impolicy through which he has led the country. This kind of thing has gone out of fashion. Lord Kimberley will remain in the Cabinet and continue to administer affairs which it has been proved at such bitter and painful cost to his countrymen that he does not understand, and in connection with which he has led us through so many dire vexations to the edge of what might easily have become a still more dire catastrophe.

This, however, has been avoided—the catastrophe of prolonging an admittedly unjust war. No small honour is due to the Ministry, or to that portion of it which insisted on counsels of justice, moderation, and common sense, for accepting plain truth when it was forced upon them. There were plenty of difficulties ahead, but it is a comfort to know that in the last resort there are men at the head of affairs who will not allow themselves to be driven, even by the passion which is naturally excited by military repulse, to take their eye off the real and essential facts of the situation. The real and

essential facts in the Transvaal were that an Office had been misinformed; that Governments had made a mistake; that persistence in the mistake would load us with new embarrassments in the Transvaal, and might possibly kindle a conflagration throughout South Africa. The Boers, who were only struggling for reasonable objects, comported themselves as reasonable men might be expected to do. Sir Evelyn Wood, the highest representative on the spot, much liked and trusted by them, showed a spirit to match. The result is that we have at last a good chance of relieving ourselves of a thankless and unprofitable burden, which a sensible and rightly informed policy would have prohibited us ever from undertaking.

In the East of Europe the two notable events of the month are the death of the Czar and the development of the Greco-Turkish dispute. As these are in a manner organically connected, we may conveniently examine them together. The shock of horror which the news of the assassination of Alexander II. sent through Europe was keen, but not perhaps as keen as might have been expected. This was from no lack of human sympathy with the violent ending of the Czar, but because the public mind had been prepared for the event by a series of outrages, many of them far more destructive of life than that which carried him off; and by a knowledge that General Melikoff had rather driven Nihilism inwards than eradicated it. There is no stamping out such deeply seated evils as those. They must be plucked out if they are to be removed, and they must be plucked out by the root. The root of these horrible diseases which undermine empires is to be found in the misery and the disaffection of a people. Socialism, a great German political writer has observed, means suffering. Nihilism admits of the same definition. The desolating influence of wars, and constant additions to the oppressive burden of an intolerable taxation; the concentration of power within the limits of a narrow official circle, the absence of representative legislation, the violent localization of wealth, the appalling contrasts between squalor and luxury, the impunity and licence given to extortion, and cruelty of all kinds; these furnish the real explanation of Russian Nihilism. Greatly to his credit the late Czar emancipated the Serfs. But that was only the first link in a long chain of reforms which he should have endeavoured to accomplish, and which he never took in hand. It was a step which redeemed some millions of men from miserable and grinding servitude, but it did not make them heirs of political liberty. No one doubts that Alexander II. might have been personally inclined to crown the edifice. But his environment was hostile to such a step. The generals, and diplomatists, and officials—the whole aggregate of the Russian privileged classes in fact—were violently opposed to any such concession. A man of

irresolute though not unamiable temperament, the late Czar was a reformer only in name. Had he granted a Constitution to his subjects twenty years ago, all might have been well. Other innovations and improvements would have followed, and the remotest regions of the Empire would have commenced to shake off the outer husk of barbarism. Instead, he yielded himself completely to the counselors who surrounded him, and his reign became a chequered pageant of military display. In Central Asia the Russian army were engaged almost incessantly, and at enormous cost of blood and treasure. The struggle with Turkey was one of the most wasting to which an empire, even as great as that of the Czar, had ever submitted. There was not a household in any portion of his dominions that did not feel the drain of men and money to which the State was constantly exposed. Such a policy as this converted the emancipation of the serfs into a boon as little substantial as those of Tantalus. It was the ostensible promise of a happier age—the *auspiciū melioris ævi* which was never destined to be fulfilled; the sudden flash of light which enabled the captive to see the terror of his dungeon, but which illuminated for him no kindly way of escape.

Who can wonder that the result of all this was that desperate attempt on the part of the masses to establish by secret agents their own rights, which is known as Nihilism? It was felt, as indeed was the case, that things were rotten to the core; it might be an experiment worth making—whether terror and assassination would not extort that for which justice and mercy pleaded in vain. The new Czar will in all probability act differently from his father. He has begun by recalling General Skobeleff. It may be taken for granted that he will not refuse the petition of his people, and that in a very few weeks he will proclaim a constitution. But what will this gift be worth? and what will be the position of the Czar if beyond this he refuses to go? The constitution, it is understood, will consist of a central representative chamber at St. Petersburg, the members of which are elected by the provincial assemblies. In these latter the Government have in almost every case a majority, therefore the effect of the new constitution will be to give the Russian people the semblance, but not the reality, of representative government. It is certain that this cannot and will not be accepted. What then will the new Emperor do? Will it be possible for him, however liberal and enlightened his wishes, to advance on the road of reform as swiftly as his subjects may deem necessary? If it is not, can he be pronounced safe from the doom of dagger and dynamite? Of course, the most drastic measures will at once be taken to repress Nihilism; but this cannot be done so long as men are found who will face the risk of any kind of death or

torture if they can only be instrumental in destroying the chief representative of a hated system. Alexander III. ascends his throne at a dark and troublous hour. The dangers which turned the life of his father into one protracted agony will be felt by him also, and the ceremonial congratulations which greet his accession will have in them the ring of deadly irony.

These are considerations which must exercise some influence upon the external policy of the new Russian monarch. He cannot hope safely, or for any length of time, to occupy himself with salutary reforms at home. There are many forces which may attract him to a policy of adventure abroad. He is the recognised champion of the Slavonic race. He is the head of a great empire surrounded by formidable, and as they may show themselves to be, aggressive enemies. He is the husband of a wife who is the sister of the King of Greece, and who is known to be enthusiastically devoted to the Hellenic cause. Between Philhellenism and Pan-Slavism there exists a traditional and intelligible jealousy. But nothing is more certain than that if the Greek question is opened, so will be the Slavonic, and *vice versa*. The two act and react upon each other in a manner which it is impossible to prevent, and with results which it is impossible to foresee. The moment that Greece makes an incursion into Thessaly, we shall hear of the revival of the movement for the consolidation of Bulgaria and East Roumelia, and Albania will be once more in a state of commotion. If the Hellenes begin to plunge the South-East of Europe into confusion by making war on the Turks, the Slavs will in due course follow their lead. It is simply a question of precedence. But whichever view we take of the contingencies of the future there is good ground for fearing that the prospect that awaits Alexander III. at no distant date is one of war, and if Russia becomes directly or indirectly involved in any hostilities, it may be vain to talk of localising them within any given area.

Upon the hypothesis that war between Turkey and Greece could be prevented there would be no reason for taking such an alarmist view. But the last hope of the prevention of this struggle has almost now disappeared. The diplomatic proceedings at Constantinople, which are only not formally at an end at the present moment of writing, have always lacked earnestness and reality. The Turks have never indicated any intention or wish to make an offer to the Greeks which they could be reasonably hoped to accept. The Greeks have consistently adhered to the frontier line traced by the Berlin Conference last year. A compromise between these two diametrically antagonistic proposals would have been, we believe, possible. But, as a matter of fact, no step in the direction of such a compromise has ever been taken. On the contrary, whatever advance has been made has been in a direction totally opposite. The

Porte has offered less and less—less even than it was prepared to concede in the month of October last. The idea that Greece could accept, and that Europe could authorise Greece to accept, Crete, with the most meagre strip of Thessalian territory, as an equivalent for Thessaly and Epirus, cannot be seriously considered. The Porte, therefore, persistently displaying this attitude, Greece has fallen back more and more upon the proposals of the Berlin Conference. It is now certain that Greece has done this with the connivance, if not with the encouragement, of one or more of the European Powers. The ambassadors may perhaps yet, merely for the sake of appearances, offer a suggestion which they will express a hope that both Greece and Turkey will see their way to accepting. But it will certainly be refused by one or each, and it will be put forward with the belief that it will be refused.

War, therefore, it can scarcely be doubted, is inevitable, and it is inevitable because there has never existed on the part of the European Powers any really unanimous determination to prevent it. England and Italy have thrown their influence into the scale of peace. Russia, during the lifetime of the late Czar, declined to be drawn into any discussion with Germany and Austria which might act as the provocative of military strife. But there is no reason to believe that either Austria or Germany—and the two in matters of foreign policy mean one and the same thing—have ever been particularly zealous on their side for peace. The general relations subsisting between the Kaiser and the late Czar rendered it extremely improbable that, so long as these occupied their respective thrones, there would be any outbreak between the two countries. All that has changed now, and the whole of the Balkan peninsula bristles with points at which Russian interests on the one hand, and Austro-German interests on the other, might come into collision. In Servia, or in matters relating to the navigation of the Danube the causes of war might at any moment declare themselves, while over and above this there is the probability, we might perhaps say almost the certainty, of a complication between Greece and Turkey, followed, as that is sure to be, by events which will raise the whole Slavonic question in the South-east of Europe.

A session before Easter which will have witnessed in addition to the carrying of the two Coercion Bills and the introduction of the Irish Land Bill, a formal debate on the subject of Kandahar, the settlement of the Supplementary Estimates, the passing of the Mutiny Bill, the Budget, the advancement of several important private Bills, and the discussion of some weighty motions brought forward from both sides of the House, cannot from a parliamentary point of view be called unproductive. It would have been more satisfactory if it had

been found possible to transact all this business without having recourse to extraordinary measures for preventing obstruction in the House of Commons. What, however, it is necessary to point out is that these extraordinary measures have not had an extraordinary effect. In other words, the object of urgency was not to check freedom of debate, still less to enable the Government to rush their Irish Bills through the House. It aimed at nothing more than the assimilation of the conduct of Irish to that of other business. A state of things had arisen under which any Irish proposal that did not command the unanimous approval of the Home Rule members, was sure to be pertinaciously resisted. The parliamentary tactics of the followers of Mr. Parnell were clever in conception and successful in execution. It was necessary to meet them with some counter demonstration of parliamentary strategy. Otherwise, no term could have been assigned to the period that the Coercion Bills would have absorbed. Mr. Gladstone made his urgency proposals; the Speaker supplemented them with his new rules; they were applied to the consideration of the Irish measures, which the public opinion of the House recognised as of immediate necessity, and they were applied on no other occasion. They were not employed in the case either of the Protection Bill or the Arms Bill before it was manifest that time was being wantonly and mischievously wasted. The very circumstances of their adoption, unsatisfactory as they were, are a guarantee that no minister will hereafter threaten the House with them upon ordinary occasions.

Events have at least proved the more than doubtfulness of the assertion that the effect of urgency is to place the House in the hands of a dictator, whenever a powerful minister wills that this shall be done. Mr. Gladstone anticipated that the Supplementary Estimates would be vexatiously delayed in Committee. He therefore announced that he should proclaim them urgent. What happened? The Opposition refused to support him, and instead of gaining as he had done on previous occasions a majority of something like 6 to 1, he obtained a mere majority of 84. Mr. Gladstone's motion was therefore on this occasion condemned by the immediate result. It might, however, easily have been that the ultimate result would have justified it, and there are some who will argue that as a matter of fact it did justify it, though not in the manner which the Prime Minister would himself have chosen. If the obstruction which Mr. Gladstone had feared had come about while the Supplementary Estimates were under discussion, and it had been shown that without urgency the Government could not transact the necessary business of the country by the specified time, the demand for urgency must again have been made, nor could the Opposition have taken upon themselves the responsibility of refusing it. Again, it may be said that it was the consciousness of

this contingency as imminent which prevented any obstruction from being offered, and that Mr. Gladstone had, so to speak, only to mention the dreaded word to secure for it the full effect. On that hypothesis, too, the abortive vote of March 14 may be thought to have vindicated itself. Technically, the issue of the whole proceeding was to put Mr. Gladstone and the Government in the wrong, and Sir Stafford Northcote, and the Opposition in the right. The event showed that the Conservative view was the true one, and that the necessary estimates could be got through without any artificial machinery. But how was this event brought about? Sir Stafford Northcote and the Conservative leaders, it is notorious, did what Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal leaders could not have done. They made a successful appeal to the Irish obstructives, who had publicly announced their intention of blocking the estimates, and to that appeal a favourable response was forthcoming. It was the second indication which the past month has afforded—the issue of the Coventry election being the first—of an alliance between the Home Rulers and the Conservatives. The arrangement may or may not be durable—may or may not be destined to exercise an important influence upon the Irish Land Bill. All that we now certainly know is that, in this instance, it was followed by an effect quite dramatically successful.

If, therefore, obstruction is to be regarded as a permanent weapon of Parliamentary warfare, the use of which ordinary feelings of partisanship may at any moment prompt, it is clear that urgency cannot be effectual to meet it. Urgency can only work when the spirit of party is in abeyance, and the House of Commons presents the unwonted spectacle of one united and homogeneous body. The general question of dealing with needless and factious delay, and placing some limit upon the intolerable flow of talk, has yet to be settled. The problem which the Government and the House have to take into consideration, is not so much the prevention of obstruction, as it has been perfected by the Irish members, but the prevention of the prolongation of debates whether on the first or second reading of a Bill or in Committee. The Prime Minister has promised that the whole of this matter shall be dealt with when opportunity permits. The business of the House, and not only its business, but the businesslike aptitude of its members—the gift of something sensible, or even valuable to say, and the desire to say it—has increased to an extent that could never have been contemplated when the present standing orders of the House of Commons were drawn up. As political interest is quickened, political intelligence developed, and political knowledge extended, this will be increasingly the case. Sooner or later the Government must apply themselves to its treatment. It may be possible, and in the opinion of some

competent judges it will be desirable, to select from the urgency rules of the Speaker a few—such as those which relate to motions for the adjournment, to speeches on the first reading of a Bill, and to the arrangement of proceedings in Committee—which might be incorporated into the ordinary laws of the House of Commons. It might further be found practicable to limit the length of speeches delivered in Committee; while perhaps the most feasible suggestion of all is that in the case of Bills of second-rate or chiefly technical importance much time might be saved, and no danger of any kind incurred, if some of the work that they involve was delegated to Select Committees. These, however, are considerations for the future; though it is upon some such lines as those just indicated, that any scheme of ordinary and adequate reform will have to be shaped.

The Government have no reason to complain of their treatment by any section in the House of Commons during the last three months. The strain placed by ministers upon the more advanced section of their followers has been of unexampled severity. Only the deepest confidence in the earnest vigour of Mr. Gladstone and the sincerity of his Cabinet could have induced them to vote as steadily as they did for two successive instalments of coercive legislation. Though the ministerial majority in the House of Commons is as compact and numerically as powerful as ever, it has temporarily lost some of its elasticity and enthusiasm. In the constituencies the same phenomenon may be observed in a more intensified form. The truth is that, though Ministers have succeeded in giving effect, thus far, to a policy which is disliked by all Liberals, and cordially detested by all Radicals, they have not been able to do so without paying a price. There is still every disposition, in the House of Commons, at least, to trust in the Government, and we cannot doubt that the moral courage which they have shown in bringing to a conclusion the odious and unjust war in the Transvaal, will strengthen and confirm this feeling. But the fact remains that whereas Mr. Gladstone obtained his majority expressly, amongst other purposes, that he might take a new point of departure in his Irish policy, he commenced in the old fashion with Coercion. The Liberal party, we are bound to believe, were honestly persuaded that Coercion was necessary. But the conviction was reluctantly forced upon them, and the support which they gave to the Act for suspending Habeas Corpus and disarming the Irish people was profoundly distasteful. Under these circumstances, it is not to be expected that any number of men, whose Liberalism was worthy the name, should be quite satisfied with the outlook. That they have not violently rebelled against the *régime* is, as we have said, only a proof of their confidence in the Government, and their desire to afford Mr. Gladstone and his

colleagues every chance of fully redeeming the pledges which they gave on their accession to office. But the influences of the past will make themselves felt in the future, and will render the task of the Government in the management of their Land Bill far more difficult than had they introduced that measure at the beginning of the session. Before Parliament is adjourned for the Easter Recess the measure will have been introduced. Upon the character which it first reveals, and upon the modifications made in it during its passage through the House of Commons, depends not only the fate of the Bill, but of the Government. If a strong Coercion Bill is followed by a weak Land Bill, the Liberal majority in the country and in Parliament will gradually disappear. A series of elections like those of Wigan and Coventry will follow, and the strength and greatness of the Government will have gone. Thus far, with respect to Ireland, Ministers have held their followers in the House of Commons together; but they have not gained any new ground. They have, if anything, lost ground. There is still abundance of time for them to retrieve their disadvantages. But it is essential that they should exactly understand their position, both inside and outside the House of Commons. It is for them, in a word, to consolidate their party, and to show the Opposition that their satisfaction at the course of events is premature and unwarranted by facts.

March 25th, 1881

IMPRESSIONS OF THE IRISH LAND BILL.—I.

IN the preparation of an Act of Parliament of such importance as the Irish Land Bill, two entirely distinct questions require to be considered: firstly, the terms upon which the existing disputes and controversies between the Irish landlords and their tenants are to be compromised; and secondly, by what rules are the contracts of owners and hirers of land to be regulated for the future. The former is that which taxes the ability of the Ministry and attracts more public attention, as dealing with the immediate interests of existing individuals; but the latter is perhaps of greater importance to the public, as affecting for a future indefinite period the mode in which property in land may be dealt with and enjoyed.

The most important feature of the proposed legislation is that the legal relation of the owners and hirers of land is regarded from an altogether novel point of view, and a new legal principle is introduced the ultimate development of which it is impossible to predict. The peculiar nature of the proposed enactments naturally arises from the exceptional existing relations of landlords and tenants in Ireland, who, although upon the strict legal theory merely owners and hirers of land, occupy a position of an entirely different nature.

The relation of landlord and tenant (or rather owner and hirer) is, in accordance with the accepted legal theory, expressly adopted by the Irish Land Act of 1860, based upon a contract between the parties by which the owner of the land concedes the possession of the land to the hirer for a definite period in consideration of an annual payment, which for many purposes is considered as representing a proportion or aliquot part of the annual produce of the land itself. It is obvious that the actual relation of landlord and tenant in Ireland cannot be made to square with the legal theory of the hiring of land, and that the logical and necessary consequences of the doctrine of contract are precisely the causes of the present agitation, and constitute the evils which it is now proposed to remedy.

The peculiarity of the existing system in Ireland turns upon two facts, both foreign to English ideas, and therefore not easy for

Englishmen to apprehend: (1) that the great majority of Irish tenants from year to year have never entered into any express contract, but have held their farms for generations, paying what rent they could be made to pay, and that, although by the theory of English law holding under implied contracts, they would under any other system be considered as customary, not contractual tenants; and (2) that, in consequence of the legislation of 1870, actually, although not technically, the tenants are themselves owners of an indefinite portion of the value of the holdings which they occupy.

The legal difficulties certain to arise from the latter fact were foreseen by the authors of the Act of 1870, and were attempted to be evaded by declaring the tenant entitled to "*compensation for improvements*" and "*damages for disturbance*," statutory rights which were to remain dormant during, and to come into existence only upon, the determination of the tenancy; but, as the logical consequences of any legal rule can never be escaped, the tenant became, by whatever name the legislature chose to call his newly acquired rights, the owner of an interest in the land which he could and did sell and mortgage. The interest thus granted by the legislature to the tenant was, however, subject to the qualification that, inasmuch as it arose from the contract, express or implied, by which he had stipulated to pay a specific rent, the acquisition of such an interest in the land could not affect the amount of the rent payable during the continuance of the tenancy.

The legislation of 1870 having failed to effect the results desired, it became necessary to introduce a measure further to amend the law of landlord and tenant in Ireland; and in considering the nature and extent of the concessions to be made, it was resolved to grant the full demands of the tenants as expressed in the well-known alliteration of "fixity of tenure, free sale, and fair rent." It is easy to assert in general terms that such and such rights should be conceded to tenants, but it is difficult to draw up a clear and intelligible Act amending the existing law in the manner proposed. It is needful for such a purpose to form a distinct conception and frame a clear definition of the legal relation in which the parties are henceforth to stand to each other, and when this has been done, to develop and express in separate sections the logical consequences which follow from the first general principle upon which the Act is founded. The first necessity, therefore, in framing the Bill was to ascertain to what class of legal obligations the relation of landlord and tenant should thereafter be referred.

It is evident that no amount of ingenuity could strain any theory of contract so as to cover the proposed legislation, the necessity for which arose from the inapplicability of the inevitable doctrines of contract to the state of things existing in Ireland. There was also

an unwillingness on the part of many openly to transfer the property in the land from the landlord to the tenant, and thus reduce the former to the position of a mere rent charger. The view taken by the authors of the présent Bill may be easily discovered from the nature of its provisions. They evidently based the equity of the tenants and their claim to the rights conceded by the Bill upon the admitted fact that the Irish landlord was originally the owner of the holding, in a wholly or partly unimproved condition, and that the tenant had by his labour increased or created its agricultural condition by improvements which, under the Act of 1870, he was entitled to consider as his own property; and had further, himself or his successors, continuously resided upon the holding for an indefinite period. This is precisely the condition of things under which the originally precarious estate of the copyholder ripened into acknowledged ownership; but the legislator of the nineteenth century is more cautious in dealing with the rights of landowners than were the judges of the so-much-decried feudal period. Tested by modern ideas, the former is now entitled to credit for vigour in recognising these facts as constituting the tenant a part owner at least of his holding; for public opinion requires, in spite of the advocates of peasant proprietary, that the landlord should still, in theory at least, continue to subsist, for certain indefinite, social, and beneficent purposes, although shorn of all practical power.

The tenant having been recognised as a part owner of his holding, it was considered possible to establish and define the legal relation of the landlord and tenant upon the supposition that their interests constituted a species of partnership, or, to use the phraseology of the civil law, a quasi-partnership; that is, a something not a true partnership, but which, from its general resemblance to a partnership, might fairly be treated as such. The difference of the legal relation arising from a contract of hiring, and one founded upon an agreement to form a partnership, is obvious, and no jurist had ever conceived the possibility of regarding the relation of landlord and tenant exclusively from such a point of view. It is true that the authors of the Code Napoléon do speak of the landlord and tenant as being quasi-partners, but a reference to the passage will show that such expressions are illustrative of certain details only, and that this conception of their relation is excluded from the detailed logical deduction of their respective rights and obligations. A careful examination of the first two parts of the proposed Bill will show that its provisions are solely framed upon the assumption of a quasi-partnership, a form of legislation radically dangerous, both because it is essentially contradictory to existing and unrepealed law, and because it is impossible to anticipate to what extent this latest theory may logically be developed.

It is here right to state that in the object, scope, and practical result of the proposed Bill in the case of existing yearly tenancies we entirely concur, and we believe that the faults which may be imputed to it are referable not to its exceeding, but rather to its falling short of, the legislation which the exigency of the circumstances requires. Our criticisms are exclusively directed to the effect which its enactments must produce in the case of future hiring of lands.

- The theory of the Bill, and the logical consequences of this theory as developed in its sections, can be easily understood if we consider the landlord and tenant to be partners in the farm, the landlord having contributed the land in a more or less unimproved condition, and the tenant having contributed certain unascertained capital and labour represented by his compensation for improvements, and also having an undefined right to occupy, measured by the amount of his contingent damages for disturbance. Such a partnership may be conceived as dissoluble at any time at the will of either party, or, as is often the case in actual partnerships, as continuous for a definite period. This quasi-partnership differs from a real partnership in one essential point: in the case of a mercantile or manufacturing partnership, and upon its dissolution, all the assets of the firm are realised by sale, and the proceeds of such sale divided between the partners in accordance with their respective rights; but in this quasi-partnership the substratum of the partnership is land, which is the property of the landlord, and therefore upon the termination of the connection the farm cannot be sold, but the value of the tenant's interest in his holding must be paid to him either by the sale of the tenant's interest or directly by the landlord. It must, however, be added that this mode of winding up a partnership is of not unusual occurrence in mercantile conveyancing.

The most remarkable proof of the influence of the theory of partnership in the framing of the Act lies in the provisions contained in the first section. It is manifest that if this section were omitted the tenant would have a clear right to sell his interest to whom and as he himself pleased, and the section which professes to enact that the tenant may sell his interest, so far from giving him the power, restricts his power of sale by the introduction of exceptions and provisions wholly inconsistent with the ideas of the common law. The reason of this is the existence of the elementary rule of partnerships, that no partner can by the sale of his share introduce into a partnership a third party objectionable to the remaining members of the firm. The subsequent section carries out the same doctrine, being, in fact, nothing else than one of the provisions in ordinary use in partnership deeds; and to the same idea that, in addition to the legal, a species of personal relation exists between the landlord and the

tenant must be referred the remarkable enactment contained in sec. 7, § 6.

The landlord's share in the partnership being represented by the land farmed by the tenant, any variation in the value of the land must be followed by a readjustment of the rent considered as the share of the profits allocated to the owner of the land in respect of his contribution to the general funds of the concern. Such alterations in the rent payable by the tenant are inconsistent with any form of tenancy founded upon contract solely, and it is to be remarked that the alterations in the rent are made with reference to the letting of the land extending over periods of not less than fifteen years, and that the principle of the Civil Law, by which a deficient crop gives the tenant a right to a demand for a reduction of the rent, a doctrine founded upon the theory of an implied warranty of annual value, is thus excluded.

Upon the determination of a tenancy by the act of the landlord, or if the tenant desire to retire from the occupation of the holding, the dissolution of the connection is worked out by the tenant drawing out the value of his interest by either a sale to a third party, or by being purchased out by the landlord, and upon such occasion the accounts between the parties are taken, and their equities adjusted.

Such appears to be the theory upon which the Bill has been framed. It is not the object of this article to consider or criticize the details of the scheme, or the machinery by which it is proposed that it should be carried out, but rather to inquire how far, if at all, the view of the relation of landlord and tenant adopted by the authors of this Bill, equitable and consistent with the facts existing in Ireland, but novel as a juridical theory, can be applied to tenancies to be created in the future. By the Bill itself a distinction is drawn between present and future tenancies, and it is manifestly intended that the rights of "present tenants" should, for manifest reasons, be greater than those to be enjoyed by "future tenants." The only substantial right, however, upon the face of the Bill granted to present and refused to future tenants is that of initiating proceedings for the fixing of a "fair rent." But by the thirteenth section the right to apply to the Court to fix a judicial rent is given to all tenants where proceedings are taken by the landlord to recover possession of the holding, a crisis which can be easily produced by the tenant not paying his rent. Subject to this exception, and assuming that where the word "tenant" is used without any qualification it includes all tenants, both present and future, the rights and position of both classes of tenants will be practically identical. Many tenancies future in fact must be construed to be present for the purposes of the Bill, because whenever a landlord, in exercise of his right of pre-emption, and not at the request of the tenant, or as a bidder in the open market,

purchases the interest of a present tenant, any subsequent letting of the land for a period of fifteen years will create a "present," not a "future" tenancy. The rights now proposed to be granted to tenants being founded upon certain peculiar antecedent facts and special equities, it is worthy of consideration whether a future tenant, who comes into possession of the holding under wholly different circumstances, has any claim to be placed in a similar position. Upon reference to the forty-fourth section, a "tenant" means a person occupying land under a "contract of tenancy," which is itself defined as "a letting of land for a term of years, or for lives, or for lives and years, or from year to year," terms which include tenants holding under-leases, or agreements for a definite time, at a fixed rent. That this was fully understood by the persons who framed the Act, appears from the introduction of the forty-seventh section, which is introduced to except leases existing at the date of the passing of the Act from its operation; there is, however, no section similarly excluding from the provisions of the Act subsequent leases for any term, whether for thirty-one years or a greater period. All future leases of lands to which the Act applies, with the exception of leases of holdings valued at £150, in which the tenant contracts himself out of the Act, and lands held under judicial leases, will be overridden by the provisions of the Act, and almost all tenancies, whether present or future, will be regulated by an invariable law of status as defined by the clauses of this Bill.

In considering the application of the principles of the Bill to the case of a future letting, the difficulty of their application is tested if we suppose ourselves to have to deal with a specific and selected case. The owner of land in hand at the date of the passing of the Bill, such a holding for example as a home farm, or a landlord who subsequently to the passing of the Bill has *bonâ fide* and for full value in the open market purchased out an existing tenant, is desirous of letting these lands to a solvent tenant. In such a case the owner in actual possession holds the lands free from any claim for improvements or equities arising from the prolonged possession of a tenant. He, in fact, under the circumstances, if there ever was a tenant of the holding, is the assignee of the interest of such former tenant, or, to use the ordinary form of expression, all the interest and equity of the former tenant are merged in the fee; and the proposed tenant has not, nor pretends ever to have, expended any capital in the improvement of the land in question, nor indeed has any special connection with the premises. Under these circumstances the owner lets to the proposed tenant the lands in question for a definite term at a fixed rent. By virtue of such a bare contract of hiring what claim can such a tenant have to be treated as a quasi-partner? His possession is referable solely to his agreement, and his specific agreement gives him no right to aught except possession, subject to

the payment of a definite rent. It is to be remembered that if an incoming tenant contract to pay the full market value of premises in the form of an annual rent, the value of his tenancy must be nil. A tenant's interest can fetch a substantial price in one or other only of the following cases: (1) if there is an unnatural competition for the possession of land, or (2) if the rent to be paid by him is less than the market price. If such a tenant fall behind in the payment of his rent, and the landlord take proceedings, and not unnaturally, as the thirteenth section expresses it, to compel the tenant to quit his holding, upon what grounds could the tenant claim a right to sell, or to compel the landlord to purchase, an interest which would be absolutely valueless save for the unreasonable competition of third parties or the previous liberality of the landlord himself? Nor again, under such circumstances, could the tenant claim a right to apply to the Court to fix the judicial rent of the holding. Why should a future contract of pure and simple hiring create the reciprocal rights which are incident to a contract of partnership? The mode in which this remarkable result has been arrived at is not difficult to discern. The object of the authors of the Bill was to introduce a scheme by which the conflicting rights of landlords and tenants might be composed, and a dangerous political dispute compromised. The Ministry considered, as it were, the respective rights asserted by both landlord and tenant, inquired into the circumstances of the case, and having investigated the claims of the Irish tenants, whether legal, equitable, or moral, pronounced an award or compromise which has been embodied in the proposed Bill. A measure such as that with which we are dealing is purely a political measure, and not a considered act of law reform. Its general provisions have been, and will be again and again, criticized from the lawyer's point of view, but in dealing with questions such as the Irish Land question, the intervention of the lawyer is more injurious than beneficial. The object to be attained is the compromise in any reasonable manner of a logically insoluble controversy, in which technical legal rights are all on one side, and coarse natural justice and the public necessity are upon the other. The primary object is to close a burning question, and the consideration of the remote logical results of the measure are on such occasions too often unfortunately adjourned for future consideration.

It might at first seem possible that an Act which proposed to settle the Irish Land question should be confined to the existing tenancies, and that the rights and wrongs of existing tenants having been acknowledged or redressed, the future dealings with lands should be left to the existing law. But the difficulty of working an Act drawn upon such lines, and the certainty of its failure, will be appreciated by any one who attempts to define and distinguish "present" and "future" tenancies. Of the tenancies created every year, which from the legal point of view must be considered

as new tenancies, a large proportion are in truth and fact merely continuations of former tenancies. This is obvious in dealings under the Ulster tenant right. An existing tenant agrees to sell to a purchaser, and, upon payment of the purchase money to the outgoing tenant, the purchaser is accepted by the landlord as the tenant of the farm. In this case there is no assignment of the old tenancy by the outgoing to the incoming tenant; the interest of the former is absolutely extinguished, and the latter enters into a new contract, and that this is the legal aspect of the transaction is obvious from the fact that the outgoing tenant is relieved from all liability as to future rent. Again, nothing is more common than that upon the marriage of a farmer's daughter, the father, daughter, and son-in-law arrive at the agent's office, and by some consensus of the parties, indefinable by the law, the son-in-law gets into a farm in lieu of the father-in-law, and in these and similar cases the former tenancy is determined and a new one substituted; indeed an assignment with its legal consequences would not meet the views of the parties; yet the object and effect of the transaction is to transfer the possession of lands with its incidents from the old to the new tenant. The necessity of preventing the evasion of the objects of the Act by regarding as the creation of future tenancies transactions which in truth are only assignments of existing tenancies is the explanation of the sixth section, and possibly the justification of the entire of the forty-fifth section. But it appears to have been overlooked that even at the date of the passing of the proposed measure there may be letting of lands to which the principles of the Act cannot apply, and that subsequently to that date the number of such lettings must indefinitely increase. As lands become discharged from the equities and rights of present tenants, either by the purchase by the tenant of the landlord's interest or by the landlord buying out the tenant, the number of cases in which land must be dealt with upon the ordinary principles which flow from the fact of absolute ownership must rapidly increase.

This objection to the frame of the Bill can be easily understood by the consideration of an analogous case from which the disturbing element of a political question is eliminated. If it should appear that certain legal relations defined by the existing law to be partnerships be ascertained to be in truth contracts of hiring; if it should appear that the property, the substratum of the business, is exclusively owned by a sleeping partner, and the managing partner pays an annual sum for the use of the capital without accounting for the annual profits—it would be but right to enact that such transactions should thenceforward be treated as pure cases of hiring, and governed by the rules incident in such obligations. But if in such a case it be enacted in general terms that henceforward all partnerships should be considered hirings, a legal difficulty the converse of the former

would immediately arise; in lieu of the former one caused by treating hirings as partnerships another would be substituted, viz. that which must follow from treating pure partnerships as contracts of hiring, and fresh legislation would be requisite to curtail the excess of the general enactment.

It can scarcely be supposed that the present Bill is intended as a permanent and perpetual code regulating the relation of the owners and hirers of land, and that, irrespective of the existence of the acknowledged facts upon which the equitable claims of the tenants are founded, the free hiring of land is to be permanently forbidden, and the legal relations to arise from such transactions perpetually stereotyped after one invariable fashion. If such be the intention of the framers of the Act, all experience as to the working of such legislative attempts teaches us that it will be infallibly defeated; the supreme authority of Parliament may deprive one of his property and transfer it to another, but it can never prevent property being dealt with in the mode which the exigencies of modern society require. It is as much beyond the power of the legislature to declare that contracts of hiring shall henceforward be regulated upon the principles applicable to partnerships, as to enact that square pegs shall fit into round holes, or that equilateral shall possess the qualities of right-angled triangles. Statutes of such a nature are immediately assailed and curtailed by every device which the ingenuity of the legal profession can discover, and in the end, by means of fictions and other contrivances, their provisions are practically abrogated. Any legislation which professes to regulate the future relation of the landlords and tenants in Ireland must recognise the existence of distinct classes of property in lands, to which one invariable system is inapplicable, and which must be dealt with upon different principles.

1st. Existing yearly tenancies, or existing tenancies less than yearly tenancies, which, though in legal theory contractual, are in truth customary tenancies. To all such the principles embodied in the Bill can be reasonably and beneficially applied.

2nd. Existing leases which by the forty-seventh section are expressly excluded from the operation of the proposed legislation, and which upon the termination of the lease will fall into the subsequent class.

3rd. Lands now unlet, or which afterwards by the operation of the Act may be discharged from the equities arising from the existence of a tenancy, and as to which it is submitted the theory of the Bill is inapplicable.

As to the last class, the important question must be considered, and ultimately decided by Parliament, whether the political and social exigencies of the situation require that in this case also the freedom of dealing with the land by contracts of hiring should be for ever and absolutely prohibited.

ALEX. G. RICHEY.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE IRISH LAND BILL.—II.

I SHOULD not like to attempt any confident criticism of the details of the Land Bill till the meaning of it is thrashed out on the second reading, but I note some first impressions.

No one can doubt that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have approached the subject in a very comprehensive and liberal spirit. Practically, the Bill seems to concede that which I and many others have long thought to be the only practical measure that is now possible—the three F's. The Gordian knot, involved in the question who has and who has not a fair claim to these privileges, is cut with great boldness by giving them to all yearly tenants, whether they came in with pre-Celtic Fenians or whether they are recent settlers, and whether they are large or small tenants. As regards the small tenants, at least, I think this is decidedly the best course. It would be impossible to do abstract historical justice in each case. Possibly an ancient Irishman may now be without land, while a modern Saxon has it. But the present holders are the mass and heart of the Irish people, and to satisfy them is the best chance of peace for Ireland.

Recognising, then, thoroughly the broad merits of all this part of the Bill, the obvious criticism is, why is it made so difficult and obscure to the lay understanding? If the three F's are to be granted, why not say so in so many words? I hope that the difficulty is merely the fashion of lawyers, or at most that the provisions are a little wrapped up only to make them more easy to swallow. I trust that there is nothing about the Bill of the character of those diplomatic documents which different parties construe differently, according to their wishes and interests.

Of the three F's—Fixity of Tenure, Fair Rents, and Free Sale—the last two are directly enough conceded. Fixity of tenure, which seems naturally to come first, is not directly conceded; but, as I understand it, the tenant may, "from time to time," apply to have a fair rent fixed, and then has fifteen years' fixity; after which, I suppose, he may again apply, and so on *ad infinitum*. If this is so, it amounts to absolute fixity of tenure; but one cannot quite see why the Bill should not directly say so. There may be cases in which there may be no dispute about the rent, and where that question must be somewhat unnecessarily raised to secure fixity.

Assuming, then, that the three F's are conceded, the great difficulty lies in the question, "What is a fair rent?" It must be admitted that the Bill (sect. 7, cl. 3) is somewhat vague on this point. No doubt it would be better if it were possible to lay down a

rule to be judicially applied. But, though I may almost say that my life has been devoted to the attempt to solve this question in the case of tenants with some status-tenure, and I have long paid particular attention to the Irish phase of the subject, I am free to confess that I do not see my way to any positive rule generally applicable to the present circumstances of Ireland. I believe that the course which the Government propose as the prominent feature of the Bill, to create a dictatorship to solve the question of fair rents, is the best that is possible. No doubt the thing must be done by a sort of equitable rule of thumb; but after all there is a sort of consensus of the country that some estates are fairly rented, some rack-rented; discreet and capable dictators may arrive at a just mean, and then taking into consideration the improvements and the circumstances of each tenant, his privilege, as indexed by the scale of disturbance, and all equitable considerations, they may do a fair if rough justice.

The greatest difficulty will, I think, lie in this, how are excessively bad seasons and great variations in values to be provided for? If we have another potato failure, or American butter and bacon reduce the Irish articles to the position of drugs, are the tenants who from misfortune are unable to pay to be ruthlessly sacrificed, or are we to import the principle of the Disturbance Bill of last year and of the Roman and most other laws, and to say that in case of excessive failure the landlord is to share the loss with the tenant? The Bill contains no such provision, and perhaps after what passed last year the Government may be slow to propose it. Yet without it either the rents must be fixed very low to cover all risks, or another failure might lead to wholesale evictions for non-payment of rent and to a renewed war of classes.

If the whole risk of seasons is to be borne by the tenant, then I think the fifteen-year term is not only not too short, but is a great deal too long. We know that even among Scotch farmers there is a reaction of feeling against their nineteen-year leases; they are unwilling to bear all the risk for so long.

The view to which I incline is this: that the dictatorship of the Commission is good for a crisis, but should be temporary, and not permanent. When a fair rent has once been settled, or when by acquiescence, say for ten years, landlord and tenant have accepted the existing rent, their future adjustments might be regulated by a rule such as we have adopted in India, viz. that the rent shall be raised or lowered (on the scale of the existing rents) in proportion to changes in the productive powers of the land (not brought about by the tenant) or in the value of produce. In that case changes might be made as it were wholesale, with reference to general changes affecting whole districts, and I would allow an adjustment where necessary

much oftener than once in fifteen years—say after five years. Prices would be struck annually like the County Fairs prices in Scotland. I would also provide for remissions similarly carried out in case of extreme failure of crops. I hope, however, that most good landlords will prefer to retain the pleasant and amity-breeding function of giving voluntary remissions in bad times, and that only in case of harsh evictions will judicial intervention be necessary on that subject.

Free sale is put in the forefront of the Bill, and is given in a very broad and liberal way. The only part of this arrangement which I confess puzzles me much is section 12, creating an extraordinarily complicated mode of dealing with the case where the landlord raises the rent after a sale of the tenement by a tenant. The simple course might seem to have been, let the new purchaser step into the shoes of the old tenant, and stand or fall by his rights and privileges. But it is otherwise ordered. If the landlord (not having given notice before the sale) raises the rent the purchaser may sell again forthwith, and the landlord must reimburse him for the depreciation of selling value caused by the rise of rent. As I understand this provision, the effect is to give the new purchaser the equivalent of absolute fixity of rent, for the landlord cannot raise the rent without making himself liable to pay the full capital value of the addition. I should very greatly like to see all complications got rid of by fixity of rent, attained by any means. But, besides what seems the inequality of putting the new purchaser in a better position than the old tenant, there is the obvious difficulty that, as this section stands, the landlord may, and in his own interest is almost bound to give notice of increase of rent on every occasion of the sale of a tenure, for if he lets the sale pass without that notice his right of future increase is gone. I cannot help thinking that this would be an unfortunate complication.

A very important change proposed by the present Bill is the putting large tenants on nearly the same footing as small ones. Except in regard to compensation for past improvements, the large tenant was almost excluded from the benefit of the Act of 1870. He could get no more than one year's rent and no more than £250 in all as compensation for disturbance, and every tenant above £50 could, and in practice generally must, contract himself out of the Act altogether. By the present Bill, in regard to the concession of the three F's, no distinction is made between large and small tenants; compensation to large tenants for disturbance is enlarged to three years' rent without any limit of amount; and no man whose holding is valued at less than £150, say £200 rent, can be contracted out of the Act. I have no doubt that some means of giving security to large capitalist tenants for the capital they put into the soil is

one of the crying needs of the day, but it seems to me that the case of tenants of this class, whether in Ireland or in England or Scotland, stands on a totally different footing from that of the small Irish tenants. The claim of the latter does not rest solely on economical grounds, but to a great degree on history and tradition and the popular belief in a status-tenure. They are the people of Ireland, conquered, but never wholly expelled from the soil. The large farmer, on the contrary, is a comparatively new-comer who has supplanted the original people in parts of the country; he is the creature of pure contract; his claim rests on purely economical grounds. I confess it seems to me somewhat risky to mix up the case of such farmers in Ireland with that of the ordinary small farmer. If you do, and make such concessions, how can you resist the claim of the English tenant from year to year equity to have the three F's? It may be that it would be a good thing to give this to him, but I must say I should prefer to see the case of the large farmers separately dealt with for all the three kingdoms, and in Ireland to maintain the distinction set up by the Act of 1870.

It is right to say that there are two important provisions which may in practice much limit the claims of large tenants. By sect. 7, cl. 8, when an application is made by the tenant for a judicial rent, the Court *may, if it think fit*, disallow such application where it is satisfied that the holding has theretofore been maintained and improved by the landlord. This provision is, however, of a very permissive character, and there are, I take it, many cases where improvements have been made partly by the landlord and partly by the tenant to which it would be difficult to apply it. Again, when we have studied the Bill and get near the end, there crops up among the supplemental clauses, at the conclusion a very important provision for which nothing preceding had prepared us. That is sect. 47, which provides that holdings under existing leases for more than one year shall be regulated by the lease, and not by the provisions relating to tenancies contained in this Act. That seems absolutely to shut out every man who has accepted a lease, long or short, and that not only during the currency of the lease, but at its termination; for there is a provision to save tenancies which would have been subject to the Ulster custom on the expiration of the lease, from which it seems we must infer that non-Ulster holdings under lease are to be subject to right of re-entry and all the rest of it according to the usual terms of leases. As regards thirty-one-year leases, and the liability of the tenants at the end of that time and of some other tenants created upwards of fifteen years after the passing of the Act, to become "future tenants," with compensation for disturbance, but no right to a "judicial rent" and to fixity, it is perhaps enough to say "sufficient for the day." But as respects shorter leases, it does seem

to me that while the provisions of sect. 47 may be suitable enough to large tenants, it will come very hard indeed on small tenants on those estates where periodical leases have been given of the nature of what we call a "settlement" in India; that is, to fix the rent and other incidents for a certain period. We have always been preaching the advantages of leases and the wrong-headedness of Irish tenants who will not accept them. Will it be possible to maintain that of two adjoining estates with similar tenants, on one where the tenancies are yearly the tenants are to have the three F's in full, on the other where leases have passed they are to have nothing?

As regards large tenants, though most of those in Ireland may come under the clause saving leases, the principle seems to remain that if any tenant, however large and however recent, should now be holding on from year to year, he acquires complete fixity and all the rest; and there is the example to English farmers who generally do hold from year to year.

Coming now to the latter part of the Bill, the purchase clauses no doubt aim at what would be far the best solution of the whole question if general effect could be given to them. And they are also what may be called a sort of *sugaring* of the Bill to the palate of all parties in Ireland. All are inclined to praise that as the best part of it. I observe that the proposals of wise and moderate Irishmen almost always eventuate in a liberal subvention from the British Treasury; and Mr. Parnell and his friends also much favour such an arrangement as a step preliminary to the complete self-government which is to follow. For all, then, the idea that, for the purpose of buying up estates voluntarily offered and allotting them to tenants, three eminent Irishmen are to be allowed to put their hands deep into British pockets has great charms. I am afraid that they are rather too sanguine on the subject. Though, in some respects, the purchase clauses may seem somewhat dangerously without limit, still, as they now stand, they contain some very cautious provisions; and, if these are really acted up to, I do not think that, considering the long score of wrongs to Ireland, we can object. Not only must three-fourths of the tenants, both in number and in value, be willing and able to purchase their holdings, but (sect. 28) the Land Commission shall satisfy themselves, before purchasing an estate, that a re-sale can be effected WITHOUT LOSS, and that the purchasers can work their holdings profitably. Moreover, to guard against what occurred in regard to many sales of Church lands (where the tenants merely used their privilege to assign over to a speculator), the tenants who purchase cannot re-sell till half of the advance is discharged, and cannot subdivide or sublet till the whole is paid.

It is manifest that these conditions can be fulfilled only on very good estates with very good, solvent, and rent-paying tenants. Such

estates will hardly be got for less than twenty-five years' purchase; with Government in the market seeking for voluntary sales, more may not improbably be asked, but let us say twenty-five years' purchase. The present rent would be then four per cent. on the purchase money. The tenants who purchase are to pay five per cent. on their purchases, for interest and sinking fund, to clear off in thirty-five years; but as to the original money paid by the Commission there is to be added, before re-sale, enough to cover all expenses, all losses (and there inevitably must be losses) on the holdings which tenants are not willing to buy, and all other risks, in order to fulfil the conditions of re-sale without loss, the tenants who purchase must pay something more than the five per cent., say five and a half or six per cent. instead of the present rent of four per cent. In other words, in order that their children or grandchildren ~~not~~ become peasant proprietors, they must consent for their own lives to ~~increase~~ increase their present payments by almost fifty per cent. This may be done to some extent in Ulster (where most of the Church lands were situated), but I confess to great doubts whether there are many estates out of Ulster where three-fourths of the tenants can and will do this. To say nothing, then, of the chance of home rule coming before the money is repaid, I am apprehensive that in regard to the purchase clauses one of two things will happen: if they are really acted up to strictly in their present form comparatively little advantage will be taken of them, and they will be little effectual; if they are modified to meet Irish demands, or the cautionary provisions are liberally and laxly construed, then we shall get into great pecuniary complications, and the re-sales will *not* be effected *without loss*.

As I understand it, there is nothing new about the provision for advances to reclaim waste lands except the permission to advance money to companies. In this part of the Bill, both in regard to reclamation and to emigration, the Government seem to have greater faith in companies than most people have. If companies are found willing to spend their own money as well as that advanced to them, either to reclaim Irish bogs and mountains and settle small Irish farmers, or to carry impoverished Irish families to foreign lands, and they can give really sufficient security, by all means let them. I dare say we shall have the companies brought out by eager promoters and secretaries and directors; but except from motives of pure benevolence I confess I should not like to embark as a shareholder in such companies; and I should think there would be a good deal of difficulty about the security for the advances made to them, and the repayment, in case the enterprises are not financially successful.

With respect to emigration the whole scheme is comprised in one single-clause section of the Bill (26), and I find it difficult to

believe that it could be worked without more elaboration ; it looks rather as if this section had been thrown in by way of after-thought. Setting aside the question whether with our ever-increasing demands for labour we can spare the Irish, I have no doubt whatever that if poor Irish families could be settled in America as successful and self-reliant agricultural colonists, that would be a great benefit to them. But are they likely to succeed in that capacity ? I assume that we do not desire artificially to stimulate the emigration of the better class of Irish farmers, such as the energetic Ulsterman with twenty-five or thirty acres of tolerable land ; the scheme is more designed to dispose of the poor people of the western coasts, who live in a way which seems to us most miserable, the men being migratory occasional labourers, and at home with their women and children untidy cultivators of small patches.

I very much fear that there could hardly be worse materials for colonists in a hard climate ; they never have been conspicuous in that way, and it may be doubted if they ever will. They have neither the habits of continuous energetic labour nor much agricultural skill and knowledge. They live and thrive as they do on account of their singularly temperate climate on that west coast, with little frost in winter and no heats in summer. It is notorious that in all parts of America Irishmen are very apt to suffer much in health before they get acclimatised, and I can conceive no people less fitted to struggle on to independence in Manitoba (with its seven months of super-arctic winter and its five months of sub-tropical drought and heat) than these Western Irish. Since the system of making great grants to railways has put large tracts of land in America in the market, companies formed to acquire and dispose of it are numerous enough, but they want to deal with people with a little money. What I must say that I especially dislike is the proposal to advance money to the Government of Canada. It seemed to me that the proposal lately put forward by them was most excessively one-sided. They offered the land it is true, but for months past we have all been deluged with touting advertisements sent out by the Canadian Government to attract to Manitoba, &c., settlers to whom they offer land on the usual homestead terms—that, therefore, is no special concession. But they coolly propose that we should bear ALL the cost and risk of sending out Irish families, and should guarantee them against any burden from any who may be thrown on their hands, they, who want the settlers, not contributing one farthing, but only giving management and advice. To my view nothing can be more unsatisfactory than such political relations as those which subsist between this country and Canada. I would not make sacrifices to keep the Irish under the British flag there. I do not even see that there is any mention of security for loans advanced for emigration to Colonial

Governments. If there is difficulty how are we to get our money back? I do not like this at all. If we are decided to aid emigration, I believe it would be better to do it in the old-fashioned way by giving free passages and something in hand to people willing to go, and then letting them choose a career for themselves.

It will be seen that I think the former part of the Bill far more important and valuable than the latter. Despite the double ownership, I hope that very great benefits may flow from the settlement of the relations between landlord and tenant on the principles now proposed. True, it would be better to get rid of the double ownership; but that can be done only by either confiscating or paying for the rights of the landlords, and we are not at present prepared to do either. In this world we must take things stage by stage. The first stage in this matter is completely to disentangle and make clear the respective rights and claims of landlord and tenant; that, I hope, may now be done. The next stage—to commute and get rid of one of the co-proprietors—may follow another day.

Of the present proposed settlement I will only again say that I think it might be better if, instead of such general provisions with such considerable exceptions, it could be more clearly laid down that certain tenants have what we call in India a *right of occupancy* at a fair rent, while those not entitled to this privilege would be distinctly relegated to the class of contract tenancies. It might be better that the two classes should not be intermixed, and that the susceptibilities of English landlords should not be excited more than can be helped. The right of occupancy being settled, it would still remain to settle the fair rent; that is the crucial question on which all depends. I hope that by tact and firmness an equitable settlement may be made. Whether that will satisfy both parties or either party is of course the doubtful question. We must hope for the best.

GEORGE CAMPBELL.

STATIUS.

THOUGH the extant Latin classics are but a small part of the whole literature of Rome and its provinces, and absolutely insignificant in comparison with the vast multitude of books which modern Europe has produced, they are extensive enough to be very seldom traversed with any completeness by a reader. The field of study is narrowed by academical requirements, for study of the classics apart from academical requirements can hardly be said to exist. Even the great writers are read only in part. How few are the scholars who have read, for instance, although the forty-five books of Livy, or the Epistles of Cicero, or even the Annals of Tacitus! Writers who are not in the first rank are almost entirely neglected. Examiners make an occasional excursion into Lucan, or Statius, or Claudian, or Ausonius, to obtain what they are certain to find, pieces of "unseen" Latin for their papers; but to the ordinary scholar these writers are but names. And in no case is this neglect more complete than in that of Statius. Time was when he was ranked as next to Virgil; when one self-opinionated scholar (the elder Scaliger) even put him at the head of the writers of Roman epic. In more recent times he has been translated and edited in this country. Now it is difficult to find any one who claims even a superficial acquaintance with him. Yet there are reasons why his poetry will repay some amount of study.

In the first place, he claims our attention as a genuine product of the imperial system. The authors of the Ciceronian period shared a political life which, for all its tumults and corruptions, was not wanting in interest and vigour; and the chief of the Augustan writers show plainly enough in the midst of the adulation which disfigures their pages that they had breathed in their youth the atmosphere of liberty. And even in days when the living tradition of freedom must long since have ceased, there were those who handed on the sacred fire. Tacitus and Juvenal, and we may, perhaps, add Lucan and the Younger Pliny, were survivals of an extinct political system. But Statius and Martial were true children of the Empire. They were born within the cage, and, unlike some of the nobler of their fellow-captives, never beat their wings against the bars. They are *mansueti*, tame to the hand. They acknowledge with a sickening servility of gratitude the caresses of a master that was one of the most brutal and degraded of mankind. And their literary style

(1) I am told—I do not know with what truth—that Horace is now little read at Oxford. It is to be hoped that the schoolmaster will never allow him to be forgotten.

represents with an instructive fidelity the vices of the social and political system which they were contented to accept.

In the next place, the age of Statius in its literary aspect bears a remarkable resemblance to our own. The great public of readers which has made literature independent of patronage did not indeed exist. It may almost be said to be the product of this century. But there was a large class, just as there is in the London of to-day, which had leisure and means, and at least a superficial cultivation. In this class there was a very considerable literary activity, increased by the almost complete extinction of political life. The writers, perhaps, bore an undue proportion to the readers, though there were readers enough to make the cheap multiplication of books an important and remunerative trade. And there was an institution which in a way supplied the place which the publisher now fills as a middleman between the author and the public. The recitation or public reading gave the historian, dramatist, or poet an opportunity of canvassing the opinions of the cultivated class. It was often, no doubt, a vexation and a weariness, though in this, as in other things, we must make a large deduction from the vigorous invectives of the satirists; but it supplied an actual want, and did something to satisfy a taste to which the cumbrous and awkward writing of the day—only to be appreciated by comparing an uncial manuscript with a printed book—can have been but an imperfect gratification. •On the whole, it is certainly true that literature in Rome was, for a period which we may calculate at about a century and a half, beginning with the accession of Augustus and ending with the death of Trajan, in a state of activity which can only be paralleled in the Athens of the fifth and fourth centuries, and in the Europe of to-day. • •

It is to a date somewhat later than the middle of this period, about 61 A.D., that we must assign the birth of P. Papinius Statius. Velia and Naples contended for the distinction of having been his birthplace. It is probable that he was a native of the first town, and transferred in early boyhood to the second, where his father certainly exercised the profession of a rhetorician and schoolmaster. His family claimed to be of some distinction, but it was poor, and had been compelled to drop for its children the usual badge of noble birth, the purple-edged robe and golden bulla. The elder Statius was what would now be called an *improvisatore*, and repeatedly won the prizes for verse at gatherings both in Italy and Greece. This success was equivalent to the university distinctions which nowadays commend young scholars to the patrons of educational preferment; and the versifier became the master of a famous school, frequented by the well-born youth of the neighbourhood, and even of Rome. It is interesting to find among the subjects of their studies, first of

all, the history of their own country; then the great Greek classics; and to note that prosody and versification were not neglected. Religious instruction was given in the shape of special teaching addressed to future flamens and augurs; the Salii learnt how to carry their sacred shields, and the keepers of the Sibylline Books the history of their mysterious charge—if not the secret of how it was to be manipulated. We may suppose that relaxation was found in the practical instruction of a class of Luperci—devotees of the foster-mother of Rome—the strokes of whose lash, as they ran naked through the city, were supposed to give the hope of offspring to despairing wives. The pupils, we read, learnt how to administer the blow by first feeling it; and the fear which, as the younger Statius tells us, they felt, proved the practical skill of the instructor.

The young Statius had thus the advantage of noble schoolfellows. Of “our young flock” he says:—

“One bears o’er Spain a delegated sway,
And one o’er regions of the rising day;
The restless Parthian this in bounds restrains,
This Pontus rules, or Asia’s fertile plains.”

The most distinguished of them all was the future Emperor Domitian. But others rose to high place in the State. Some of these doubtless became the patrons of later days. Meanwhile he seems to have profited by his father’s instruction. The polite learning of a Roman consisted mainly in an intimate acquaintance with the mythology of Greece; and the *Thebaid* bristles, not a little to the weariness of a modern reader, with this kind of erudition. His education complete, he naturally went to seek his fortune, as a man of letters, in the capital. His time was chiefly given to the composition of his great epic, *The Thebaid*—which occupied him, as he tells us himself, for twelve years; but he also wrote from time to time some occasional pieces to which he gave the name of *Sylvæ*, and which are to us by far the most interesting portion of his literary remains. The name seems to have had a twofold signification; Quintilian uses the word in the singular, of something like an improvisation, a rough production, given out on the spur of the moment, which might be corrected and polished at leisure; and Aulus Gellius, in the plural, of a collection of miscellaneous poems which might be compared to a forest containing trees of all kinds and sizes. The *Sylvæ* were written to order—not exactly improvised, but composed with a speed of which the poet has taken pains to inform his readers.* Such at least was commonly the case, for some bear the marks of more careful preparation. The first piece in the first book celebrates the dedication of a colossal equestrian statue of Domitian. It had to be delivered, says the writer, on the morrow of the festival. The second is an ode on

the marriage of Stella, a poet of Patavium, and Violantilla. Statius appeals to the bridegroom to bear him witness that it was finished two days after it had been ordered. It was a bold venture, he says, with something between a boast and an excuse, for it consists of two hundred and seventy-two hexameters. Manlius Vopiscus gave a commission for a description of his villa at Tibur, and had it executed at a length of a hundred and ten lines in a single day; and Claudius Etruscus, son of a wealthy freedman of the Emperor, had sixty-five verses composed in honour of the new baths which he had built while the poet was dining with him. The last piece celebrates an entertainment which on the first day of the feast of the Saturnalia the Emperor had given to the people. It claims to have been written on the spot, and might have extended beyond the limits of the hundred and odd lines which it contains, if the poet had not yielded, he tells us, to the copiousness and pliancy of the Emperor's wine. The dedications, written, it must be confessed, in very indifferent prose, which are prefixed to the five books of the *Sylva* repeat the same explanation or excuse of hasty composition. Of these poems there are thirty-two in all. I have already drawn from one of them, the elegy on his father, some particulars of his family and education. The fifth of the third book also contains some interesting personal details. It is addressed to his wife, and is occupied with an earnest entreaty that she will consent to leave Rome and return with him to Naples. We learn from it that the lady's name was Claudia, that she was the widow of a musician, and, by inference, that she was older than the poet, as she was the mother by her first husband of a daughter, who was old enough to have been married and widowed. He reminds her of her sympathy with him in his work, her delight at the three prizes for poetry which he had gained at the yearly Games at Alba, and her vexation at his defeat in the more important quinquennial festival of the Capitol. He says—

“ You caught the sound with ever-watchful ear
When from my lips the meditated verse
In doubtful murmurs fell; you only knew
My secret toil, and with your growing years
Grew in my hand the tale of leaguèd Thebes.”

He does not fear for her the temptations of Rome. That boast he will make, nor care though Nemesis herself should hear him. If he had been Ulysses his Penelope would have flatly refused her suitors without the subterfuge of a web woven by day and unwoven at night. But surely she must prefer Naples to Rome. If she had no other reason she must have one to which he skilfully appeals. She must wish to see her widowed daughter find a second husband; beautiful and young, a graceful dancer, and with her father's musical genius, she would be certain to find suitors at Naples. Vesuvius has not

done so much mischief as to have caused a lack of eligible sons-in-law. He is very eloquent on the attractions of the place.

“Mild are our winters, and our summers cool,
Nor vexed by storms the idle sea that laves
Our peaceful shores. Here Leisure sits at ease,
Calm in unbroken rest and rounded sleep.
Our streets no tumult know; no angry strife
Needs Law for arbiter, but equal right
Each deals to each, nor needs the sword of power. ‘
Why tell of gorgeous squares and splendid streets,
Temples, and long arcades, with pillars set
Innumerable, and that vast double bulk,
The roofed theatre here, the open there?’”

It was this poem that probably suggested the story, for which we have no other authority, that the poet, disgusted with his defeat at the Capitol, retired finally from Rome. The last piece of the *Sylvæ* is a lament over a little child, the son of a slave, whom he had bred and adopted. Readers of Martial will remember more than one piece of exquisite pathos, in which a similar love is lamented; and they will hardly think that Statius, who is in truth somewhat stilted and cumbrous in his expressions, has equalled his contemporary. The piece is unfinished; so also is the prose preface to the book; and so is the epic, the *Achilleid*, which he began as soon as *The Thebaid* was completed. Some commentator tells us that grief for the child's death hastened the poet's end. I am inclined to think that the silence of the younger Pliny favours the supposition that the poet died before the end of Domitian's reign. 96 is the year commonly given as the last of his life. If so, he met with the usual fate of Roman poets, and passed away in the prime of his life.

Some of the other poems may be briefly described. The description of Domitian's entertainment before mentioned gives a curious picture of the profuse expenditure by which the Emperors kept the Roman mob in good humour. It began with a shower of fruits and sweatmeats, walnuts, and figs, and dates, and other dainties, which it is not easy to identify. Then came the feast itself. Populace, knights, senators dined together; the Emperor himself. “What worshipper could ask,” cries the poet, “nay, what god could promise such a boon? The Emperor himself shared our meal.” No Roman entertainment could be complete without bloodshed: the speciality provided on this occasion was a gladiatorial combat of dwarfs. The adulation of which we have here a specimen disfigures in its grossest form the poetry of Statius. The second piece of the fourth book is an elaborate thanksgiving to Domitian for having accorded to him the privilege of a seat at his table. The theme transcends his powers. If he combined the gifts of a Homer and a Virgil, he could not do justice to it. “I seem to sit at meat among the stars in the

company of Jove, and to take the wine-cup from the Trojan boy. Can it be true that I lie here and look on thee, O Ruler of the Earth, great Father of a conquered world, the hope of men, the care of gods? Is it—can it be mine to look upon that face amidst the dishes and the wine, to look and yet to live?" But perhaps the most extravagant flattery that ever was written is to be found in the next poem, the *Via Domitiana*. One of the branches of the great Appian Road, that which led to Cumæ and Puteoli, had been injured by the inundations of the Volturnus. Domitian had caused it to be repaired, had raised it, and paved it with stone. Statius breaks into a rapture of praise. The friend of peace and terrible in war, he is more kindly and more powerful than Nature. "Wert thou the ruler of the starry heavens, thou, India, wouldst be watered with ungrudging showers, Libya would be rich in streams, and Hæmus would be warm." And the object of this extravagant adulation was not the magnificent figure of a Julius or an Augustus, but a miserable creature like Domitian, the very embodiment of cruelty and caprice.

It is refreshing to turn to a nobler strain in what is, perhaps, the best of the *Sylvæ*, the *Genethliacon Lucani*. The author of the *Pharsalia* had been one of the latest victims of Nero; his widow, Polla Argentaria, seems to have been a patroness of the poet, who, happening to be her guest on the occasion of her husband's birthday, was commanded thus to celebrate his memory. I have Englished what is perhaps the finest passage:—

"Here on the blest Elysian shore,
Thy blameless spirit evermore
Haunteth the quiet groves of light,
Where, listening to thy stately song,
The heroes of Pharsalia's fight,
Catos and Pompeys, round thee throng.
No dark Tartarcan shades affright
Thy noble soul; which, far away,
Can hear the awful scourges smite
The cowering shapes of guilt, and gaze
Where Nero sees with pale dismay
His mother's vengeful torches blaze."

In passing on to the poet's great work, his *Thebais*, an epic poem in twelve books, or the story of the Siege of Thebes by the Seven Chiefs, we come upon the only contemporary notice of him that exists. "Men love," says Juvenal in his seventh satire, "to hear that charming voice, the strains of the favourite *Thebaid*, when Statius has promised a reading, and delighted the city; so keen the pleasure with which he touches and subdues all hearts, so great the favour with which the multitude hears him; and yet, though the benches have been broken down by listening crowds, the poet starves till he sells to Paris his *Agave*, his unread play." Some critics have

detected in this notice a disparaging tone, which I do not myself, I confess, perceive. We may infer, perhaps, that the words seem to imply a treat which was given on more than one occasion, and that the *Thebais* was read in instalments. Of the *Agave*, a play on the same subject, it is to be presumed, as the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, we have no other knowledge, except it be the possible suggestion that the merits of the poetry were enhanced by the pleasant elocution of the reader.

It must be confessed that Statius was not very happy in the choice of a subject. The subject of an epic is, indeed, always a difficulty. Virgil had been singularly fortunate in finding a great legendary theme with which he had been able to associate a genuine national interest. "*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem*," had been the key-note of his song; and it was a worthy employment of his genius to keep to the height of that great argument. But such subjects do not present themselves more than once or twice in a millennium. Great historical themes there were; but Statius had before him the *Punica* of Silvius Italicus and the *Pharsalia* of Lucan, and must have been aware that neither was a success. The military exploits of Domitian were insignificant, and could not be made to bear anything more serious than the treatment which Statius gave to them in the occasional compositions which were crowned at the annual festival of Alba. The story of Thebes was at least safe, and Statius could not offend the susceptibilities of a jealous tyrant by selecting it.

A critic whose judgment on any matters concerning Roman literature is worthy of special respect has given it as his opinion that the *Thebaid* is the most "perfect in form and argument" of ancient epics. This completeness is indisputable; but it is the completeness of a faultless academical exercise, not of a work of original genius. He is careful not to omit any of the remarkable scenes, the action, or the episodes by which his predecessors had adorned or diversified their poems. But his adaptations and imitations are certainly not felicitous. They are often wanting in taste and propriety. They sometimes fall into the unpardonable fault of being ludicrous.

To take an instance. The high-wrought pathos and horror of the later books of the *Iliad* are relieved by the lighter interest of the Funeral Games of Patroclus, and Virgil with consummate art interposes a similar episode between the two supreme efforts of his genius, the story of the Love of Dido and the Visit to the Dwellings of the Dead. Statius, of course, must follow these illustrious predecessors, and devotes the sixth book of his epic to describing the funeral games with which the Argive army does honour to the memory of Archemorus. Dryden in his preface to his translation of the *Æneid* sharply criticizes this arrangement, and his criticism seems to be

perfectly just. The circumstances have a distinct air of absurdity about them. The Argive army on its march to Thebes is reduced to the greatest straits for want of water. They fall in with Hypsipyle, the famous Queen of Lemnos, who is nursing the infant son of Lycurgus of Nemea. She guides them to a stream, and the child, whom she has laid down upon the grass, is bitten during her absence by a serpent, and dies of the wound. The Argives console the father and her by a celebration of funeral games. It is this that calls forth—and not, it must be allowed, without reason—the ridicule of Dryden, who takes occasion to remark that this vaunted poem throughout is noted for want of conduct and propriety. The defence put forward by one of the translators of Statius that the episode is intended to relieve the gloomier scenes of the poem is beside the point, which is not the legitimacy of the episode, but the time of introducing it. It might be urged with more force that if the poet had, like Homer, reserved the games to the last, he would have had no person of distinction to enter for the competitions, as six out of his seven heroes would have disappeared. But he has certainly had recourse to a clumsy and ludicrous expedient.

He is scarcely more happy in his imitation of another of the famous scenes of the *Iliad*. There is no picture which the poet has touched with a more consummate grace and tenderness than that of Helen when she stands on the walls of Troy, and inquires the names of the great chieftains of the besieging host. In the *Thebaid* we have a similar scene, where Antigone surveys on the battlements of Thebes the advancing host of the Argives, and hears from her grandfather's charioteer their names and exploits. The imitation was itself sanctioned by the rules of literary art as antiquity understood them; but its execution is a deplorable failure. Instead of the few broad and simple strokes of Homer's picture we have a multitude of tedious details, in which Statius displays, as usual, his extensive knowledge of geography and legend, but which are wholly wanting in picturesqueness and interest. And when he introduces one or two longer narratives, these are curiously inappropriate to the occasion, the last things in the world that an old retainer would have told to a young princess of the house.

In the same book we have an opportunity of comparing the poet with his great Roman predecessor in the treatment of the machinery of his epic. All will remember the incident by which the peace is broken between the subjects of King Latinus and the Trojan strangers; how the Fury throws the tame deer of Silvia into the way of Iulus as he is hunting in the wood. It is a graceful and natural contrivance. We cannot say the same of Statius's adaptation of it. For the deer we have a couple of tigers, which are commonly so gentle that they wander harmless about the plain, but which the

Fury so enrages by a touch of her lash that they bound into the midst of the Argive host and tear two chieftains to pieces. Wounded by a shower of arrows they drag themselves back to the walls of the city to die, and the Thebans, who surely must have been aware that they were animals of uncertain disposition, and not unlikely to give some provocation, are wrought to incontrollable fury by the sight.

These instances might be multiplied indefinitely. If any one wishes to measure Statius by the standard of Homer, let him compare in detail (for my space does not permit me to do more than give the reference) the exploits of Hippomedon in the Ismarus in the Ninth Book of the *Thebaid* with the parallel passage in the *Iliad* which describes Achilles in the Simois.

The critic whom I have already quoted compares Statius to a miniature-painter whom the breath of a patron or some peculiar misapprehension of his own power has set on the production of a great historical picture. His great merit is in his style. That style has its faults—the faults of his age, an age which had lost its purity of taste. They are the faults, too, which we naturally expect to find in a writer who was conscious that his material was defective, that his subject had a conventional rather than a genuine interest, and who sought to make up for this want by the splendour of his expression. In that effort he succeeded, as far perhaps as it was possible for any man to succeed—far enough to show that he was a man of real poetical genius. His continual attempt to be effective produces the impression of laborious and awkward effort. He must often, in consequence, have been obscure to his own countrymen; he is certainly very difficult to us. But the splendour and brilliancy are there, and they sometimes make themselves felt with the happiest effect.

In description he is particularly happy, a point in which he exhibits an approach to modern habits of thought and expression which is more or less characteristic of his contemporaries of the Silver Age. In my first specimen of his manner I have the advantage of using the translation of the First Book of the *Thebaid* which Alexander Pope made at twelve years of age, and which some years afterwards he found “better than he expected,” and “gave it some corrections.” It is a description of Mercury:—

“The god obeys, and to his feet applies
 Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies;
 His ample hat his beamy locks o’erspread,
 And veil’d the starry glories of his head!
 He seiz’d the wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye;
 That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,
 Or back to life compels the wandering ghosts.
 Thus, thro’ the parting clouds the son of May
 Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;

Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight ;
 Now springs aloft, and tow'rs the ethereal height ;
 Then wheeling down the steep of heaven he flies,
 And draws a radiant girdle o'er the skies."

And here is another of the storms through which Polynices makes his way to Argos :—

"At once the rushing winds, with warning sound,
 Burst from the Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
 With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
 And win by turns the kingdom of the sky ;
 But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
 The heavens, and drives in heaps the rolling clouds,
 From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
 Which the cold north congeals to haily showers.
 From rock to rock the thunder roars aloud,
 And broken lightnings flash from every cloud.
 Now smokes with showers, the misty mountains sound,
 And floated fields lie undistinguished round.
 Th' Hæraclian streams with headlong fury run,
 And Erasinus rolls a deluge on ;
 The foaming Lerna spreads above its bounds,
 And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds ;
 Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
 Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away :
 Old limbs of trees, from crackling forests torn,
 Are whirled in air, and on the winds are borne."

For the other versions I can only claim the merit that they are as faithful as I could make them. Here is a description of the Palace of Sleep :—

"Beyond the cloudy chamber of the Night,
 And the far Æthiop's land, a forest stands,
 Whose gloom no star of heaven can pierce. Below,
 Deep in the mountain's side, a cavern yawns
 With awful jaws. There Sleep hath set his halls,
 And Nature in her mood of sloth hath built
 The House of Careless Ease. Deep-shadowed Rest
 And dull Oblivion by the threshold crouch,
 And Indolence with slow unwatchful eyes,
 And Leisure in the porch and Silence sits,
 Speechless with folded wings. There never sounds
 Wild wind, or rustling bough, or cry of bird.
 Mute are the seas, though all the shores be loud
 With crash of billows, and the thunders sleep
 In voiceless skies. The river, as he flows,
 Gliding through cavernous rocks, deep sunk, is still ;
 Black are the herds about the banks, and all
 Couched low upon the grass. The year's new growth
 Is withered in its spring, and every herb
 Crushed down by some dark influence to earth.
 Within the hall the Fire-god's craft had wrought
 Sleep in a thousand figures. There he stood,
 Crowned Pleasure at his side, and then with Toil,
 That bowed his head to rest ; and now was seen
 Comrade of wine or love, or lay, a sight
 Guiltless of sorrow, side by side with death."

Here he challenges Ovid, who deals with the same subject in the Ninth Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

Nor is he powerful only in description. When his subject permits he can be natural and pathetic. We may find proof of this in a passage which describes how Atalanta, the mother of Parthenopæus, is visited with signs of her son's approaching death, and in another where the dying hero sends his last message of farewell to his mother:—

“Thou, after sleep, by shapes of dread oppressed,
Barefoot, in mourner's fashion, and with hair
Loose streaming in the wind, ere dawn of day,
She sought cold flowing Ladon, if his stream
Haply might purge the trouble of her brain.
For all the watches of the night had crept
Smitten with nameless terror, while she saw
Spoils of the chase, her gifts to Dian's shrine,
Slip from the walls, or seemed to wander lost
In some strange place of tombs, from woods remote
And the fair Dryad troop, or eager watched
The triumph of return, the warrior train,
The spear, the shield, the war-horse, but himself,
For all her watching, saw not.”

This is the farewell:—

“I perish; haste, my Dorceus, comfort her,
Saddest of mothers, who, if love and care
Have aught of true prevision, knows to-day,
By dream or evil sign, this fatal chance.
But yet with artifice of kindly fraud
Keep her in long suspense of hope and fear,
Nor take her unprepared, nor when she holds
Arrow or spear in hand; and, driven to speak,
Then speak these words for me: ‘As I have sown,
My mother, so I reap; a foolish boy
Unheeding thy command, I seized my arms,
And spurned at peace, nor spared thy tender heart.
Weep not, be rather angry, and let wrath
Sting thee to life. Thy fears at least are past;
No more from high Lycæus wilt thou watch,
On every sound intent, and eager-eyed,
To mark the dust-cloud of my homeward march.
On the bare earth, death-cold, I lie; and thou
Not here to close dim eye and gasping mouth.
But take, O desolate mother,’ and he held
A ringlet to the knife, ‘this little lock—
Ah me! what wrath I had in days of old
When thou wouldst comb it—take this little lock,
Of all that was thy son this little lock,
For this must serve for burial. But forbid,
If at my funeral games some clumsy hand
Abuse my arrows, and my dogs of chase,
Dear comrades, they have served me, let them rest.’”

Though we find, as I have said, but one contemporary notice of

Statius, there is a fairly continuous catena of testimonies to his merit, beginning with Servius, the great Virgilian commentator of the fifth century, and Sidonius Apollinaris, the poetical bishop. Like Virgil and Lucan, he kept his place as a popular author, so far as any authors were popular, during the darkest times; nor did he need, like most of the great classics, to be, so to speak, resuscitated at the revival of letters. The most interesting notice of him is the well-known passage in the Purgatory of Dante. In the Twenty-first Canto Dante and Virgil are overtaken on their upward journey by a spirit who, after some questioning, reveals himself as the poet Statius, and who hears from Dante with the utmost reverence the name of his guide. He explains that he has been confined in the sixth circle, not for avarice, but, as the Purgatory seems to be arranged according to the Aristotelian philosophy of virtue being a mean, for its opposite extreme of extravagance, a vice with which, an influence somewhat unfair to the whole race of poets, he is credited on the strength of Juvenal's statement of his poverty. The famous eclogue addressed to Pollio, "*Magnus ab integro sectorum nascitur ordo*," had turned his mind to accept the Christian faith, though his conversion had been long kept secret—an act of cowardice and lukewarmness for which he had been punished by many centuries of Purgatory. Now happier than his master—who, having died before the era of Christ, had with his fellow-poets of Greece and Rome been hopelessly relegated to Hell, though but to its outermost circle, he is on his way, his expiation complete, to the home of Paradise.

The bibliography of Statius is not large. He occupies not more than thirty pages in the catalogue of the British Museum, while Ovid fills two volumes.* The *editio princeps* appeared in 1470. The edition executed for the Delphin series was so bad that by one of the paradoxes of book-collecting it has become exceedingly valuable. The mass of it was sold as waste paper, and the few copies that got into circulation have now achieved the crowning merit of rarity. The standard English edition of Statius is that of Markland, which appeared in 1728. In Valpy's *variorum* edition Statius occupies four volumes. We can hardly expect to see him edited again—unless, indeed, if I may even hint at such a thing without seeming hopelessly frivolous to my scientific friends, the publication of unremunerative editions of the classics should be brought within the scope of the endowment of research.

ALFRED CHURCH.

ENGLISH AND EASTERN HORSES.

PART I.—EASTERN HORSES.

THERE is a general impression, which has gained, if not strength, at least a better chance of getting itself attended to since the death of Admiral Rous—an impression, I mean, that if we continue to breed in the same slovenly and short-sighted manner ^{as} has been common for many years past, Frenchmen, Germans, and Americans will, each and all of them, give us the go-by, and the pre-eminence of our English blood-stock become a thing of the past.

The influence of the Admiral at Newmarket was very great during his lifetime; and he was such an optimist in racing matters, that if the winner of the Derby had been defeated over the Cup course at Ascot a fortnight afterwards by a donkey, he would have attributed the defeat by no means to any degradation of our actual runners, but rather to a sudden and miraculous improvement in the rising generation of asses. So long, therefore, as he continued “monarch” of the turf, and of all the handicaps “which he surveyed,” we, *laudatores temporis acti*, could never obtain a hearing.

The doubts and questionings, however, which he tried to satisfy—or if not to satisfy, at any rate to silence—are now again in full operation. Such being the case, the high pretensions put forward some years ago by Captain Upton on behalf of Arabians in general, and the Darley Arabian in particular, followed up as they have been by Mr. Blunt’s article in the *Nineteenth Century*, invite those who have looked into such things to re-examine the whole subject very carefully. I must say at the outset (because I think both Captain Upton and Mr. Blunt open to many criticisms of detail) that I sympathize strongly with these gentlemen in their wish to refresh and re-organize our present breeds by a fresh infusion of Eastern blood, and believe that the scheme devised by Mr. Blunt is likely to be attended with excellent general results, though I do not think his Eastern colts will distinguish themselves at Epsom or Doncaster just yet. It is true that there are other methods, to which I, having similar objects before me, should resort in preference (I will mention them by-and-by). Still there can be no reason why distinct experiments, when perfectly compatible with each other, should not be tried at the same time; only Captain Upton and Mr. Blunt must really “moderate the rancour” of their philo-Arabism, and survey the whole question fairly and impartially.

The English thoroughbred horse, who, as a galloping machine, is still far superior to such Arabs as are brought against him, is not wholly of Arabian origin; nor are his excellencies attributable to Yemen

alone. He is compounded, to speak roughly, of Anatolian elements, of Barb elements, and of Arab elements, introduced in the order here given; and it is to the Barb element that I should assign the largest and most important share in his gradual development. If the horse styled the Godolphin *Arqbian* (probably to distinguish him from the Godolphin *Barb*, a horse undoubtedly from Morocco, belonging to Lord Godolphin at the same time) came, as was then supposed, from Morocco to France in the first instance, the precedence of North Africa does not admit of a question. If, on the other hand, there is in existence a manuscript note proving him to be a Jelfan Arabian, as we learn from the paper in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Blunt doubles, or rather quadruples, the strength of his case; but this manuscript note, whether it was written by the Paris costermonger out of whose cart the horse was bought for thirty shillings, or by the thief who stole him, as was supposed at the time—that is, some hundred and fifty years ago—out of the royal stables, is rather hard of digestion.

As we have said, both the Turk and the Barb came before the Arab in point of time; but, out of deference to Mr. Blunt, we will discuss his pets first.

Neither he nor Captain Upton seems to be sufficiently aware of the fact that during the forty-nine years that intervened between Childers and Eclipse, many men of high rank and large fortunes did their very best to seek out the finest Arabs anywhere within reach, and that in consequence Arabs claiming high character were introduced in scores. Besides which, instead of finding consorts among wretches not worth sending to an expensive English sire, these imported stallions were mated with the very best mares in the country. Narcissus, for instance, by Wilson's Arabian, who defeated in his day such antagonists as Flyflax, Pangloss, Dumplin (a winner of the whip at Newmarket), and lastly the renowned Engineer, was out of a sister to Woodpecker's dam. Now, Woodpecker has been pronounced, and not without a show of reason, to be the best-bred horse in the *Stud-Book*. Signal, also, by the Damascus Arabian (foaled only a year before Eclipse), who won fourteen races out of nineteen over all sorts of courses, was also very high bred on the female side, his mother being a Cade mare, much the same in blood as the dam of Narcissus. Nay, what is still more striking, the famous Cypron, from whom we derive Hollyhook, Dumplin, Protector, Sejanus, and, above all, Herod—perhaps the most important horse in our turf annals—produced Princess to the superb Northumberland Arabian—a pearl of great price, hunted up by the Earl of that generation with as much zeal as the woman in Voltaire's tale hunted up the basilisk. (I cannot help pointing out to Captain Upton that Princess had very little merit, nor was a colt by Snap, of the Darley

Arabian line, any better. The *Stud-Book* shows clearly, in the meantime, that in neither of these cases can *Cypron* be held responsible for the failure.) These numberless Arabs were no doubt of considerable value when they were introduced; and traces of high quality, derived from them, are perhaps discernible in such horses as the much-enduring Longwaist by Whalebone, and Laurel—if not the best, certainly the stoutest and soundest of the great Blacklock clan, who were connected, the first with Wilson's, the second with the Damascus Arabian; but still they none of them produced any appreciable effect upon the general mass of our blood-stock, and they left, as they found, the second or modern turf empire portioned out among the descendants of the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, and the Godolphin horse from Morocco—if from Morocco he came. The Darley Arabian retains (his *certain* male descendants having ceased to carry on the line here¹) two principal claims upon our gratitude: first, as the ancestor of *Cypron*; and secondly, as the sire, if he were the sire, of Bartlett's Childers, the reputed brother of Flying Childers, and the actual progenitor of Eclipse. That Bartlett's Childers was own brother to Flying Childers I do not believe; that he was got by the Darley Arabian is probable enough, though the evidence thereof is unsatisfactory (see *Stud-Book*, vol. i. p. 420). There is, in truth, something ridiculous in citing vague "gentlemen of honour" to prove this point, instead of applying to the contemporary Squire Childers, or the contemporary Squire Childers's stud groom, or even to Bartlett himself, who was running horses, unless I am mistaken, in 1735; whereas Mr. Cheney's "gentlemen of honour" responded, the *Stud-Book* tells us, to his appeal in 1727. Besides which no explanation is given, as in the case of Snake and other sires of celebrity, why his owner never even tried to train the one brother of the most marvellous running horse that ever was foaled. How weak this filiation of Bartlett's Childers was felt to be I think may be discerned from the hesitating attempt to insinuate that Shakspeare, an undoubted male descendant of the Darley, and not Marske, was the true sire of Eclipse. For this no reason is assigned, except that Eclipse was, like Shakspeare, a chestnut, although by parentage he was bound to be bay. Regulus, however, his maternal grandsire, was a chestnut, and Regulus's dam a grey mare, and I can see no reason why his chestnut colouring and his white legs, &c., should not have come down to him through that descent. If we declare him to be the son of Shakspeare, we have to go in the teeth

(1) Messenger (about the last of them) went to the United States, and has had a good deal to do, I believe, with establishing the breed of trotters in that country. His own trotting powers were noticed whilst he was in training as considerable for a horse meant only to gallop, Lord Grosvenor offering to bet that he could accomplish fourteen miles within the hour. He also has done, I understand, good service in his more natural vocation, that of propagating race-horses.

of the *Stud-Book*, and of the fact that Marske, whose reputation had fallen low, gradually raised his covering price, in consequence of Eclipse, from half a guinea to one hundred guineas per mare, and, what is more, justified the rise by begetting such horses as Shark, Pretender, Masquerade, *cum multis aliis*, in the later years of his life.

It is, therefore, as the progenitor of Herod in the female line that the Darley Arabian is now most interesting to us—most certainly interesting; that is, for the second title put forward on his behalf is not free from doubt. He must have died, I think, before the fame of Flying Childers had established itself. He was foaled in March or April, 1700, as we learn through a valuable letter written from Aleppo in December, 1703, by his purchaser. A portrait, certified to be his by the then existing Mr. Darley, was to be seen at Aldby Hall, in Yorkshire, about the beginning of the present century, and may be there still for anything I know to the contrary. This portrait was then engraved, and no doubt many people are familiar with it. In the engraving—to my rather ignorant eyes—he looks more like a well-bred English horse than the conventional Arab, such as Napoleon's Marengo, who represents the race in books about the Equidæ. In shape he is long, low, and level; in colour a light bay, with bay legs also, unless my memory fails me; his head is rather large; and the only two things that struck me much—and here I must again frankly confess that, although I have paid a good deal of attention to the history of horses, my judgment as to any particular horse is not worth much—were, first, the power of his loins, and, secondly, an unusual strength and muscular development about the thighs and the upper part of the hind legs. He is led by a groom, and is trotting slowly, apparently with rather high and bold action. As he was foaled in 1700, he must have been twenty-one at the date of Childers's avatar on the English turf, and was probably dead when the second and last victory over Chanter in 1722 was achieved. The time and manner of his death is not, so far as I know, anywhere recorded; but had he been alive and in form after 1720, and still more after 1722, colts and fillies of his begetting would have poured into Newmarket between 1727 and 1730, which does not appear to have been the case. If Bartlett's Childers were Childers's own brother, he may possibly have been the elder of the two, and that may explain their not training him; at any rate a colt by Bartlett's horse wins a race in the North before any of the Flyer's own progeny make their appearance. The earliest of the Darley family whom I can find noted down is Whistle Jacket (not the Wentworth Whistle Jacket, of course). This earlier Whistle Jacket won a plate for five-year-old horses at York in 1712. Some, however, of the *nominis umbræ* credited to him in the *Stud-Book*, such as Dædalus, "the very swift horse," Cupid, Lord Lonsdale's mare, &c., &c., may have been earlier

still. On the whole, with the exception of Flying Childers, there was nothing astonishingly good among his sons and daughters. No other of them equalled Brocklesby Betty, True Blue, Chanter, Fox, Bonny Black, or Bobsey, the luminaries of that time; and accordingly, though Captain Upton and Mr. Blunt always speak of him with bated breath, as if Saturn¹ had clothed himself in the limbs of a semi-divine courser once more, or the god Boreas visited Betty Leedes as he visited the mares of Anchises long ago, he was during his lifetime one among several other Eastern horses of repute, and apparently attracted no particular attention till it was too late.

As a founder of our blood stock he cannot be ranked, in my judgment, with the Godolphin Arabian for a moment, though this, no doubt, is owing more or less to the fact that he had no such opportunity of distinguishing himself in the stables of an obscure Yorkshire squire as he would have had under Lord Godolphin, a man of wider influence, inheriting the tastes of his father, the well-known minister—

“ Whose pride was in picquet,
Newmarket fame and judgment at a bet.”

Mr. Blunt must not suppose that I have any desire to underrate his favourite breed. I am quite ready to say ditto to Colonel Hamilton Smith, accepting, under his tuition, the Arab as, upon the whole, the first among Eastern horses; but even in the interest of Mr. Blunt's own scheme it is better not to overstate the claims or exaggerate the value of his darling Kohlans.

Captain Upton, in his passionate desire to vilify every other family of horses, becomes absolutely wild and unreasonable; and though Mr. Blunt is less open to remonstrance on this point, the manner in which he puts aside the Byerly Turk, appropriates the Godolphin, and ignores all the earlier Barbs, is not a little irritating to my Yorkshire constitution.

Besides which, he seems to have accepted Captain Upton's ignorant determination to believe that the excellence of the Arab is an excellence of immemorial antiquity, and that his Kohlans are *thoroughbred* in a sense which does not apply to our own blood stock; the fact being, as far as we can gather from history, the Arabs, who were camel-riders when Cyrus conquered Lydia and when Xerxes invaded Greece, possessed no horses, or at any rate no horses known to fame, till much later. Their studs are of more recent origin than those of North Africa, and the Barbs themselves are less ancient than the Turks, especially the white Turks, who constituted a distinct breed as far back as the time of Sesostris.²

.. (1) “ Talis et ipse Jubam cervice effudit equinâ
Conjugis adventu pernix Saturnus, et altum
Pelion, hinnitu fugiens implevit acuto.”

(2) See *Les Premières Civilisations*. Par Victor Le Normant.

These white Turks seem really to have been *thoroughbred* in the first and most natural sense of the word—that is, they were apparently developed and improved at great cost and by assiduous care through many generations, under the watchful superintendence of powerful dynasties, out of the primeval wild white horse of Asia, without intermixture or any adulteration of blood whatsoever.

The Arab breed, on the contrary, is, like our own, an “eminently artificial breed”—so at least we learn from Colonel Hamilton Smith. It seems to have been built up out of a combination derived in part from the original bays, in part from the original whites, in part from an original black family native to Turkestan, probably also with some admixture, greater or less, of the original dun, the only wild tribe certainly absent being the pyebald tribe. As to the duns, I have said *probably*, because I am not here supported by the high authority of Hamilton Smith; but as, unless I am mistaken, there is no wild chestnut race, I should be inclined to think that the duns and the bays must have coalesced to develop that colour. Besides this there were, in the last century, dun Arabs, or at any rate Eastern horses called Arabs and described as dun. There were also a considerable number of dun racehorses. Brilliant, on whom, as our readers will recollect, Scamp Esmonde and the Rev. Mr. Sampson lost their money to young Warrington in the *Virginians*, when Jason won the Royal Plate at Huntingdon, was one of them; and a half-brother to Highflyer another. It is odd, however, that Mr. Thackeray, who must have taken some trouble to obtain the exact particulars of the Huntingdon Plate, should wilfully go wrong as to Brilliant's pedigree. The Rev. Mr. Sampson would have been shocked to hear anybody declare that Brilliant was by Cartouch out of Miss Langley, and would have said to his biographer, anticipating Mr. Tennyson, “Turf me in all, or turf me not at all.”

In the fourth century we learn that two hundred Cappadocian horses were sent into Arabia to raise the character of the native breed, and it is to them (they were probably akin to the Cilicians) that the white Arab owes, I should say, his start in life. The bays, however, and blacks may have passed through Egypt under the “Shepherd Kings,” or some of them may have come direct from tribes akin to those conquerors of Egypt, out of Palestine and Western Asia. The duns were probably derived from the immense Median cavalry establishments near at hand, where the horses were uniformly of that colour, and the chestnuts, as I have said, from some intermixture of these several varieties. Mr. Darley's Arabian, therefore, so far as I can see, was not in Captain Upton's sense of the word *more thoroughbred* than our own Eclipses and Hambletonians, and less so than many of the Turks who preceded him. The Arabs, like us, assisted no doubt in a high degree by the fine air and dry healthy

soil of their wide-spreading deserts, have extracted high qualities out of these various combinations; nay, very likely they would have been gainers still, if the brown and white galloway of Thibet, apparently a most active, sure-footed, and enduring animal, had become incorporated into the firm of Kohlan & Co. As it is, I know of no horse really thoroughbred except the white Turk.

The renowned Highflyer, himself a blood-bay, and apparently all Eastern, did, through some strange exceptional peculiarity of constitution, beget one or two pyebald colts or fillies. Whether in the reign of James or Elizabeth any of the famous Italian pyebalds were imported I do not know. There is an "old Vintner mare" in the *Stud-Book*, for whose sixteen quarterings I cannot answer. She was, I think, a remote ancestress of Highflyer, as of other well-known racers, and may possibly have had some of that Italian blood in her veins. The race is of very ancient standing and was highly distinguished, but sent forth animals fitter, I fancy, for state and show than for the Beacon course.

It is odd that in Lord Beaconsfield's wild and wondrous tale of *Alroy* it is stated, "The finest horse in the world is not the Arab, but the white Anatolian."¹ This, I believe, in ancient times was actually the case; at present, however, these horses are not sought for, if even they still exist.

The tributary steeds which Assyria sent to Egypt in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries B.C. belonged apparently to this branch of the Equidæ; and the horses of Rhesus, as described in the tenth book of the "*Iliad*," were, I have no doubt, of the same lineage. It is true they came nominally from Thrace, but the Thracian horses were not white. They were brought into Thrace by a remote Oriental people, mythically identified with the Centaurs, and belonged rather to the pyebald stock.² But Homer was an Asiatic Greek, and, unless I am in error, he simply conjured up before the eye of his imagination the finest horses that he knew of, viz. Lord Beaconsfield's white Anatolians, idealised and glorified. They are thus described by Dolon to his captors—

"No steeds like these mine eyes have seen,
 So tall, so noble in their form;
 More white are they than snow, I ween,
 . . . Nor swifter moves the storm."

Old Nestor is even more enthusiastic in his admiration of them when they are brought into the Achaean camp—

"What steeds are these? for lo! they shine like the sun's morning beams,
 Such coursers never have I seen, not even in my dreams."

(1) This was written before the lamented death of that eminent man.

(2) "Maculis quem Thracius albis
 Portat equus bicolor."

Putting aside, however, their beauty, the word *μεγίστους* in Dolon's speech is not unimportant for us, as bearing upon the average size of our running horses in 1700, who are disparaged as mere ponies by Admiral Rous. From the contemptuous manner in which Bishop Hall, at the close of the sixteenth century, speaks of galloway racers, "even though they be sprung from Rouncival or Tranchefice," it is obvious that they were not then in fashion; and since it is to the descendants of Dolon's "great-sized steeds" that shortly after the Bishop's time we are indebted for the first drops of Eastern blood, I believe, in spite of what Admiral Rous may have thought or said, that the D'Arcy white Turk and the long list of his kinsmen were good-sized horses, resembling rather the so-called Wellesley grey Arabian than Mr. Darley's marvel, and that the majority of our running horses never were galloways. I do not know that it signifies much, since many of our turf champions have been of low stature. Even as late as 1787, Meteor, perhaps the best son of Eclipse, was hardly more than 14 h. 2 in.; and Whalebone is described, somewhere about 1820, by a distinguished German naturalist, as a very small horse—more like an Arab than any English racer he had ever met with. On the other hand, we know that Sampson, foaled in 1745, stood 15 h. 2½ in. (though it is his muscular power, not his height, which is always taken notice of); that Atlas, foaled in 1751, was of gigantic size; that Careless, his chief opponent, was also remarkable in that respect; that Eclipse was 15 h. 3 in.; Shark and Highflyer each 16 h.; Sorcerer, 16 h. 1 in.; Hambletonian, 15 h. 3½ in.; so also were others whom we yet accept as the representative horses of their time—taller, perhaps, than many of their contemporaries or successors (than Meteor, or Waxy, or Whalebone, or Dr. Syntax, or Little Wonder for instance), but not so much taller as to excite astonishment or call for any particular remark. Nay, to go a little further back, it is difficult to imagine Captain Byerley, jack-boots and all, caracoling on a pony in front of the Cleveland or Flemish masses of flesh which supported his admiring troopers; and also we must observe that such names as the "Bald Galloway," "Green's Galloway," "Mixbury and Tantivy, Galloways of very high form at light weights" (in other words, incapable of doing themselves justice against their opponents under the usual racing imposts), have no meaning unless they had tall antagonists to overcome. Did Admiral Rous ever reflect that the give-and-take plates for horses of fourteen hands, &c., so common of old, must have been instituted for the purpose of giving this galloway class a chance against antagonists of greater stature and a longer stride?

To return, however, to the history of my white Turks. Their next appearance in history after the tributaries of Egypt and the captured

steeds of Rhesus, of these Anatolians, is in the army of Xerxes. They were then, beyond all question, the finest horses in the world. It was from their ranks that were selected the sacred coursers who drew the chariot of the sun. They also supplied, from century to century, the private studs of the Great King. Cilicia, a country extending at that time both to the east and the north-west, beyond its more recent limits, was set apart for their production. The tribute exacted from the province in question consisted of 360 white horses annually, besides 500 talents in money. Of this money-tribute, however, 140 talents were retained in the country itself (the only instance, I believe, of such an appropriation), in order to keep up this noble breed in undiminished purity and power. It was, no doubt, from the highest class of these Cilician whites that Xerxes selected his champions to run against what we should now call the "Thessalian cracks," and the result was that the unhappy Thessalians were beaten out of sight—*αἱ δὲ κράτισται τῶν θέτταλων ἄπο τῶν μίδων ελείποντο πολὺ*. Beaten out of sight is perhaps a phrase more likely to have occurred to a victorious Persian than to a defeated Greek. There is a sort of plaintive cadence—a dying fall—in the words *ελείποντο πολὺ*, which leads one to fancy that the informant of Herodotus had put his money on his native colts—perhaps to the extent of what was then called in Thessalian sporting circles *α πίθηκος* (or monkey)—and had been refused time by some Jew book-maker in attendance on the Persian host. Anyhow, whether he won or lost, his description of these white Anatolians shows that they ran like true blood-horses—with that living power and strength of endurance which nothing but high blood can give. When, therefore, we turn to our earliest racing traditions, and find at the far end of all pedigrees such names as the Byerley Turk, Place's White Turk, the D'Arcy White Turk, the D'Arcy Yellow Turk, Honeywood's White Turk, the Lister Turk, and the like, we need not be ashamed of such ancestors for our existing stocks. Nay, if there be a horse qualified to dispute with the Godolphin the first place in our turf genealogies, it is the Byerley Turk, through Partner and all the Partner horses and mares, through King Herod, Highflyer, Woodpecker, Sir Peter Teazle, Haphazard, Sultan, Bay Middleton, and the like; the Byerley Turk, and not the Darley Arabian.

Owing, I suppose, to the old Duke of Newcastle, who is, I believe, solemnly cursed every year by the philo-Arabists for suppressing Markham's Arabian (just as the entomologists are understood to consign to a hot future, at stated intervals, the gentleman who, by turning marsh into corn-lands, extinguished the large copper butterfly, "the glory of Britain," as they pathetically observe), the Arab, for a time, was under a cloud. In this respect the Duke may have done

us much mischief. Still, pompous as he was, he contrived to impress his contemporaries with a belief that his judgment in horsecflesh was unrivalled, and it is neither the Turk nor the Arab, but the Barb whom he selects to describe in glowing terms as the noblest of his kind. This opinion of his, however, might not have been of very great practical importance, had it not happened that in the reign of Charles II. Tangiers for a time became a British possession. This little fact is generally somewhat slurred over by the writers of Turf treatises, who, in their zeal for the nobler animals, are apt to put aside, rightly perhaps, the history of "that unfeathered two-legged thing, a man." Nevertheless, the fact remains, and the consequence was that royal mares and quasi-royal mares, procured by the great horse-breeding houses in emulation of the King, came over from North Africa at once. For all practical purposes a royal mare is a Barb mare, and it is through them that our racehorses really began to be. Sires alone—and till these Moorish mothers poured over, high blood was almost confined to sires—will not create a national thoroughbred stock. That this stock of ours was afterwards improved and enriched from Arabia is quite certain, but in its essence it is of Barb rather than of Arabian origin, and not a bad origin either.

Colonel Hamilton Smith says of these Barbs "that they are an ancient and renowned race, nevertheless greatly improved by the Moslem conquest, and therefore in every respect the nearest ally in blood to the Arabians, *and superior even to them in some qualities.*"

Ancient and renowned they certainly are; much older in truth than the Arabians. Ten thousand Libyan charioteers were enrolled in the army of Xerxes to support his 80,000 horsemen mounted on their Median duns, at a time when, as far as we can judge, the Arabs had no horses at all, but only camels. Passing through Greece, we find in Sophocles's Pythian St. Leger (no doubt a real event, and borrowed by the poet to give effect to his tragedy), as described in the *Electra*, two chariots from Cyrene, and "two Lybians skilled to guide the pliant car" through the most famous cities in Hellas. Argos, Athens, and the like, contented themselves with sending one a piece, and in the actual contest, just as, no doubt, it had happened shortly before the representation of the play, these wiry galloways of the desert make the running, as we should call it, at the top of their speed, in order to "pump" the clumsy underbred brutes who were brought out against them. Leaving Pindar on one side, though the horses of Arcesilaus, and even of Hiero, through Carthaginian merchants, may possibly have been collaterally akin to the Curwen bay and Thoulouse Barbs, we pass into Italy.

It is well known that Maharbal, perhaps the most dashing cavalry officer that ever lived, kept urging Hannibal to make a rush upon

Rome after the battle of Cannæ, whilst the numbing effect of that terrible overthrow was still heavy upon his enemies. Hannibal hesitated, and the opportunity was lost. "You would have supped in the Capitol within five days," said the brilliant Carthaginian Hussar, "but on different men the gods bestow different gifts; to you they have given the generalship which wins victories, but not the energy to profit by them when won." Now Cannæ must be more than three hundred miles from Rome as the crow flies, and if Maharbal knew that his Numidian "drinkers of the wind" could accomplish that distance, moving through an enemy's country, and with much to think of besides mere pace, in four days (for the city had to be surrendered, and the supper cooked afterwards), he could rely upon their staying powers with a confidence which the Colonel of the Blues in the year of grace 1881 might well envy. Improved, or not improved, by subsequent Arabian intermixtures, they were no plebeians even then.

A third argument for the excellence of the African running horses, in times before any Kohlan is known to have flourished, we can deduce from what may perhaps be called an old Roman racing-calendar here subjoined:—

APRONO, INSCRIPTIONEM, QUAM ES SCHEDIS PEIRESCIANIS DEPROMPTAM
PUBLICAVIT EXCELLENS ANTIQUITATIS VINDEIX. JAC. SPONIUS, EA SIC
SE HABET:—

II. Praemist Et C.T.

Occupavit Et. Cit. C.C.C.V.

Introjugis Vicit.

Sanipo Canis X.
Aegyptio Pe I.
Pegaso Afr. I.
Eutono Afr. I.
Adirla Afr. I.
Dromo Hisp. I.
Hilaro Afr. I.
Mauei Afr. I.
Aquilin Afr. I.
Pegaso Afr. I.
Cotyno Afr. I.
Sica Afr. I.
Passer Afr. I.
Lupo Afr. I.
Silvano Afr. I.
Lucin Afr. I.
Eutono Afr. IV.
Pyral Afr., S.E. IV.
Pardo Afr. IV.
Romulo Lae. V.
Rapale Afr. V.
Baetie Afr. VI.
Canun Afr. VI.

Daeqal Afr. VI.
Gaetul Afr. VI.
Aléimpo VI.
Hilaro His. I.
Smaragd Afr. I.
Drauco Afr. I.
Aranio Afr. I.
Exact Afr. I.
Pesto Cir. I.
Pugio Afr. I.
Andre Afr. I.
Roman Gal. I.
Candid Afr. I.
Abax, The XX.
Arcad Aet. XVI.
Lupo Hisp. XXII.
Sagit Afr. XI., XIII.
Aiaee Afr. XXX., XXII.
Aether Afr. XXX., XXX.
Ingen Ing. XXXIX.
Argo Aph. XXX.
Victore Afr. XXXII., XL.
Innoce Afr. XXVIII.

Cirpato Afr. I.	Thelo Afr. I.
Meliss Afr. I.	Arione Afr. I.
Dedicat Mav. I.	Helio Afr. I.
Parato Afr. I.	Herbino Hæw II.
Ballist Afr. VIII. •	Palmat Afr. II.
Andrem Afr. VIII.	Passer Th. II.
Spicuto Gal. VIIII. •	Calta Afr. II.
Romulo Afr. VIIII.	Pugio Afr. II. •
Lupo Afr. VIIII.	Excoll
Palurab Afr. VIIII.	Aracin
Romulo Afr. VIIII.	Callid
Glaphyro Sph. VIIII.	Aquila
Balist, XIII., III.	Pecul
Memno Lac. XI.	• • • •
Barb. Afr. I.	Hilar
Callid Cyr. I.	

Palmas Sibi Complevit,
C. Callid, Af. Ballist, Af.
Quos Equos, C.

This list of horses is copied from a note of Gronovius's on one of Lucian's dialogues. He had extracted it from the work of some learned commentator on ancient inscriptions, Sponius, of whom I know nothing beyond the name. I have not been able to consult his book. Had I done so, I doubt whether I should have been able to learn more than is to be learnt from the inscription itself, which seems to be a fragment. Fragment, however, or not, it proves all I require, by showing that in the chariot-races of imperial Rome it was to Africa that the Sir Joseph Hawleys and Lord Falmouths of the day looked for the materials of success.

The absence of Arabs among these recorded winners may possibly be accidental. I am not citing the document to disparage them, but only to show that the Barb possessed special racing qualities of his own before the Mussulman conquest of Morocco—before the Kohlans of Yemen, even if then in existence, were valued, or, apparently, so much as known.

What these Barbs are in their best form may be judged of by the following extracts from Colonel Hamilton Smith's admirable monograph on the Equidæ: "They are of great beauty with more power than the Andalusians; they are of every colour, but chestnut and black are considered the best bred." (This seems to indicate some difference of origin as compared with Arabs, since in Yemen chestnut, to say the least, would not be *preferred* to white, still less to blood-bay, and black is hardly as orthodox a coat for a horse there as for a pulpit or an evening party here.) "The Moors (again differing from the Arabs) do not ride mares, nor do they mount horses until after they are four years old." (I wish we could say the same.)

A special variety of the North African horse is described a little

further on, as follows: "On the sandy plains south of Atlas are the 'Shrubat ur Reech,' or Drinkers of the Wind, reared by the Mograbins of the West. They are brown or grey, shaped like greyhounds, destitute of flesh, or, as Mr. Davidson terms it, 'a bag of bones,' but their spirit is high, and their endurance of fatigue prodigious. These horses are not mounted till they are *seven years old*, and are fed mainly on camel's milk and a few crushed dates; yet under such scanty food, apparently not intended for horses, they retain a vigour which more natural food would hardly bestow upon them, and hunt the ostrich 'with unrelaxing speed.'" One of these drinkers of the wind is celebrated by a native poet, whose ode General Daumas quotes in his "Horses of the Sahara." I have translated part of it, which may perhaps be of interest to my readers:—

"My steed is black, my steed is black,
 As a starless and moonless night,
 He was foaled in wide deserts without a track,
 He drinks the wind in flight,
 So drank the wind his sire before him,
 And high of blood the dam that bore him;
 Like the gazelle's his ever-quivering ears,
 His eyes gleam softly as a woman's, when
 Her looks of love are full,
 His nostrils gape, dark as the lion's den,
 And in the front of battle he uprears
 The forehead of a bull.
 His flanks, his neck, his shoulders, all are long,
 His legs are flat, his quarters clean and round,
 Snake-like his tail shoots out—his hocks are strong,
 Such as the desert ostrich bear along,
 And his lithe fetlocks spurn the echoing ground.

"His flesh is as the zebra's, firm, he glides
 Fox-like, whilst cantering slow across the plain,
 But, when at speed, his limbs put on amain,
 The wolf's long gallop, and untiring strides,
 Yes, in one day he does the work of five,
 No spur his spirit wakes,
 But each strung vein and sinew seems alive,
 At every bound he makes;
 Over the pathless sand he darteth, straight
 As God's keen arrow from the bow of fate,
 Or like some thirsty dove, first of the flock,
 Towards water hidden in a hollow rock."

So far as our own breed is concerned, the mares from Tangiers constitute the one element without which our existing form of race-horse could not have been built up. Arabian mares, as Mr. Blunt tells us, and he is confirmed by Colonel Hamilton Smith, were not then within our reach.¹

(1) See the story of the sold mare tracked by her former owner till she was about to be put on board ship, and then poisoned lest she should become a treasure to the Giaour.

It may, therefore, be said that our racehorse has been formed out of Turk and Barb in his earlier, out of Arab and Barb in his later development; and it is obvious that even if the pompous old Duke of Newcastle had not mischievously intervened against the Arab we should still have been obliged to get our blood mares almost entirely from Morocco, though fine Arab stallions might have come in (if Markham's "small bony animal" had defied criticism) and been common in England some seventy years before Mr. Darley's great achievement. With regard to stud-horses also there are many Barbs of much importance at the back end of our four-footed genealogies. I need only mention the Curwen bay Barb, the Thoulouse Barb, the St. Victor Barb, the Taffolet Barb, the Layton Barb, and Mr. Massey's black Barb. The last is worth noting on account of his colour, and also as being in all probability connected with the famous Bonny Black, through Black Hearty or otherwise. (See Old Ebony in the *Stud-Book*, vol. i.) In more recent times Coquette, by the Compton Barb, figures conspicuously in the pedigree of that very valuable horse Catton; her blood through him has been transmitted to the descendants of the Flying Dutchman, Voltigeur, and others, now making themselves a name both in England and France.

The great question, however, after all, at this stage of my argument (it has already been touched upon), is that of Barb *versus* Arab in *re* Godolphin. This horse was believed at the time to be a Barb. He was called Arabian, I fancy, to distinguish him from the Godolphin Barb proper—a rival of no great importance, it is true, but still occurring in the *Stud-Book* as the sire of thoroughbred colts—and in Lord Godolphin's possession together with if not before his great contemporary.* I do not know how long after his leaving France the latter horse became junior partner in the firm of Hobgoblin & Co. Mr. White, who makes many mistakes even in his own special departments, always writes about us miserable bipeds with as much indifference as if he were a Houhynym discoursing upon Yahoos. He says that in all probability he was one of the horses presented to Louis XIV. by the ruler of Morocco; but as the Godolphin, whether Barb or Arab, was certainly foaled some years later than the 1st of September, 1715, we fear that when the colt, afterwards Hobgoblin's junior partner, was born there flowed between him and the King what Mr. Bromley has well called the "unjumtable Styx." Anyhow he was bought, we are told, out of a cart at Paris for thirty shillings, brought over here without a pedigree or other certificate, and presented to Lord Godolphin, who discovered his value accidentally when Hobgoblin refused to cover the famous Roxana. Beyond this we learn nothing but that the sporting men of the time who knew him by sight accepted him as a Barb, partly, perhaps, from being somewhat larger than the average Arabian (he stood fifteen hands), partly, I suppose, from his appearance, and partly, no doubt, as

coming from France—a country in which imported Barbs were common, imported Arabs not. Whatever may be the case with Mr. Blunt, armed with his surprising manuscript note, Captain Upton acquiesces in the received tradition, and accordingly, full of zeal for his beloved Yemen, pronounces the Godolphin family to be “a very poor one.” This only shows how much truth there is in the old theological dogma that belief is, after all, mainly a matter of the will. For every impartial person must, I should say, understand at once that never since horses were first tamed by the Shepherd-Kings, some four or five thousand years ago, can there have been an effect produced by any single animal so sudden, so decisive, and so marvellous. When I tell the reader that he was the sire of four first-class runners, Lath, Dismal, Regulus, and Mirza, no one of whom, unless I am greatly mistaken, ever met with defeat; that I defy Captain Upton to name any other sire in the *Stud-Book* of whom the same can be said; that coming nearer to our own time, besides his direct male descendants through Matchem, we are indebted to Godolphin blood for the dam of Eclipse, the dam and grandam of Highflyer, the dam of Dorian, the dam of Woodpecker, the dam of Brilliant, the dam of Potatoes, the dam of Whalebone and Whisker, the grandam of Sir Peter Teazle, the grandam of Hambletonian, and the great grandam of Waxy, &c., &c., I think it little to say that so over-zealous an advocate as Captain Upton can never be accepted as an infallible judge. Somewhere about 1780, it appears to me, the search after Eastern horses began to languish, and then gradually died out. One reason was that the aristocratic importers found, let them work never so hard, they could not equal that “first regimental charger” on which Captain Byerly, of the Boyne, otherwise obscure, has ridden into everlasting renown, or the Paris cart-horse, or the Turkey merchant’s unhoped-for treasure from Aleppo. I regret this, because the very highest specimens of Barb and Arab, like the very highest specimens of our English race-horse, must be few and far between. Had our wealthy breeders persevered, other accidental wonders, once and again, might have fallen into their hands, and even short of that, valuable qualities would have kept infusing themselves into horses of every description, together with an unfailing flow of Eastern blood.

To show how much accident has to do with such matters. There was an aged Eastern screw, belonging to the surgeon of the 90th regiment at Zante in 1828. He was a flea-bitten grey, standing somewhere about 15 h. 2 in. Turk, Barb, Arab, or a mixture of all three, nobody knew. He was not regularly trained, and far from being in racing condition, he was therefore naturally thought nothing of at first. But to the astonishment of the military mind, when races were established there under high Newmarket superintendence, neither thoroughbred chargers from home, nor Barbs and

Arabs, many of them horses of merit belonging to the Greek gentlemen of the place, had the shadow of a chance with him ; he scuttled away from all competitors in the most unexpected style, and may, for aught I know, have been a second Godolphin in disguise.

Before leaving this part of the subject, I may as well say one word about the "Wellesley Grey Arabian," the last Eastern sire who has produced any decided effect upon our race meetings. He was, according to Colonel Hamilton Smith, "A Persian horse of fine character, crossed probably with high-bred Arabs and Turcomans." He was at any rate much larger than the ordinary importations of the kind, as he possessed "the size and substance of an English hunter." What chance he had of propagating a number of winners I do not know, but he did propagate some, notably "Fair Ellen," whose own performances were not contemptible, and who afterwards turned out a really good brood mare. The exploits of her children, Dandizette, Lilius or Babel, winner of the Oaks in 1826, the Exquisite, second for the Derby in 1829, and Translation, are accessible to anybody who chooses to take down the necessary calendars. I shall therefore pass on, merely observing in conclusion that not only Fair Ellen, but also many of the half-Arabs of the last century, unlike their kinsmen of to-day, possessed decided *speed*. Alert, by the Vernon Arabian, was a very smart colt ; and Chub, by the same sire, won the only quarter of a mile sweepstakes, one of 300 guineas each, at the Houghton meeting of 1782, that has come under my notice.

I have now given as accurate a sketch of Eastern horses, so far as they are connected with our turf, as seems to me necessary ; I have only to add that my object in doing so has by no means been to discourage Mr. Blunt, whose intentions I hold in great respect, and in whose schemes I take the strongest interest, but simply to point out that other Eastern horses, besides those from Arabia, are equally or all but equally deserving of attention. If, whilst Mr. Blunt busies himself about his true-bred Arabs, we could see established other studs in emulation of his—one for instance directed to a development of the highest Barb blood attainable, both from the Northern and Southern parts of Morocco ; a second again to show what can be made of Anatolians, Turcomans, and Persians ; a fourth to cultivate the fine white breed from Soudan and Bruce's Dongola blacks, if these latter yet survive—the country would, I am sure, be greatly benefited by these experiments, and owe their authors much gratitude ; only I think it right to add, that, in my judgment, any such experiment will have to be undertaken for its own sake, and as a labour of love. A money remuneration will come late if it comes at all.

FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

(To be continued.)

THE LARK ASCENDING.

HE rises and begins to round,
He drops the silver chain of sound,*
Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,
All interwoven and spreading wide,
Like water-dimples down a tide
Where ripple ripple overcurls
And eddy into eddy whirls ;
A press of hurried notes that run
So fleet they scarce are more than one,
Yet changeingly the trills repeat
And linger ringing while they fleet,
Sweet to the quick o' the ear, and dear
To her beyond the handmaid ear,
Who sits beside our inner springs,
Too often dry for this he brings,
Which seems the very jet of earth
At sight of sun, her music's mirth,
As up he wings the spiral stair,
A song of light, and pierces air
With fountain ardour, fountain play,
To reach the shining tops of day,
And drink in everything discerned
An ecstasy to music turned,
Impelled by what his happy bill
Disperses ; drinking, showering still
Unthinking save that he may give
His voice the outlet, there to live
Renewed in endless notes of glee,
So thirsty of his voice is he,

For all to hear and all to know
That he is joy, awake, aglow,
The tumult of the heart to hear
Through pureness filtered crystal-clear,
And know the pleasure sprinkled bright
By simple singing of delight,
Shrill, irreflective, unrestrained,
Rapt, ringing, on the jet sustained
Without a break, without a full,
Sweet-silvery, sheer lyrical,
Perennial, quavering up the chord
Like myriad dews of sunny sward
That trembling into fulness shine,
And sparkle dropping argentine ;
Such wooing as the ear receives,
From zephyr caught in choric leaves
Of aspens when their chattering net
Is flushed to white with shivers wet ;
And such the water-spirit's chime
On mountain heights in morning's prime,
Too freshly sweet to seem excess,
Too animate to need a stress ;
But wider over many heads
The starry voice ascending spreads,
Awakening, as it waxes thin,
The best in us to him akin ;
And every face to watch him raised,
Puts on the light of children praised,
So rich our human pleasure ripens
When sweetness on sincereness pipes,
Though nought be promised from the seas,
But only a soft-ruffling breeze
Sweep glittering on a still content,
Serenity in ravishment.

For singing till his heaven fills,
'Tis love of earth that he instils,

And ever winging up and up,
Our valley is his golden cup ;
And he the wine which overflows
To lift us with him as he goes,
But not from earth is he divorced,
He joyfully to fly enforced ;
The woods and brooks, the sheep and kine, '
He is, the hills, the human line, '
The meadows green, the fallows brown,
The dreams of labour in the town ;
He sings the sap, the quickened veins,
The wedding song of sun and rains
He is, the dance of children, thanks
Of sowers, shout of primrose-banks,
And eye of violets while they breathe ;
All these the circling song will wreath,
And you shall hear the herb and tree,
The better heart of men shall see,
Shall feel celestially, as long
As you crave nothing save the song.

Was never voice of ours could say
Our inmost in the sweetest way,
Like yonder voice aloft, and link
All hearers in the song they drink :
Our wisdom speaks from failing blood,
Our passion is too full in flood,
We want the key of his wild note
Of truthful in a tuneful throat,
The song seraphically free
Of taint of personality,
So pure that it salutes the suns
The voice of one for millions,
In whom the millions rejoice
For giving their one spirit voice.

Yet men have we, whom we revere,
Now names, and men still housing here,
Whose lives, by many a battle-dint
Defaced, and grinding wheels on flint,
Yield substance, though they sing not, sweet
For song our highest heaven to greet,
Whom heavenly singing gives us new,
Ensphere them brilliant in our blue,
From firmest base to farthest leap,
Because their love of earth is deep,
And they are warriors in accord
With life to serve and pass reward,
So touching purest, and so heard
In the brain's reflex of yon bird :
Wherefore their soul in me, or mine,
Through self-forgetfulness divine,
In them, that song aloft maintains,
To fill the sky and thrill the plains
With showerings drawn from human stores
As he to silence nearer soars,
Extends the world at wings and dome,
More spacious making more our home,
Till lost on his aerial rings
In light, and then the fancy sings.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

HAS OUR VACCINATION DEGENERATED?

Does vaccination as practised in Great Britain afford as much protection from the subsequent occurrence of smallpox as it did in the days of Jenner? In other words, has the protective power of our vaccine virus, which has now for the greater portion of a century been transmitted through tens of thousands of human beings, become impaired by the process. Considering that we appear to be entering upon another of those epidemics of smallpox from which London has hardly been free for the last dozen years, this is a very important question. If you ask it of the chiefs of our Vaccination Department, whose faith is unquestioningly accepted by the vast majority of the medical profession in England, they will answer "No." If you refer to the literature of other nations you will receive an opposite reply. Thus, a commission, presided over by Dr. Marinus, appointed by the Belgian Academy of Medicine to inquire into the subject, published an elaborate report in 1857, one of the conclusions of which was that "humanised vaccine becomes gradually enfeebled through its successive transmissions, without, however, altogether losing its preservative property." In the same year the well-known Dr. Simon, then Medical Officer to the Privy Council, published another report upon smallpox and vaccination even more exhaustive, in which he says:—"Successive experiments by M. Bosquet, Dr. Gregory, Mr. Estlin, Professor Hering, and Dr. Steinbrenner have established, I think, beyond all possibility of reasonable doubt, that certain original properties of the vaccine contagion have very generally declined after its long successive descent from the cow." He dwells with some emphasis upon the greatly increased susceptibility to re-vaccination which had progressively manifested itself in the Prussian army from 1813 to 1836, and he makes this admission:—"Post-vaccinal smallpox may depend to some considerable extent on a primary incompleteness of that specific change which vaccination should have excited in the system, and such incompleteness may have depended on an inactive, degenerated state of the vaccine contagion;—these would seem on analogy reasonable inferences from the facts I have stated." The facts, however, he adds, do not constitute proof, though they amply justify suspicion. He pertinently points out that the practical question is, "assuming that from 1800 to 1840 every year's vaccination had included a certain proportion of infants who eventually (say fifteen or twenty years afterwards) became resusceptible of smallpox—has this proportion progressively increased?" The object of this paper is if possible to answer that question.

The facts which to Mr. Simon's mind amply justified suspicion, "did not amount to proof" because they were all physiological facts, and their conclusiveness depended on the adoption or rejection of certain medical theories as to the relations of cowpock and smallpox. The proofs that I shall submit are based on no theories, but upon bald statistical records. Large amounts of statistics have been accumulated on the subject during the past century, but they have almost all been directed to an illustration of the comparative mortality of smallpox in vaccinated and in unvaccinated persons, and the operation of various degrees of vaccination in modifying the disease. They have never, so far as I am aware, been examined collectively and comparatively with a view of ascertaining whether the protective effects of vaccination are unimpaired or enfeebled. The fact that they have been collected for reasons quite apart from their bearing on this question makes them the more reliable, and what I propose in this paper is to examine a number of the statistical records to be found in the literature of the subject from the beginning of the century onwards, with the view of ascertaining what answer they give to the question with which I started.

In London, during the ten years 1870—9, out of every million inhabitants 4,779 died of smallpox. Now of 2,677 deaths from that disease recorded in the hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board during the years 1876—9, 1,008, or 37½ per cent., occurred in vaccinated persons. If, therefore, we assume the same ratio to have prevailed throughout the 4,779 deaths, 1,804 deaths must have occurred in vaccinated persons in the ten years in every million inhabitants. It has been estimated that our population is vaccinated to the extent of ninety-seven persons out of every hundred, which would give 1,859 deaths to every million of vaccinated persons, but for the sake of safety and of round numbers let us simply say that the experience of the metropolitan hospitals and the returns of the Registrar General show that in London during the decade 1870—9 over 1,800 deaths from smallpox after vaccination occurred in every million of vaccinated inhabitants. As statistics of many thousand instances of post-vaccinal smallpox recorded show 1 death to have taken place to about every 10 cases, we may take it that during the ten years 18,000 cases of the disease occurred in the metropolis to every million of the vaccinated population. Now the deaths from smallpox constituted a little over 20 per 1,000 of the deaths from all causes in London during the decade. In former times, in consequence of the large proportion of unvaccinated persons, that ratio was enormously exceeded. In England and Wales, during 1800—9, it was 64 in every 1,000, in the succeeding ten years it was 42, and in the next it was 32 per 1,000. The chance of exposure to infection therefore must have been much greater, and a very large number of

persons had already been vaccinated, so that had anything like the same amount of smallpox prevailed among the vaccinated population it could hardly have escaped notice. During the first ten years of this century, however, it was an article of almost universal belief among the medical profession that vaccination, except in the rarest instances, prevented smallpox altogether. Blinded by this theory, it is conceivable that many trivial cases of smallpox in vaccinated persons may have been overlooked; but putting mere illness out of the question, had there been anything like a mortality from post-vaccinal smallpox of 1,800 in every million vaccinated persons between 1800 and 1810, or between 1810 and 1820, it is inconceivable that the fact of the frequent occurrence of such cases should have altogether escaped observation. Let us now turn to what statistics we have upon the point during the earlier years of vaccination. In Copenhagen, then a city of over 100,000 inhabitants, where vaccination was universally practised from a very early period, not a single death from smallpox was registered during the thirteen years 1811—23. At the London rate for the last ten years 234 deaths from post-vaccinal smallpox should have occurred. In Annspach, in Bavaria, when the population amounted to 300,000, and was thoroughly vaccinated, not a single death took place from smallpox during the nine years 1810—18. According to the London death-rate from post-vaccinal smallpox during the last ten years, there should have been 486 deaths. Between 1804 and 1813, 2,671,662 individuals were vaccinated by qualified persons in France, and according to official reports only seven of these are known to have taken smallpox. A much greater number of these cases were vaccinated during the earlier than during the later portions of that period, but assuming the vaccination to have occurred at the rate of about 300,000 a year it would give something equivalent to one year's observation of 13,000,000 of people, among whom, according to our recent London experience, there should have occurred 23,400 cases of smallpox, one-tenth of them fatal. Let us turn now to English experience.

Jenner published his discovery in 1798, and in 1802 a Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into his claim for a national reward, after hearing all that could be said by the enemies of vaccination, seem to have lighted on only two cases in which smallpox had occurred after vaccination properly performed. In 1806 the Medical Council of the Royal Jennerian Institute admitted the existence of such cases, but characterized them as "very rare," and stated that when they did occur "the disease had generally been so mild as to lose some of its characteristic marks, and even to render its existence doubtful." In 1807 the College of Surgeons reported in the same sense. In 1811 two cases of well-marked

smallpox occurred, one in a son of Earl Grosvenor, and the other in a son of Sir Harry Martin, who unquestionably had both been efficiently vaccinated. The National Vaccine Establishment carefully investigated the cases and published an account of them in their report for the year. The reporters mention that the case of Mr. Grosvenor was the severest case occurring after vaccination which had yet been submitted to them, and they add that they were led to believe that "since the practice had been fully established no deaths from smallpox had in any instance occurred after vaccination." Again, in the eight years ending 1817 there had been vaccinated at the National Vaccine Establishment in London and its vicinity 34,369 persons, or about 4,300 a year. If we assume this average number to have been vaccinated all through the period the result would afford a field for observation equivalent to 154,000 individuals for one year. According to the London rate of the last decade there should have occurred in that number 277 cases of post-vaccinal smallpox and 27 deaths. As it was, although smallpox had been constantly prevalent—more than twice as prevalent as it was during 1870-9—only four of the entire number were known to have contracted the disease, and in all four it was in a mild form. Of course, other cases may have escaped notice, but had they occurred at anything like the modern rate it is inconceivable that such a statement could have been made without contradiction. It was not till after vaccination had been practised for fifteen or twenty years that epidemics of post-vaccinal smallpox, occasionally proving fatal, began to be recorded, and even so late as 1825 the occurrence of twelve deaths in vaccinated persons in the London Smallpox Hospital created so much consternation that a special commission was appointed by the National Vaccine Board to inquire into the cause of such unwonted and alarming mortality.

From what I have said it follows, I think, either that the medical profession during the first fifteen or twenty years of the century must have been so incompetent, that statements emanating from its members are altogether unworthy of credence, or the percentage of vaccinated persons who on exposure to smallpox contagion were attacked by the disease was very much smaller than has been the case in recent times. I should here explain that the protective power of vaccination against smallpox manifests itself in two ways. In the first place, though a certain proportion of vaccinated persons after the lapse of a certain time become resusceptible to smallpox, if a million vaccinated persons and a million of unvaccinated persons are exposed to the same amount of smallpox infection a vastly smaller number of the vaccinated million will take the disease than of the unvaccinated million. The second mode in which the protective power of vaccination against smallpox manifests itself is this, that given the

same number of vaccinated and unvaccinated persons attacked with smallpox the number of fatal cases will be very much smaller among the vaccinated than among the unvaccinated. The facts already quoted bear on the first mode of manifestation of this protective power, and seem to show that, comparatively small as is the proportion of vaccinated as contrasted with unvaccinated persons who are nowadays liable to attack by smallpox, that proportion was notably smaller in the commencement of the century. The facts which I am about to discuss bear on the second mode of manifestation of the protective influence of vaccination, and show that, comparatively small as is the mortality of smallpox occurring in vaccinated persons nowadays, that mortality was very much smaller sixty years ago, and has been gradually increasing ever since; and here, happily, we leave as our groundwork for argument mere general statements, and take our stand upon the much more satisfactory and accurate basis of recorded statistics.

The first epidemics in which any large number of cases of post-vaccinal smallpox (*i.e.* smallpox occurring in vaccinated persons) are recorded occurred in Scotland between the years of 1819—23, and were recorded by Dr. Thomson, of Edinburgh, father of Dr. Allan Thomson, a late President of the British Association. That gentleman observed 1,500 cases, with only three deaths. It has been objected that these were really cases of chicken-pock, but the fact that chicken-pock cannot produce smallpox, while modified smallpox, however mild, can be inoculated and produce the well-known characteristics of that disease, afforded an easy discriminating test. In those days smallpox inoculation was lightly practised, and any one who takes the trouble to read the history of this epidemic will see that that test was freely resorted to. Beginning with the Edinburgh epidemic of 1819, observations on a large scale are recorded in France, Switzerland, Sweden, and at Copenhagen, and these I will take down to the year 1835. In France, then, we have record of 5,467 such cases, with 51 deaths. In Switzerland, between 1822 and 1832, 4,211 cases, with 92 deaths, are recorded. In Sweden, in the epidemic of 1824—27, 85,000 persons were attacked, "almost all vaccinated," and the mortality was "hardly 1 per cent.;" while in Copenhagen, in the epidemics between 1825—35, out of 3,093 vaccinated persons attacked, 66 died. Dr. Gregory's experience at the London Smallpox Hospital from 1826 to 1835 gave 915 cases of post-vaccinal smallpox, and 54 deaths. If we leave out the Swedish figures, which are rather vague, we find a total of 15,186 cases and 266 deaths, or a mortality of 1.75. The next group of statistics was collected by Dr. Marston, in the London Smallpox Hospital between 1836 and 1852. The cases were tabulated most carefully, and a minute analysis of those throws very great light on the relations of smallpox and vaccination, but for the present we

have only to do with totals. Dr. Marston, in his calculations, was in the habit of deducting from the mortality in every class deaths from what he called superadded diseases, such as pneumonia, erysipelas, or gangrene, and in his totals he included all cases said to be vaccinated, whether they bore marks of vaccination or not. The former practice has—I think properly—been discontinued in later observations, so that to render any comparison with them accurate, Dr. Marston's percentages must be corrected by the addition of the cases which he deducted; and as a large portion of the cases without cicatrices are cases concerning whose vaccination there is great doubt, and as the proportion of such cases varies enormously in the different groups, in order to institute an accurate comparison it is safer to take only the mortality in the cases with vaccinal cicatrices comprised in the different groups. Well, between 1836 and 1851, Dr. Marston observed 2,787 of such cases, the mortality in which amounted to 6.9 per cent. In 1851, the smallpox hospital in which his observations were made was transferred to a much healthier building, so much so that the mortality among his unvaccinated cases fell from 37.5, at which it stood during the first period, to 35.7 per cent., but notwithstanding this the death rate among 10,398 cases of post-vaccinal smallpox observed in 1852—67 amounted to 7.6 per cent. In the last decade, in nearly 15,000 cases, to which I shall again have occasion to refer, it had advanced to 9.2 per cent.

Now you may arrange the figures as you like, but you will find the same constant result, that the earlier the period you take, the smaller was the death-rate; the later the period, the higher it becomes. If you take out of the first batch those—and they amount to several thousands—recorded up to 1825, you will get a mortality of a fraction of 1 per cent., and if you take all the cases from 1819 to 1830, you will get a mortality of 1 per cent. Take again the old London Smallpox Hospital. Dr. Gregory gives two periods of his experience, commencing at 1826, and extending, each one, over seven years; and if we go to the figures of Dr. Martin, we get a third period of the same length. The mortality in the first batch of cases was 6.41 per cent., in the next 66.6 per cent., and in the last 7 per cent. The hospital was removed to another building in July, 1850, so that there is not another septennial period available for observation; but taking the last four years we find that the mortality had mounted to close on 12 per cent. The new building was much more spacious and healthy, and the death-rate for the first year of its occupation, which is all we have separately, went down to 6.1. In the period for 1852—67, which we have only in the gross, it had increased in vaccinated persons with and without marks (which in this portion of the comparison want of details compels us to group together) to 8.2 per cent.; while in the epidemic of 1871—2 it actually ran up to 15 per cent. Meanwhile the mortality of the disease

in unvaccinated persons has varied considerably in various epidemics, ranging from 25 to 38 per cent., and in the last decade mounting to about 45 per cent.; but while the increase in the death-rate of natural smallpox from the lowest to the highest point had not doubled itself, that in smallpox after vaccination had increased from 1 per cent. previous to 1830, to over 10 per cent. in the course of half a century.

To turn now to another branch of the subject. In publishing his first batch of observations (that for 1836—51), Dr. Marston by an analysis of his cases showed that the mortality in post-vaccinal smallpox bears a very distinct relation to the quality and amount of the vaccination as evidenced by the number and character of the vaccine scars. His analysis showed that of patients with one cicatrix over 9 per cent. died, of those with two marks 6 per cent. died, with three about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and of those with four and more only about 1 per cent. It showed, too, that in cases with good cicatrices less than half of the number died that died among patients with indifferent marks; and it showed that this held good, though not exactly in the same proportion, in the classes of good and indifferent cicatrices when these came to be subdivided by the number of cicatrices discoverable. In his second batch of cases, 1852—67, we find that the same general rule held good, but the mortality in each class of cases had increased, and if we pursue the inquiry in later groups of statistics, we find the same thing occurring. To illustrate this in the simplest manner, let us first take the results shown in three statements prepared by Dr. Marston. The first is the one so often referred to, giving the experience of the Smallpox Hospital for the sixteen years 1836—51, the last that relating to the sixteen years 1852—67, while the intermediate is from a table in an article published by Dr. Marston, in *Reynold's System of Medicine*, and gives the results of the same observations for the twenty years, 1836—55.

The results are all calculated on the same plan, deaths from "superadded diseases" being deducted, so that the figures being strictly comparable are interesting as showing the steady progress of the death-rate in the different classes of cases.

MARSTON'S THREE TABLES.

Number of Cicatrices.	Percentage of Mortality at Period		
	1836—51.	1836—55.	1852—67.
One	7.57	7.75	13.81
Two	4.13	4.70	7.71
Three	1.85	1.95	3.03
Four	0.74	0.55	0.86

In every line in this table, except that relating to four cicatrices,

it will be observed that there is a steady advance. That the second column of this excepted line shows a decrease is due to the small number of the cases dealt with, and the relatively large number of deaths deducted on account of superadded diseases. In carrying down our comparison to the last decade it becomes necessary—as I have already explained—to replace the deaths from superadded diseases in Marston's observations, and calculate the results on that basis. To enable the comparison to be made at a glance, I have drawn up the following table, showing the results in Marston's first group of cases (1836—51), in the same observer's second group (1852—67), and in 14,788 cases made up of 6,905 cases recorded by Dr. Seaton as occurring in the hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board during 1870—3, and 7,883 cases with cicatrices classified in tabulated statements, each comprising the results of several years, published in the reports of the Homerton, Hampstead, and Deptford Hospitals, for 1878, 1876—8, and 1878—9, respectively. Reports of other metropolitan hospitals contain additional statistics, but they are not so classified as to lend themselves to this analysis.

Arranging those cases, then, according to the number of cicatrices, we obtain the following results :—

Percentage of mortality in smallpox occurring in persons showing —	Period			No. of cases included in calculation for 1870—73.	Remarks.
	1836—51.	1852—67.	1870—73.		
Cicatrices of Vaccination	6·9	7·6	9·2	14,788	* No details for these two classes for earlier portions of decade. Mortality stated is the mean of the mortality given by Seaton, and that for late epidemic in the two classes respectively.
" 1	9·2	14·8	13·65	*	
" 2	6·0	8·7	10·14	*	
" 3	3·6	3·7	7·4	2,539	
" 4 or more . . .	1·1	2·0	4·83	1,886	
" 1 or 2	7·9	11·5	10·29	8,994	
" 3 or more . . .	2·4	2·8	5·8	5,278	
Percentage of mortality in smallpox or in unvaccinated persons	37·5	35·7	44·6 ¹		

In glancing over this table the first fact that strikes one is, that whereas the death-rate in cases with three and more cicatrices in the last decade is more than double what it was in 1852—67, the mortality in cases with two cicatrices has increased less rapidly, and in cases with one cicatrix the mortality during 1870—9, though considerably above that recorded in Marston's first group of cases, was actually less than that shown in his second.

What is the explanation of this apparent anomaly? It is explicable in a very simple manner by a change which has come over

(1) Mean between Seaton's and Jebb's mortality.

the mode of vaccinating. For many years it was the practice to insert the vaccine lymph by means of punctures. Each puncture gave rise to a separate vesicle and a separate cicatrix. This, we find from the evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee of 1833, was apparently the universal practice at that date, and it was the practice adopted and taught by Marston down to 1852. Latterly, however, the more certain and effective method of scarification has been adopted. Instead of introducing the lymph by a simple puncture, a comparatively large portion of skin is scarified, whereby a more extensive surface is exposed to the action of the virus, of which a larger portion is absorbed into the system. Each scarification, however, like each puncture, produces one vesicle only, and only one mark.

And now to the application of this fact to the explanation of the anomaly I have pointed out.

In a paper published in 1872 by a very able and accurate observer, Dr. J. B. Russell, of Glasgow, on nine hundred and seventy-two cases of small-pox observed by him in the municipal hospitals of that city, after a careful analysis of the modifying influence of various degrees of vaccination on the severity of the disease, that writer goes on to say—

“The number of vaccine marks can have no meaning, excepting so far as they indicate in a general way the quantity of lymph introduced into the system. It cannot be that the same quantity of lymph introduced into four spots successfully, confers more immunity than if introduced into one spot successfully, or that by dividing a cicatrix into four its productive value is increased. Hence, I am inclined to think that the local and permanent phenomena which would best indicate the quantity of lymph introduced, and consequently show even more striking relations to the mortality, would be the superficial area of good vaccine cicatrices. It seems evident from Marston’s description of his mode of vaccination that he would produce four good vaccine marks whose united area would probably little exceed one vaccine mark such as is left by the operation as practised at our public vaccine stations in Glasgow.”

The correctness and importance of the view thus urged by Dr. Russell is now generally admitted, and Dr. Bridges, in an official report recently laid before Parliament, mentions that the Vaccination Department has of late required as a test of efficient vaccination that the united area of the cicatrices should amount to half a square inch. Now if we look at the foregoing table in the light of these facts we find the apparent anomaly which presents itself in cases with one cicatrix in the 1870—9 group to be susceptible of the very simple explanation that the one cicatrix in that period really indicated a much greater amount of vaccination than it did in the periods comprised in Marston’s observations. This improvement was not confined to the cases with a single cicatrix, but doubtless extended to the other classes, and had it not been so each of the other classes would presumably have shown a still greater increase of death-rate. But what it concerns us to observe is this, that it is notably in the most amply vaccinated cases that the greatest increase has occurred,

and that the cases recorded in 1870—9 with four or more cicatrices show almost three times the death-rate of the total number of cases with and without cicatrices recorded in the years 1819—35, and four times the death-rate of all the vaccinated cases recorded previous to 1830.

But I have already said that another mode of classifying cicatrices was adopted by Marston and those who have followed him, that, viz., into good and bad. Such a classification, when carried out by the same person in cases occurring about the same period, is doubtless very valuable. But for purposes of comparison of the observations of one physician with those of another, or even of observations made by the same physician at distant periods of time, it is by no means so trustworthy. For whereas the number of marks is a matter which admits of no difference of opinion, their goodness or badness is a matter which depends very much upon the idea of the observer.

In dealing with the question of mortality in cases classed according to the quality as well as the number of the cicatrices, I must confine myself to figures the particulars of which are set out with sufficient minuteness to enable a detailed comparison to be made. I therefore take only 7,883 cases recorded during the past decade, 4,283 of them observed in Homerton Hospital in 1871—8, and 3,600 in Hampstead and Deptford Hospitals from November, 1876, to the end of 1879; and as the latter group is composed of cases of a later date than the former I shall analyse them separately. The result is set forth in the following table:—

TABLE SHOWING PERCENTAGES OF MORTALITY AT DIFFERENT PERIODS IN CASES OF POST-VACCINAL SMALLPOX CLASSIFIED ACCORDING TO NUMBER AND CHARACTER OF VACCINAL CICATRICES:—

In cases with	Marston's 1st Group, 1836—52.	Marston's 2nd Group, 1852—67.	Homerton, 1871—78.	Hampstead and Deptford, Nov. 1876 to Dec. 1879.	Remarks.
Good Cicatrices .	4.53	1.8	3.32	5.29	* Cases with 3 and 4 marks classed together in Deptford Hospital Report.
4 " " . .	.99	.87	1.5	3.37	
3 " " . .	3.74	1.41	3.0	5.4	
2 " " . .	4.44	1.84	3.2	4.78	
1 " " . .	5.73	3.22	3.9	8.0	
Indifferent Cicatrices	10.86	12.24	11.1	10.41	
4 " " . .	1.51	3.1	5.5	* .	
3 " " . .	3.45	5.6	7.7	*	
3 or 4 " . .	2.61	4.33	6.9	6.68	
2 " " . .	9.29	13.5	10.9	11.57	
1 " " . .	13.75	22.66	15.8	14.0	
Percentage of marks classed as good to total cases with marks	63.33	44.4	37.96	36.75	

If the reader casts his eye over the last three columns of this table he will observe that in every class with good cicatrices the mortality has progressively increased. This increase is most remarkable in the most amply vaccinated cases—the cases with three or four good cicatrices—where in 1877—9 the mortality is more than thrice what it was in 1852—67. In the cases with three or four indifferent cicatrices the increase of mortality shows itself in a less marked degree; and it is only in the cases with one or two indifferent cicatrices that the disturbing influence of the substitution of the practice of vaccination by scarification for vaccination by puncture, which I have already explained, becomes manifest. But if we refer back to the first column of the table we find that the figures there appear not to accord with those for the later periods. On closer examination, however, it becomes evident that the apparent discrepancy results from a different standard of “goodness” having (doubtless unconsciously) been adopted by Marston during the two periods 1836—51 and 1852—67.

During his first period Marston embraced in his class with good cicatrices 63·3 per cent. of his total cases exhibiting marks, and in his second only 44·4 per cent. Either then—as in his cases with cicatrices, in his second period he shows less than half the death-rate recorded in his first period—we are driven (if we assume the standard taken to be the same) to admit that the protective virtue of the operation had doubled itself in the latter period—an assumption contrary to everything we know regarding vaccination—or we must conclude that the standard of goodness taken in the two periods was not the same.”

Now if we take one hundred cases of smallpox in persons vaccinated with marks arranged in order of merit from “very good” to “very bad,” we should, according to all experience, find the mortality gradually increase in proportion to the evidence of inefficient vaccination as afforded by the badness of the vaccine marks. If then we divide the one hundred as Marston did in his first set of observations at case No. 63, classing all up to that number as good, and all below it as bad, we should show a much higher percentage of mortality in each class than if we drew the line at the 44th case, as he did in his second group of observations. To render, therefore, accurate comparison between any two hundreds of the same set of observations possible, the line of demarcation between good and bad must be drawn at the same point, and the same rule holds good when different groups are contrasted. Had the line of demarcation between good and indifferent cicatrices in the Homerton and the Hampstead and Deptford cases been drawn at the 44th case in every hundred, as in Marston’s second group, instead of at the 38th and 37th respectively, the increase in the death-rate in the two batches

of cases would have been shown to its real extent, and in every case the rates of mortality would have been increased. As it was, the more careful selection of the "good" cicatrices in the cases included in the last two columns of our table was not sufficient to obscure the increased death-rate. In contrasting Marston's first group with his second, however, the comparatively high mortality which occurred between the 44th and 63rd case in each hundred, and which in his second group is thrown into his "indifferent" class, in his first group is included in the "good." The result is to give to the words good and indifferent in each group entirely distinct meanings, and completely to obscure in the class with good cicatrices the increase which, according to analogy, must have taken place. That that increase did occur without one exception when we dealt with the cicatrices classified by number only we have already seen.

And now to come to another branch of our inquiry. Jenner was distinctly of opinion that lapse of time from the performance of vaccination did not lessen the protection afforded. His experience was with lymph comparatively recently taken from the cow, and it seems to me that the records of the earlier part of the century justify Jenner's conclusion. But as years rolled on and post-vaccinal smallpox was recognised as a common disease, it began to be laid down as a rule that in a certain proportion of cases the protection afforded by vaccination wore out in the course of time, and revaccination was in consequence advocated. Now if our vaccine lymph is degenerating, we should expect that its protective effects should of late years have shown themselves still more temporary than in the earlier days of vaccination before that degeneration had made so much progress. We should expect that among vaccinated children, where vaccination has been recent, both cases of, and deaths from, smallpox would have become much more common than was formerly the case. And this is precisely what we do find. At p. 437 of the Report of the last Select Committee on Vaccination I find particulars of 2,347 cases of post-vaccinal smallpox observed in the Hampstead hospital in 1870—1, set out exactly as I want them, and I shall therefore add them to the cases given in the tables contained in the reports already specified of the Homerton and Deptford hospitals and the Hampstead hospital for a different period. By doing so I get 11,322 cases of post-vaccinal smallpox, including 1,398 occurring in children ten or under, and 1,221 deaths, including 138 among these children. The necessary details as to earlier experience on this point are afforded in two large groups of observations, the 3,839 cases (including 3,093 after vaccination) recorded in Copenhagen in 1824—35; and Marston's first group of cases observed in 1836—51. These records embrace 6,187 cases of post-vaccinal smallpox, includ-

ing 145 in children of ten or under, and 334 deaths, including nine in these children. Reduced to percentages the results are:—

	Ratio of cases of children of 10 and under to total cases of post-vaccinal smallpox.	Ratio of deaths in children of 10 or under to total deaths from post-vaccinal smallpox.	No. of observations on which percentages are based.
Period 1824—51	2.4	2.7	6,187
Period 1870—9	12.4	11.3	11,322

I have no materials for comparison in the case of younger children, but that, even since the latest improvements have been engrafted on our system of public vaccination, cases of and deaths from smallpox in young persons are much more frequent than at one time was the case, may be gathered, on the one hand, from the fact that, according to Dr. Bridges' report, in the latter half of 1877 and in 1878, 238 cases of smallpox in vaccinated children under five years old, 13 of them fatal, were admitted into the hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and, on the other, that among the 6,187 cases above referred to, only 12 cases and 2 deaths of children under five are recorded.

To sum up then : the facts which I have brought together in this paper seem to me to show beyond possibility of doubt—

(1.) That the protection against smallpox afforded by the vaccine lymph in use in this country, though still great, has become much less than it was when the lymph had undergone comparatively but a few transmissions through the human subject.

(2.) That the number of cases of smallpox occurring now per million of vaccinated persons is very much greater than that shown in the records of vaccinated populations in the earlier part of the century.

(3.) That the death-rate in recorded cases of post-vaccinal smallpox has progressively increased in all cases, with and without marks, from 1.75 per cent. in 1819—35, to over 10 per cent. in 1870—9, and in cases with marks from 6.9 per cent. in 1836—51, to 9.2 per cent. in 1870—9.

(4.) That this increase in mortality has been most remarkable in the best vaccinated classes of cases, the death-rate in cases with three or more cicatrices in 1870—9 being twice what it was in 1852—67; and the death-rate in cases with three or more good cicatrices in 1876—9 being thrice what it was in 1852—67.

(5.) That the proportion in which vaccinated children are attacked and cut off by smallpox has alarmingly increased, being many times

greater during the last decade than it was thirty or forty years earlier; and

(6.) That while the death rate in smallpox occurring in unvaccinated persons has varied in the different groups recorded, and was exceptionally high during 1870—9, the progressive advance of mortality in post-vaccinal smallpox is not be attributable to epidemic influence, being equally observed in successive groups of cases in which the mortality from natural smallpox shows a diminution. .

Having thus answered the question with which I started, I must postpone to another occasion the consideration of the theoretical aspect of the subject and the remedy for the state of matters which has been disclosed.

CHARLES CAMERON.

THE FORTUNES OF LITERATURE UNDER THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC:

THE value of literature, as an art of expression, unquestionably depends upon the social conditions under which it is practised. However differently, in particular cases, the balance of indebtedness between the author and his age may be accounted, society does determine somewhat his mental characteristics, and still more the limits of his experience; his work is a reflex of the social life in which he shared. If it fortunately happens that the authors and the people of a country think and feel about the same objects in ways not so dissimilar as to make them unintelligible to each other, and thus possess an essential bond of union, literature becomes an expression of national life, a permanent embodiment of the national spirit. The literature of England answers most nearly to this idea of a national literature; and therefore M. Taine, as he himself says, chose to write of it, because it best illustrates and supports his theory that a nation's life—the character and circumstances of its people and the special social movements of its successive ages—determines, by a force akin to natural law, a specific literature. If he had chosen to write of American literature, how ill would it have served his purpose! Perhaps M. Taine would reply that we in America are not a literary people, that we have no national literature, and that what literature has flourished among us is of a leaf and fibre sprung from foreign soil; in such a reply, indeed, there would be much truth.

Certainly our literature has been, to a remarkable degree, remote from the national life. There has been but slight mutual obligation between our books and our politics or our society. Even among men of genius, who are usually more withdrawn than others from the influence peculiar to their time, and are either indifferent to them or masters over them, our men of genius seem peculiarly isolated. Their temperaments, in so far as these were the result of past human experience working secretly through the subtle channels of hereditary descent, were born of a civilisation far different from our own, a civilisation religious, colonial, and local, not secular, self-sustaining, and national. These men fashioned the treasures of our literature by their own creative force and artistic instinct, with but slight obligation to their country either for the material of their work or for the knowledge of their craft. Engrossed with their own unshared powers and qualities, they stood aloof from the nation and its concerns. They set out on the eternal search for beauty and truth, guided, like all the greatest, by the elemental principles in human nature, like voyagers on strange seas, steering by the pole star, borne

on by trade wind or gulf-stream ; but their ships were unfreighted with a public hope. Or—since voyagers is too venturesome a name for them—say rather, they joined the company of pure artists, who, illuminating the spirit of man rather than the spirit of their age, acknowledge the lordship of no country, but belong to the race—the men who gather within themselves, as into a star of intenser light, the scattered and obscure rays that are a lamp of beauty to the feet of every man. Amid that company how should they hear the axe ringing in the lonely wilderness of the Genesec, or catch the joy on the face of the adventurous explorer on hard-won mountain peaks, with the promised land spread out westward before him? Some unreal Hiawatha-echo did penetrate even there; some prospect of an Astoria, with its natural marvel and human hardihood (less prized than the ruinous, legend-haunted Alhambra), was caught sight of; a spell of romance was woven about the Hudson, and a mysterious beauty evoked from the wintry life of Puritan dwellers by the shores of Massachusetts Bay; but to the America present before them it is scarcely too much to say, our men of genius were well-nigh deaf and blind. There is something startling in this spectacle of the gifted and trained mind absorbed in its pursuit of imaginative delight, heedless of the humble muscle which was meanwhile building up a great nation; seldom, in literary history, has there been so complete a sundering of the changeless work of men's spirits from the work of men's hands which, however transmuted, still no less endures.

Our men of genius were isolated in yet another way. Underived and solitary genius has frequently not only stimulated and delighted its contemporaries; it has gathered about itself a band of disciples, has kindled zeal, deepened conviction, hardened intellectual strength, so that on its eclipse its battle with darkness went on in the victory of younger men, men not of genius, but of culture. Among us literature has had no such continuous tradition; where the torch fell, it was extinguished. Irving, it is true, had imitators, who came to nothing; but our fiction does not seem to be different because Hawthorne lived, no poet has caught the music of Longfellow, no thinker carries forward the conclusions of Emerson. These men have left no lineage. They are not connected with their countrymen even by the secondary tie of calling into being a body of literature with power to enter effectively into the nation's life, to shape the character and determine the expansion of its thought. We have not earned the right to claim these men as a national possession by any important contribution to the growth of their genius, nor have they given us that right by anything distinctively national in their work or their influence; ushered in by Donatello and Evangeline, they find a welcome at the hearthstone of every lover of the beautiful, but, except for the accident of birth, there is little reason why the welcome should be warmer in America than in England.

Men of culture, whose work makes up the larger portion of any literature, are much indebted to circumstance and opportunity. In America they have been, as has been seen, without a literature of virile power; they have also been without a society vigorous enough to stamp an image of itself in letters. In the days of Queen Anne and the first two Georges, the wit, sense, and malice of a cultivated society expressed themselves with such intelligence that the age, although one of high political excitement and of great consequence to the institutions and civilisation of England, is yet mainly known as a literary age. The society from which American men of culture took their bent was civilised in other ways than that at Twickenham, but it was so inferior to it in its sense of the value of literature to life, in active, keen intelligence, and in consummate mastery of the art of speech, that it was incapable of any similar literary expression. The lack of such a society as the wits of Queen Anne moved in, sent our men of culture to attend in English drawing-rooms and at English dinner-tables. This resort to the old world was natural, and, indeed, inevitable. The Revolution made us an independent nation, but in literature we remained a province. At the beginning of the century it was sneeringly, yet truly, said that the Americans let Europe make their fashions and their books for them, as if our women were without taste and our men without mind. We developed ancient English political ideas, and, with our ears intent upon the future, we put ourselves under the sway of the ideas to come, democracy and its unrevealed forces; in literature, on the contrary, we sought neither to disestablish nor to amend the English tradition. We kept not only the unchangeable standards of good literature, but so possessed were we by the social spirit and tastes of the mother-country that we kept also the subject and the style in which the peculiarities of a nation manifest themselves if at all. Thus Irving, our first great man of letters, deriving his culture from social life abroad, taking his style from Addison and Steele, and interesting his readers in sketches of English rural life or in foreign legend, came to leave (in Mr. Lowell's phrase) "a name either English or Yankee." So, too, Ticknor, Allston, and their successors were moulded by the foreign influence; the foreign standard of education and literature became firmly established, and has not yet yielded its ground.

"You steal Englishmen's books and think Englishmen's thought,
 With their salt on her tail your wild eagle is caught;
 Your literature suits its each whisper and motion
 To what will be thought of it over the ocean."

What Mr. Lowell wrote of his generation has not ceased to be true of our time. To-day American authors make their reputation by English criticism, and American magazines are rivals for English pens. In these later years, however, our strongly marked national

life has given rise to a domestic literature (if I may so term it) having to do with ourselves and our own concerns; it reflects, it is true, the ruder elements of our civilisation—our rough life on the border, our vulgar life abroad, our homely middle-class life in the East—and it is usually embodied in fugitive and imperfect forms, but sometimes, as in the work of Mr. Howells and Mr. James, in forms of exquisite finish. This literature, whatever its defects, is the product of our own soil, and unsheathes a green blade of hope. In England some of it has met with a sort of criticism—as if, being American, it were absolved from old-world canons of excellence and free to indulge whatever extravagance, nonsense, or immodesty it pleases, if only a flavour of the soil be kept—that shows clearly enough that English taste is no longer definitive for us, and in this fact there is also a sign of promise. But if we except this younger and less perfect literature, it would seem that the nation has contributed but little more to culture like Lowell's, adorned by dignities and graces that are the acquirements of laborious years, than to genius like Hawthorne's, aureoled by its own effluence. If humour be left out of the account, it is broadly true that whatever is characteristically American in our men of culture as a class has been overborne, checked, blighted, deadened by the mastering spirit of the English tradition.

This state of things is, however, neither dishonourable nor disheartening. The existence of a powerful foreign influence has never proved innate and pervasive feebleness in the men who receive and assimilate it. It shows an unsatisfied craving, a need of human nature making itself imperatively known and seizing with avidity on what it requires; it shows, in a word, the incompleteness of native culture. Thus the young men of England in one age resorted to Italy, in another to France; that great age of Queen Anne was woven warp and woof, English sense, strength, and grossness with French taste, skill, manner, as well in the Court as in the literary sets; in each age the foreign influence supplemented native culture, but did not displace it; transformed and refined, but did not destroy it. The uninterrupted, though lessening, ascendancy of the English tradition in American literature indicates not only that our civilisation is of English descent, and that we rightly claim a share with Englishmen in the honour of their literary past, as is too often and too boastfully said; it indicates that our national life has not provided nutriment for intellect, that our men of culture have submitted to be Anglicised as their only resource for remedying this defect in our civilisation—a defect, to adapt a phrase of Mr. Arnold, in the sense of the value of intelligence applied to literature.

This does not involve our being an illiterate people. On the contrary, we are, as a nation, anxious for literary fame. We are grateful to our men of letters. We honour their works among the

noblest ornaments of the Republic. The illustrious names in our literary annals are familiar in our households and ready on our lips. The grief that was felt at Irving's death, men of his generation say, was only less than the mourning over Washington. The loss of Bryant revealed undiminished admiration for the pursuit of literature. From what does this popular feeling spring? Is it rooted in a perception of the civilising power of literature, in an adequate comprehension of the great offices that are discharged by literature, as a mode of refined amusement, as a treasury of knowledge about the things of the mind, as a bond of sympathy with humanity, as an open access to the fellowship of the great? Something of this conception there is; but the popular desire for literary fame springs, there is too much reason to fear, from a jealous national pride, and is rooted in the thin soil of national vanity. But, whatever its cause may be, this popular appreciation of success in literary pursuits encourages literature, and we are, besides, a reading people. Why, then, in spite of these two favourable conditions for literary production, are we deficient in the sense of the value of applying intelligence to literature?

The answer is obvious. In the great work of furthering civilisation—that multiform and complex result of many powers working toward the one final end of harmonising the best in man's nature with the normal conditions of human life—in this great work where the nations are enlisted each in the service of some few of these many powers, and make progress each along those lines which are either indispensable or most expedient for itself, it has fallen to the lot of our people to be penetrated by the value of two great ideas, and we serve these with all our strength and with all our heart; the ideas, namely, of democracy, as a means of securing the well-being of great multitudes of men, and of the economy of labour, as a means of lessening human toil and increasing the share of material goods that the ordinary man will obtain. These two ideas, belief in the power of democracy to lift the masses into a life of larger freedom and more active intelligence, belief in the power of the utilisation both of natural forces and of human ingenuity to increase the comfort of life, control our civilisation, and subordinate to themselves all other ideas in which a civilising power lies. We are not Greeks secure of our liberty and our bread and wine, interested in the things of the mind, in beauty, and wisdom; our interest, for better or worse, is to make sure the welfare of those engaged in the humble occupations of life. To this task we are irrevocably committed; in achieving it man can afford to lose much else that is also valuable.

Let us consider the influence of these two great ideas upon our literature successively. Democracy created the common schools for a public defence against popular ignorance. The common schools gave rise to a great reading class; they made us, indeed, a nation of

readers. This great class is eager for information, teachable, sensible of the uses of books for amusement and instruction. It is endowed with the tastes and attached to the standards that naturally belong to a class accustomed by its democracy and Protestantism to rely above all things upon private judgment; that is, to trust decisions of which the validity is limited by a narrow experience. Curiosity is its most noticeable characteristic. It is curious to know what is going on in the world, to learn the manners and customs and the aspect of distant lands, and the events that take place in them, to understand mechanical processes and the scientific explanation of natural phenomena; and these interests, the variety and relative force of which may be measured with considerable accuracy by the contents of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* (still more by the columns of our Sunday newspapers), are unduly stimulated by the multiplicity of books consequent on modern facilities for travel, the diversity of our industrial development, and the exhaustless variety of scientific experiment and enterprise. This great reading class is curious, too, but in a far less degree, to know biography and history; here its curiosity stops. It does not care to reflect, to generalise, to frame rational conceptions of theories, or to perfect a rule of living; in other words, it has no curiosity about ideas. The same class in France, the readers among the French people, are interested in the ideas of speculative politics; our public is indifferent to them, for it has a complacent satisfaction with our institutions as they are, and is possessed by a Conservative instinct. The ideas of rational religion, too, our public hears of, for the advocacy of them is loud-voiced and aggressive; but the public shrinks from them. It does not escape from them: they have lessened the vehemence with which hereditary ideas in religion are held, have increased tolerance, and have made men easy in holding vague notions and content with half-convictions; but they have discredited religious discussion, and have failed to enter into the national life with the disintegrating and destroying power of continental rationalism. The curiosity of our public enlarges mental horizons and multiplies mental activities; but it does not penetrate to the spirit, it does not vitalise thought, or result in wisdom. It is a curiosity about facts, about concrete things, the things of the world; it is not a curiosity about the things of the mind, about ideas.

The second obvious characteristic of our great reading class is its fondness for sensation, its desire for strong, pungent, and unusual effects—the analogue of the barbarian's delight in glaring colours. An acute observer of large experience has lately told us—and any news-stand will bear out his testimony—what is the imaginative literature on which our least cultivated reading class feeds—tales of romantic adventure on the high seas, of ruffianism on the border, of impossible deeds, and ridiculous successes. But what is

the case with the reading of the higher class, the class that is the best product of the common schools, that reads Dickens, Macaulay, Poe, and even, sometimes, Carlyle? Is not one reason why Dickens is more popular than Thackeray with this class his lack of temperance, which led him to caricature rather than portray, which led him at times to discolour and distort human nature? Is not one reason why Macaulay is so widely read the fact that his rhetoric deals with the raw pigments, the contrasts, exaggeration, and untruth that belong to sensationalism, and that in his hands discolour and distort history? Are not Poe's tales attractive because of the thrill they send along the nerves, the shock of surprise they give, their terror, their hideousness, their evil charm? I say nothing of the marvellous genius, too little acknowledged, by which the greatest master of fantastic romance contrived to give real and lasting interest to such monstrosities; but I think Americans must reply that the fascination of his tales over the popular mind is so great as it is, not because of his genius, but because (so to speak) he created discoloration and distortion in an unreal realm, and thereby left work as utterly false as the sensation-mongers of our lowest reading class. Carlyle is a thinker, but he is among the first to be read by that small portion of the public which has a nascent and fitful interest in the things of the mind; and he is read by them and by others of larger culture because he wields a Thor-hammer, because when he celebrates the dignity of work he is thinking of the labours of Hercules, because when he adores heroism he has in mind Valhalla warriors, because even when he exalts the virtue of silence he raises a din of words. Here, too, I say nothing of the truth that is in him, but is not one great source of his power the fact that he uses the sensational manner, that he discolours and distorts truth? These great men of letters, in whose work imagination has so large a share, hold reality with a slackened grasp, and this commends them the more to readers of imperfect culture, which is, perhaps, most surely tested by such delight in illusion as characterises our great reading class. The taste of our public, in imaginative literature, errs by departing from the real; it also errs by departing from the beautiful. To say this is to say that our public, discontented with reality and contented with ugliness, has no conception of pure art or the attempt to evolve the beautiful out of the real; it does not reject pure art (for the highest privilege of pure art is that it gets itself acknowledged wherever there is a spark of feeling or a ray of mind), but it does not require art to be pure. To sum up, the curiosity of our public leaves the mind too opaque to ideas, its fondness for sensation leaves the spirit too impatient of truth, too tolerant of what is gross and rude. There is little need to add that the patronage of such a public will not of itself give rise to any valuable speculative or imaginative literature.

The second great idea of which mention was made, the idea of economizing labour as a means of material progress, has developed the characteristic national virtues, resolution, enterprise, ingenuity, industry, and has wrought out vast and beneficent results. What is praiseworthy in its work is familiar to all. In respect to literature, its most obvious influence has been to lessen the amount of intelligence in the service of literature. It has had the giving of the prizes that men are prone to think the great prizes of life—riches, power, and the social consideration that comes of these; it has drafted off the intelligence of the country in pursuit of them, and has discouraged literature as it has discredited other modes of human activity. In doing this, however, it has created wealth, and one great function of wealth is the encouragement of literature. How has wealth discharged this function in America? In other countries wealth creates a body of cultivated intelligence in the community, a class of men such as Mr. Arnold addressed upon equality, and which he described—"The large class of gentlemen as distinct from the nobility, with an abundance among them of serious knowledge, high accomplishment, and refined taste." In England this class has been built up mainly from the younger branches of the aristocracy, from the universities, and from the owners of hereditary wealth amassed in the commerce of the last two centuries. We, in America, are glad that we have no aristocracy; we are accustomed to sneer at the possessors of wealth inherited from the commerce of two or three generations ago—the blue blood; we have universities, scores and hundreds of them, but it will be as well not to inquire how they fulfil their function of forming a body of intelligence such as Mr. Arnold describes. What is the class that our wealth has produced,—not the men engaged in useful employments, but the men relieved from engrossment with business, who have opportunities for the indulgence of liberal tastes? What is the nature of this class? It is a class of seekers after material comfort, a class that satisfies the senses with no ulterior end beyond securing gratification, devoted to luxury and the display of it, a sensual class. Abroad, its members have Paris for their Mecca; their home and national goal of pilgrimage is New York.

The wealth of to-day has not given us a body of cultivated intelligence; nevertheless there is such a body among us; there are individuals, many of them, with the characteristics of the English class. They have come from the wealth of past generations, from the families of the elder clergy, and from those self-made men who have acquired liberal tastes which are either the result of a university education or the equivalent of one. But they do not constitute a distinct and coherent class. They do not naturally gravitate toward a centre like London or Paris, as the intellect of England and France gravitates. They are scattered throughout the country and

among suburban towns. They have little social communication with one another. Their very ability limits their culture, for in their isolation it tempts them to indulge idiosyncrasies of taste, to be excessive here and defective there, because they lack the companionship of other equally active minds to restrain their excess and repair their deficiencies. They have no means of knitting themselves into a society, of making themselves felt as a body of intelligence ought to make itself felt. Some years ago Mr. Arnold complained that the cultivated class in England was similarly made up of isolated members who formed "no powerful body of opinion," and were "not strong enough to set a standard up to which even the journeyman work of literature must be brought if it is to be vendible." He was comparing the English class with the French Academy. But the English class is not further removed from the French Academy in point of consistency, stability, dignity, and effective force, than our cultivated class is removed from that of England in the same respects.

Out of this deficiency results another—the lack of a body of right criticism. It is safe to assert that there are not a half-dozen organs of critical opinion in America for which a respectable author would care in the least. The habit of our critics is to give a synopsis of the work under review, to correct its errors of print or of statement, and to make it known to the world. This may be a very useful or even indispensable service, but it is not criticism. Criticism educates rather than informs. Were there among us an effective body of cultivated intelligence, it might recall and invigorate this misdirected and feeble criticism, for it is the natural office of such a body to receive impressions from the higher critics, to modify its standards of taste in consequence, and to apply these modified standards to current literature or to require their application by others. Without such a body criticism is seldom a mode of advancing excellence. There is no need to dwell upon this. Let any one compare secondary criticism abroad, its vigour of thought, its various culture, its range of information, its compass of reflection, its sense of how many different considerations limit any judgment, with secondary criticism in America, and the poverty of the latter will be only too plain. The worst mischief of all is that the great reading class is left, without the restraints of higher criticism, to the mercy of its own narrow interest in ideas, and to its own false taste, and is abandoned to the license of the authors who know the trade of pleasing it too well. The people is teachable, but no teacher is found for it. Yet, in an age of stable democracy and of unstable religion, literature has a tenfold value for the people. Few realise how true it is that the time is at hand when the ideals of life must be enforced by literature, or not at all. The moral health of the community depends, in a rapidly increasing degree, upon what it reads; for this reason there

are few things which thoughtful Americans need to observe more closely than the drift of our literature toward permanently low standards.

These facts, that the main body of American literature adapts itself to the demands of an imperfectly educated public, that the cultivated class in America exerts no considerable influence upon the popular taste, and, furthermore, produces no separate literature markedly its own, and, thirdly, that American criticism is so inferior as scarcely to deserve attention, will determine, in the main, the immediate future of American literature as an expression of national life. If these conditions of development continue unchanged, America must be indebted, in the next generation, to the influence of foreign taste and foreign thought upon her men of letters, and to the originative power of whatever isolated men of genius may be born to her, or else she will produce no worthy literature. It would be wrong, however, to suppose that these conditions of literary development are rivetted upon the nation. There are several forces at work to counteract the present drift. Our great reading class has created public libraries, which have for one of their highest functions the amelioration of the popular taste. The able acquirers of wealth have endowed many academic and collegiate institutions, and the West, deeply sensible of the value of education, has provided for its higher branches perhaps too generously; these seats of learning, however rude and imperfect now, will become hearths of culture. The gross, indolent, newly enriched class, if its wealth continues in the same families, is likely to give place, in the next generation, to a class of rudimentary and, in some instances, even of liberal culture. Foreign influences will, as in the past, repair the defects of native standards. Men of genius, should they arise, will work their unforeseen changes. The idea of material progress, too, must yield somewhat its commanding position, as a larger body of men acquires the means of leisure for the higher occupations and enjoyments of the mind, and thus literature, relieved from the excessive competition of business pursuits, will enlist more servants. Something may be hoped, also, from the intelligent attempt, now being made in New England, to form a true literary taste in the children of the common schools; it is possible that such a taste may be bred into our people by means of the public school and public library—instruments equal in power to the Dionysiac Theatre, and vastly greater in their range of power. All these considerations blended together justify a larger hope than at first seemed rational; but the revolution that these influences may bring about will be slow and difficult.

I have referred, with scarce intelligible brevity, to that great function of literature—the keeping alive the tradition of the ideal life. It is this function that literature in America has discharged

most inadequately. Emerson and Hawthorne alone, the first in a wider, the second in a far narrower circle, have been spiritual teachers of their countrymen. This failure is a symptom of the chief danger in American social life; it seems to show that the idea of democracy will result, as its opponents have always predicted, in a debasement of the social ideal. Democracy has given to America political liberty, social equality, and a fair field for all who wish to win the prizes of life; but this is an imperfect gift. It is much to have secured these advantages; but, although they have contributed to the greater cleanliness, hopefulness, and industry of ordinary human life, there is something yet lacking. The main characteristic of the social life they have developed in this country is its homeliness; the main characteristic of the social life towards which civilisation works is beauty. If democracy has exhausted its virtue in creating a homely life; if it tends to make men contented with less perfection than they are able to reach; if it results in undervaluing the best in man's nature; it is, to that extent, at war with civilisation; at war with the attempt to reconcile the best in man's nature with the normal conditions of human life. Democracy holds the future in its fee, and will work out the destiny of the children of the masses, and decide what is to be the lot of him who is born into the world's struggle for life with only the capacities of the ordinary man; but if, in doing this, it reduces the highest to the level of the commonplace, it is out of harmony with that natural law, hitherto approved by reason, which tends to preserve the most perfect types at the cost of the less perfect. In order to avoid such an issue it is necessary for the people to learn that political freedom, social equality, and a fair field are not all the blessings at which society should aim; that, by themselves alone, they are not even the most valuable things in life, but are merely essential conditions of blessings which they make possible; it is necessary that the people should cultivate a sense of the value of other civilising powers—beauty, literature, manners—of whatever goes to civilise the life of men's hearts and brains. The practical ideal of life, that which the ordinary man actually strives toward with hope, at least, of partial success would then be modified, and the homeliness of social life in America might then give way to the beauty of a highly civilised life. The development in America of such a highly cultivated people as were the Athenians, is as little to be hoped for as the appearance of such a highly cultivated class as were Queen Anne's men of letters; but American civilisation must realise something of the Athenian ideal if it is to produce a national literature worthy of respect. For, after all is said, the defects of American literature, as an expression of the nation's life, are due, when the last analysis is made, to the social ideal; its hopes for the future depend upon the probability of a radical change in that ideal.

The fortunes of literature in America may have a value for Englishmen beyond that of an example of the influence of democratic institutions upon an important department of human activity. The English type of civilisation has already been modified by the American type in several respects, and may approach it still further, perhaps most nearly in this matter of popular literature. It is a significant fact that the peculiar literature of the American public has already stolen its unnoticed way to the mother-country, as is evinced by the comparatively great circulation in England of such popular magazines as Harper's and Scribner's monthlies. It may be that, as the provincial universities become established and extend their influence, and as the special education of women assumes more importance, the standards of culture will become more diverse and the principles of the ruling criticism will become less restraining; it is probable that the more general education of the people in the common schools will create a reading class endowed like our own, demanding a special literature on which the hold of the higher criticism will be slack almost to feebleness. It is not possible that there should be a decline in the vigour of the English genius; but perhaps, in the modification of old classes under the influence of modern life, the line of demarcation will be too sharply drawn between the middle class, of irresistible power in determining the national life, and the cultivated class in which the higher civilisation survives. Two dissociated literatures may arise, one of the people, the other of real culture, but the former of vastly the greater power. It is enough to suggest such far-off contingencies for whatever consideration they may meet among men who remember that popular instruction is now, more and more, by books and not by sermons, by newspapers and magazines, not by prayer and praise. Meanwhile the great fact remains, that the English race on either side the ocean has hitherto, if the whole range of life be taken into account, best solved the problem of securing the welfare of the ordinary man; the further working out of that task in England and America is of vast consequence to mankind. It may be that the social ideal is to be debased; but, if literature is worthy of its great office as a spiritual teacher, if it has regenerative force, a new ideal may arise, as I believe it will, the ideal that George Sand placed before the French peasant with faith in his final accomplishment of it, the ideal of the life of that "happiest of men, who, having the science of his labour and working with his own hands, earning welfare and liberty by the use of his intelligence, shall have time to live by the heart and by the brain, to understand his own work and to love the work of God." The fortune of literature in America, in lending little effective aid towards this result, may yet be retrieved; the fortune of literature in England, let us hope, will need no retrieving.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

COMMERCIAL UNION FROM A CANADIAN POINT OF VIEW.

MR. GEORGE ANDERSON, M.P., stated in an article contributed to the *Contemporary Review* a few months ago, that he had been informed on reliable authority that certain American statesmen of no mean influence were about to move in the matter of Canada, and to make it a prominent feature in the policy of the Garfield Administration. Mr. Anderson further stated that he had before him two published letters, written by Mr. Wharton Barker, an eminent banker and politician in Philadelphia, the chief supporter of Mr. Garfield as President, one of which was addressed to Mr. Garfield prior to his election, and the other to the late Senator Brown, of Toronto. The subject of these letters was what has been termed "Commercial Union" between the United States and Canada, and, after citing some extracts from both letters which are placed in juxtaposition, Mr. Anderson points out that "the cloven foot of Monroism is scarcely veiled at all." It is not my intention to discuss at present the alternative, which, in the opinion of Mr. Anderson, ought to be offered for consideration as the only means of counteracting the proposal, which some propagandists in the United States have suggested. That alternative is what is termed "Imperial Confederation," and to prevent misunderstanding I may be permitted to express my opinion that it is even more impracticable than the "Commercial Union," which has very unnecessarily alarmed Mr. Anderson, and possibly may alarm others in the United Kingdom. I confess that I deprecate the discussion of "The Future of the Canadian Dominion," which is the title adopted by Mr. Anderson. At the present moment the future of Ireland or even of Great Britain itself might with as much propriety be made the subject of speculation. It cannot be affirmed with truth that there are any persons in Canada numerous enough to be ranked as a party who are discontented with the political institutions which they enjoy. If there were it might be expected that some voice would be raised in the freely elected Parliament of the Dominion to give utterance to such discontent. I venture to express the opinion that the Constitution of Canada, as settled by the British North America Act of 1867, amended possibly hereafter, in accordance with enlightened public opinion, is as likely to last as any other established Government in the world. I readily admit that contingencies might arise and lead to the disruption of the subsisting connection, but as none of these are at all probable, I deprecate the discussion of "the future of Canada." I cannot but regret Mr. Anderson's remarks on the subject of Canada's financial position.

They are obviously calculated to create distrust, and are not justified by facts. Mr. Anderson cites two cases in which comparatively small amounts of £50,000 and £20,000, said to have been granted to the Welland and Shubenacadie Canals, "were at last written off as bad debts." As regards the larger of the two amounts, that granted to the Welland Canal, I can state positively that it was a loan or grant to a private company, and not to the Government of Canada, which has never repudiated a debt. The Shubenacadie Canal loan, I find upon inquiry, was made by the Imperial Government to a private company, on the security of a mortgage, which was foreclosed in due course, after which the property was sold under the mortgage and purchased by the Government of Nova Scotia. Surely Mr. Anderson will retract as publicly as he made it his very serious charge against the Government of the Canadian Dominion of being in default. Mr. Anderson likewise refers to certain guaranteed loans which he states "have been left outstanding." Surely Mr. Anderson must be aware that the first guaranteed loan of £1,500,000 has long since been paid, and that the sinking fund and interest of the others have likewise been punctually met. It is not usual to pay loans before they have matured, and as these loans command more than par in the market, it is not probable that the lenders would accept payment. It is rather ungenerous on the part of Mr. Anderson to refer to these current loans. Mr. Anderson has likewise called attention to the fact that British capital has been "hopelessly sunk" in Grand Trunk and Great Western investments. Would it not have been fair to have called attention to some of those investments which have been found profitable, such as the Canada Company, the Trust and Loan Company, the Bank of British North America, and many others? Railway shares are, as is well known, speculative investments, and Mr. Anderson cannot be unaware that his countrymen have invested more money in the United States than in Canada, and that there are railroads in those States that might have been cited with as much propriety as those in Canada. My reference to this part of Mr. Anderson's paper has been made merely as a protest against his disparagement of Canadian credit, which, I rejoice to believe, is unimpaired in the London money market. My chief object is to submit a few remarks on the subject of that "Commercial Union" which Mr. Anderson evidently believes to be a question likely to engage serious consideration in the United States and Canada at no distant period.

It may not be irrelevant to make a brief reference to the relations between those countries during the last twenty-five years. Prior to the civil war there had been a very general desire on the part of the commercial classes that there should be reciprocal free trade between the two countries in certain specified natural products of both, chiefly products of the mine and the forest, animals and their pro-

duce, agricultural products, and fish. The fishery question was then, as it is now, surrounded with difficulties, chiefly owing to the different interpretations given to the Convention of the year 1818 between Great Britain and the United States. This important question is but imperfectly understood in England, judging from the remarks made from time to time when difficulties arise. This clause in the Convention of 1818, which has been the subject of different interpretations, is as follows:—"And the United States hereby renounce for ever any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof, to take, dry, or cure fish, on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours of his Britannic Majesty's Dominions in America, not included within the above-mentioned limits." The point in controversy between the two nations is known as "the Headland Question," Great Britain contending that the United States fishermen cannot approach within three miles of the entrance of any bay, while the United States maintain their right to enter bays which are over six marine miles in width, and to fish in the waters which are over three miles from the coasts. The text of the Convention has been held to exclude American fishermen from the Bay of Fundy, which is from thirty to fifty miles wide; but this has been considered an extreme pretension on the ground that the water in question is really part of the Atlantic Ocean. On the coasts of the Bay of Fundy there are several bays of fifteen miles or thereabouts in width, the right to fish in which would be the subject of controversy if there should be no renewal of the treaty of Washington, which will expire in a few years. In the year 1854 the late Earl of Elgin and Kincardine was appointed an Ambassador Extraordinary to endeavour to negotiate a commercial treaty with the United States, which he succeeded in effecting, the leading conditions being the concession of the right of fishing in British waters to the United States, and the free admission into both countries of certain natural products, which were specified in the treaty, which was to remain in force for ten years, after which a year's notice of its termination might be given by either of the contracting parties. For some years there was entire harmony between the United States and Canada, and the renewal of the treaty was looked forward to almost as a matter of course. Unfortunately at the period of the expiration of the treaty a good deal of irritation existed in the United States, consequent on various unfortunate circumstances which occurred during the civil war, and notice was given that the United States would not renew the treaty. After the re-establishment of peace, Great Britain and the United States were engaged in diplomatic correspondence on the subject of what was known as the "Alabama Claims," and there was serious ground for apprehending an interruption of the friendly

relations between the two countries. During the years that elapsed between the termination of the civil war and the treaty of Washington in 1871, Canada had constant ground of complaint against United States fishermen, who not only acted in accordance with their own view of the headland question, but were frequently within the undisputed three-mile limit. In 1870 the Canadian Government was very urgent that some effort should be made to procure a settlement of the headland question, by arbitration or otherwise, and at its instance overtures were made to the Government of the United States to bring such about. The United States was unwilling to treat unless all the subjects in controversy, the principal of which was the Alabama claims, were made the subject of negotiation; and in 1871 the two Governments agreed to the appointment of a Joint High Commission, which succeeded in effecting an amicable adjustment of the various subjects in controversy between them. It was the earnest desire of the British Commissioners that in return for the concession to the United States of the privilege of fishing in British waters, provision should be made for the reciprocal admission, free of duty, of certain natural products of the two countries, as defined in the treaty of 1854. To this, however, the United States Commissioners could not be induced to consent, and the consequence was that provision was made for the concession of the right of fishing during a term of years for a money payment to be settled by arbitration. In the year 1873 Mr. Rothery, Registrar of the High Court of Admiralty, visited Canada to get up the case for the arbitrators to be appointed under the treaty, and put himself in communication with several public men with a view to acquire information as to the value of the sea-coast fisheries, and the best mode of collecting evidence to sustain the British claim. Among others who were consulted by Mr. Rothery was the late Senator Brown, of Toronto, who urged upon him very strongly that he should make another effort to persuade the United States that the award of a sum of money for the use of the fisheries would be certain to create dissatisfaction; and that the best mode of arranging the fishery question would be by a general commercial treaty. On Mr. Rothery reaching Washington he suggested the substitution of such a treaty for the fishery arbitration, and formed an opinion that there was some hope of its being favourably entertained. Soon after Senator Brown visited Washington unofficially, and reported to the Canadian Government that he had had an opportunity of discussing the subject with many of the prominent men of the Republic, and that he had heard a very general desire expressed for the establishment of more satisfactory commercial relations with Canada, if terms could be arranged by mutual agreement. The result of these unofficial conversations in 1873 was the appointment on the 7th March, 1874,

of a Commission, consisting of Sir Edward Thornton, her Majesty's Minister to the United States, and Senator Brown, of Canada, to negotiate a treaty of fisheries, commerce, and navigation with the Government of the United States. After protracted conferences between the British Commissioners and the accredited representative of the President, a proposal was submitted to the Senate of the United States by the latter, which had received his approval as well as that of Great Britain and Canada. The Senate declined to take into consideration the message of the President, and the consequence was that the fishing arbitration was proceeded with, the result having been precisely what was anticipated by an award which gave satisfaction to neither party, although it was at once accepted by the colonies interested. The failure of the negotiations was owing to the controlling power of the Senate, a body which had been no party to the negotiations, and which is composed of representatives from all the States, by far the greater number of which have no interest whatever in the commercial relations with the British Provinces.

It must be borne in mind that there is a strong desire on the part of a very influential party in the United States to bring about the annexation of Canada to the Republic. The reason of this will be apparent when it is considered that in the political conflict in which the citizens of the United States are engaged under the party names of Republicans and Democrats, the solid South supports the latter party, and the division between them is so close that the last two Presidential elections may almost be said to have depended on chance. The casting vote was given at the recent election by the State of New York, and it was doubtful almost at the last moment how it would be cast. To the Northern States the acquisition of Canada would be most important, and no effort will be spared by the Republican and Protectionist party to bring it about. I have already noticed Mr. Anderson's reference in his paper on "The Future of the Canadian Dominion," to the letters addressed by Mr. Wharton Barker, of Philadelphia, to Mr. Garfield, President elect, and to the late Senator Brown, of Canada. Neither he nor the journals which advocate what is termed "Commercial Union" make any secret that their object is to detach Canada from Great Britain, although it is not deemed expedient to advocate political annexation at present. On the contrary, it is pretended by its advocates in Canada that it would not necessarily involve a severance of the existing connection with Great Britain. It has been argued that there may be entirely free trade between the United States and Canada with a common tariff, the revenue obtained from which might be divided according to population. Startling as this proposition may appear, it is not without supporters in Canada, the most prominent of whom is Professor Goldwin Smith, who, about a year ago, established a

monthly periodical called *The Bystander*, in which he professes to review "current events." In April, 1878, Mr. Goldwin Smith contributed a paper to the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled, "The Political Destiny of Canada," in which he endeavoured to establish the certainty of the annexation of the Dominion to the United States at some future unknown period, and maintained the importance of regulating the policy of the present day on the assumption that such must be the destiny of the country. In estimating the value of Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion it must be borne in mind that he is imbued with a violent prejudice against the British aristocracy, which is exhibited whenever an opportunity offers, and which is constantly leading him astray. In the preface to a reprint of his essay in the *Fortnightly* he remarks: "As to the British aristocracy, it has political views of its own in relation to this continent, which seem to me not consistent with the welfare of those whose lot is cast in the New World." In the paper itself no effort is spared to create an impression in the minds of Canadian readers that the influence of the British aristocracy is used to their disadvantage. Whenever, he remarks, any question arises with the United States, "the English people and the English Government betray, by the languor of their diplomacy, and the ease with which they yield, their comparative indifference to the objects in which Canada is most concerned." . . . "To keep the same political roof over the heads of British aristocracy and Canadian democracy would be an undertaking only one degree less hopeless than keeping it over the heads of slavery and anti-slavery." . . . "Aristocracy, not monarchy, is now the real power, and the power against the designs of which those who are true to New World principles have to be on their guard." The designs of the British aristocracy are more clearly indicated by Mr. Goldwin Smith in an article published in the *North American Review* in July last, in which the following passages occur:—

"All engines, social and political, have been plied to stimulate imperialist, aristocratic, and anti-continental feelings. . . . The time seemed to have come for practically withdrawing the concession of self-government, bringing Canada again under aristocratic rule, and completely detaching her politically and commercially from the New World. . . . No revolution could be more necessary than that which released the New World from bondage to the British aristocracy, and set it at liberty to work out its own destinies. . . . Had Jingoism continued in the ascendant a determined effort to create a distinctly anti-Democratic Empire in the northern part of this Continent would no doubt have been made."

It will scarcely be denied that the author of the foregoing passages must be deemed incapable of taking a calm practical view of the political destiny of Canada. The view that he does take is that there are certain "great forces" which he enumerates, "which

make for the political separation of the New from the Old World." The first of these is distance, but inasmuch as he has elsewhere admitted that "self-government is independence; perfect self-government is perfect independence; and all the questions that arise between Ottawa and Downing Street, including the recent question about appeals, are successively settled in favour of self-government," distance can scarcely be deemed "a great force." The second "great force" is "divergence of interest," it being pretended that the interests of British aristocracy and those of Canadian democracy not only are not identical, but point directly opposite ways. It is alleged that the claims of Canada have been continually sacrificed by Great Britain to the United States, although it must be obvious that no part of the empire was so deeply interested as Canada in an amicable adjustment of the various questions which have been from time to time in controversy between the two nations. The third "great force" is "divergence of political character," and practically it is no force at all, in proof of which reference may be made to the essayist's own words:—"Let," he says, "aristocracy, hierarchy, and militarism be content with the Old World; it was conquered by the feudal sword. The New World was conquered only by the axe and plough." The writer labours under the extraordinary delusion, for it can be called nothing else, that the British aristocracy desire, to use his own words, "to establish in Canada the State Church which is the grand buttress of aristocracy in England," and although he himself admits that the desire "has proved as hopeless as to establish aristocracy itself," he adduces it to establish his point, that divergence of political character is one of the "great forces" which are sure to prevail in Canada. As regards the Anglican Church, the learned professor admits that it has been "reduced to the level of other denominations," although he is ungenerous enough to add that "its rulers still cling to the memories and to some relics of their privileged condition." Having been one of those who in days gone by took an active part in carrying out the measures which placed all religious denominations in Canada on the same level, I feel the more bound to vindicate the Anglican Church from the very unjust charge brought against it. The clergy, as a body, have been conspicuous in abstaining from political strife, and their only demerit, in the opinion of the essayist, is "that they are, probably without an exception, loyal to the Crown and to the institutions of their country." The fourth great force is "the attraction of the great American community, on the edge of which Canada lies," and to which "the British portion of the population is drawn by identity of race, language, religion, and general institutions, the French portion by its connection with the Roman Catholic Church of the States." This is a mere matter of opinion. So far as

one can judge by the public declarations of those who enjoy the confidence of the constituencies of the Dominion, without reference to political parties, a decided preference is felt for the British system of government over that of the United States, and what is rather singular, Mr. Goldwin Smith has frequently condemned the institutions of the United States in the most emphatic language. In proof of this, a few quotations may be cited from *The Bystander*:—

“But there is a greater peril than the Irish element or even the foreign element generally as the best citizens begin already to see. It is faction, which, unless it can be arrested in its fell career, will soon threaten the very life of the Republic. . . . That Government by faction will in the end ruin self-government is the lesson which all free communities, if they would save themselves from anarchy, must learn. . . . A national conflict once in every four years for that office (the Presidency) and the enormous patronage now annexed to it must bring everything that is bad in the nation to the top, and will end in a domination of scoundrels. . . . Where is the security against the foulest malpractices on the part of a faction which feels itself tottering, but has still a majority in the House? Disastrous experience shows that it is not to be found in the morality of party. . . . To all thinking men the perilous tendencies of the elective Presidency must have been revealed in a glaring light. . . . For our own part we never can treat the subject of a Presidential election or of any party contest in such a community as the United States without repeating that we hold these conflicts to be the greatest of evils, and fraught with danger to the stability of the Republic; that we deny the necessity of party government and of organized parties altogether; that we do not believe in the usefulness of an elective Presidency. . . . The country is plunged into all the turmoil and bitterness of an unarmed civil war. The commonwealth is divided into two hostile camps; rancorous and anti-social passions are excited; the moral atmosphere is darkened with calumny; bribery and corruption, with all their fatal effects on national character, are rife on both sides; commerce quakes, business is interrupted; a legion of roughs is poured into Indiana, and for some days that State is in peril of a murderous affray.”

The foregoing extracts have been culled from successive numbers of *The Bystander* during the year 1880, and may therefore be taken as the deliberate opinion of its editor on the merits of the constitution of the United States. The party whose nominee he desired to succeed, triumphed, and after the election he asked:—“Again we are constrained to ask how the political character of any nation can withstand for ever the virus of evil passion and corruption, which these vast faction fights infuse?” And yet the author of the passages that have been cited believes that one of the “great forces” which will bring about annexation is attraction to the institutions, which he has himself so severely criticized. Having stated the “four great forces” which in his judgment render the annexation of Canada to the United States the manifest destiny of the former, Mr. Goldwin Smith has enumerated the forces which make in favour of the present connection, which in his judgment are all of a secondary and for the most part transient character; and yet it will be found on examining them that they influence the masses of the population. The first of these is “the reactionary tendencies of the

priesthood, which rules French Canada, and which fears that any change might disturb its solitary reign." He had previously given it as his opinion that the French Canadians, whom he describes as an unprogressive, religious, submissive, and courteous people, "are governed by the priest with the occasional assistance of the notary," and it is not therefore surprising that he deems what he terms "the reactionary tendencies of the priesthood" a force that will be found antagonistic to his great forces. His next force is "United Empire Loyalism," which has its chief seat in Ontario. In making his forecast of the future, the essayist flatters himself that anti-revolutionary sentiment ceases to have any meaning, and its death cannot be far off, because, on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the Independence of the United States, England recognised the revolution by saluting the flag of the Republic. What an opinion he must entertain of the intelligence of the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists! The next of the secondary forces is "the influence of English immigrants, especially in the upper ranks of the professions, in the high places of commerce, and in the press." This influence is, in the opinion of the essayist, rapidly decreasing, as natives take the places of those who die off, so that "Canada will soon be in Canadian hands." Unfortunately the writer is himself one of the very class of English immigrants, and instead of acting as he has described others as doing, that is, by cherishing the political connection, and inculcating loyalty to it, he has spared no efforts to create dissatisfaction with British institutions in the minds of the people, though so far without success. The next of the counteracting forces is mentioned only to be ignored. The British troops, or rather their officers, "exercised a somewhat tyrannical influence over opinion," the traces of which remain, but to the relief of the essayist military occupation has ceased. The Anglican Church, however, "clings to its position as a branch of the great State church of England," and the essayist surmises that "a faint hope of re-establishment may linger in the breasts of the bishops, who still retain the title of Lords." Entirely exonerating the bishops and clergy from any imputation that they are influenced by sinister motives, I have not the least doubt that they are correctly included, together with their congregations, as a force, and in my judgment a much greater force in favour of British connection than any of those "great forces" enumerated by Mr. Goldwin Smith. The next secondary force is "Orangeism," and the only prospect of its disappearance is that "Irish quarrels must one day die, and Orangeism must follow them to the grave;" but meantime it is frankly admitted that "Orangeism is strong in British Canada," and it is scarcely necessary to add that the members of the order are devotedly loyal to the British Crown. The next force is certainly not a very formidable one, and

would scarcely have been noticed but for the essayist's antipathy to the aristocracy, which is displayed whenever he can find an opportunity. He describes it as "the social influence of English aristocracy, and of the little Court of Ottawa, over colonists of the wealthier class." This influence, it is hardly necessary to observe, is represented by the Governor-General alone. The next force will create some surprise, inasmuch as one of the "great forces" tending to make annexation a certainty has been already stated to be "the attraction of the great American community adjoining Canada." It seems, however, that there is a secondary force which is described as "Antipathy to the Americans bred by the old wars and nursed by British influences, military and aristocratic, not without the assistance of the Americans themselves, who in the case of the Fenian raids, and in other cases, have vented on Canada their feelings against England." The essayist states this secondary force that he may demonstrate that it is without weight, and in one sense he is right. No such antipathy really exists. It seems to Mr. Goldwin Smith impossible for the Canadian people to prefer their own institutions, and at the same time to desire to live in friendship and amity with their neighbours. I must proceed to notice the last in the list of the secondary forces, which is "the special attachment felt by the politicians, as a body, to the system, with reference to which their parties have been formed, and with which the personal ambition of most of them is bound up." In Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion this is the strongest of the forces which make for the present connection. It is sufficiently strong "to prevent any Canadian politician from playing a resolute part in such efforts as there have been to make Canada a nation"—in other words, not one of the representatives of the Canadian people, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has been found willing to assume the responsibility of advocating Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion in the House of Commons of Canada. For my own part I venture to assert that formidable as are many of the forces, described as secondary by Mr. Goldwin Smith, he has entirely failed to notice the greatest force of all, which is the reluctance of a people to change its political institutions by revolution, a reluctance which can only be overcome when some intolerable grievance exists, for which no other remedy but revolution can be found. I brought this opinion to Mr. Goldwin Smith's notice, adding that I was unaware of any case in which a political revolution involving a change of allegiance has taken place without civil war, and that I was firmly persuaded that such a revolution would not take place in Canada without the occurrence of that fearful calamity. I was informed in reply that "the history of Europe is full of changes of allegiance, without civil war, by cession, exchange, purchase, marriage of heiresses, division of inheritance," and it was added that "in our

own day Neufchâtel, the Ionian Islands, Savoy, Nice, Alaska, the Transvaal, and Cyprus have changed their allegiance without civil war." I venture to submit that the answer has most satisfactorily established the correctness of my opinion. I have not contended that if Great Britain should think fit to cede Canada to the United States it would be possible for it to resist, any more than it was for Savoy, Nice, Cyprus, Alsace, or Lorraine to offer resistance to the transfer of their allegiance on which they were not consulted. There are people in England who are fond of proclaiming that no idea of coercing the self-governing colonies would be entertained in the present day, and in the present state of public opinion. Such persons entirely lose sight of the fact that if ever there should be an agitation for change in Canada there would most unquestionably be wide differences of opinion, and in his enumeration of the secondary forces, which is far from complete, as several of the loyal elements of the population were omitted, Mr. Goldwin Smith has enabled his countrymen in England to appreciate the consequences of such agitation. To do the learned professor justice, he is not an agitator, and he seems to consider it an insult to call him an annexationist. He declares that "there is not a man in the Dominion to whom, individually, it matters less what course political events may take than it does to me," and he holds that "to tax forecast with revolutionary designs or tendencies is absurd." Still, he tells the people that if their rulers act on the conviction that they are managing the affairs of a stable Government, they are guilty of "flagrant improvidence." The promulgation of Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinions on the future of the Dominion, whether in the form of essays in periodicals, or in his monthly review of current events, is comparatively harmless, but he has of late become a propagandist of a "scheme of "Commercial Union," which has been for a few years a favourite measure with the Protectionist party in the United States, which desires to acquire possession of Canada. It is true that Mr. Goldwin Smith professes to believe that this Commercial Union would not necessarily involve political union, but the advocates of that measure in the United States make no secret of their object. A Chicago paper, in advocating it a few months ago, used the following language, which is certainly explicit enough:—

"It would be well for Canadians to understand that it will be hardly worth while to talk business, until they are prepared to give up their sentimental and disastrous policy of dependence on a little island, three thousand miles away, instead of upon their neighbours the Republic. So long as the Dominion Tories oppose this Commercial Union, because it may lead to political union or annexation, no headway can be made. We want a Commercial Union, and we want a political union to follow it in due time. We want to draw the Dominion in, and have control for ever of both sides of the St. Lawrence, and the lakes, and as far north as the Pole, not by force, but by free consent, and we can wait for it."

It cannot be denied that the writer of the above passage has expressed the opinion of a considerable number of his countrymen, but on the other hand there are very influential classes favourable to a commercial treaty, and which look on the scheme of a common tariff as "the idlest of follies." An influential organ of the commercial interests in New York observed with reference to it: "It is impossible that the United States would ever admit Canada to any voice in their tariff regulations, and it is hardly conceivable that Canada on its side would submit to a tariff in the making of which it could take no part." It was but quite recently that the Executive Committee of the National Board of Trade of the United States expressed an opinion favourable to improved commercial relations with Canada, and but a few years have elapsed since the Government of the United States entered into negotiations for a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty, and assisted in bringing them to a satisfactory conclusion. The rejection of the Reciprocity Treaty by the Senate led, it may be admitted, to a good deal of irritation in Canada, but the wisest course, under the circumstances, is that which has been adopted by Governments of opposite politics, viz. to make no further effort to induce the Americans to concede reciprocity, and to act as if the question had been finally set at rest. The Americans are perfectly well aware that there is no indisposition on the part of Canadians to meet them in the most friendly spirit, and they are moreover equally well aware that the fishery question must be reopened in a few years, and that the negotiations which will then take place will not be fettered by any question relating to Alabama claims, although it will be necessary to consider it with the knowledge that an impartial tribunal has awarded five millions and a half of dollars as the value of twelve years' use of the British American fisheries. It must be sufficiently obvious that in view of the circumstances to which attention has been drawn, the wisest course for Canada is to remain quiescent until the period when it will be necessary to consider the terms on which the citizens of the United States shall be permitted to fish in British waters, and this clearly has been the view taken by Governments holding very different views on commercial policy, as well as on most other subjects. On the assumption that "Commercial Union" does not necessarily involve political union, the agitation of the question in Canada is fraught with mischief. The best time for negotiating on the subject of the future commercial relations between the two countries is when it may be found convenient to the United States to negotiate on the subject of the fisheries. It is by no means necessary that negotiations should be postponed until the period when the present treaty is about to expire. On the contrary, it would be desirable that they should be entered upon at any moment that the United

States may find convenient. It is by no means an unimportant circumstance that at this very time a correspondence is in progress between the two Governments, on the subject of an alleged assault made on American fishermen at Fortune Bay, in the Island of Newfoundland, which has led to a very large demand by the United States for damages. Judging from Earl Granville's dispatch of the 27th of October last, which seems to have been considered satisfactory by the Government of the United States, there is reason to hope that the two Governments will be able to agree on the subject of the regulations to which the American fishermen must conform in future. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the language in which Mr. Secretary Evarts expressed the views of his Government.

"There is no intention on the part of this (United States) Government that these privileges should be abused, and no desire that the full and free enjoyment should harm colonial fishermen, while the different interests and methods of the shore fishery and vessel fishery make it impracticable that there gulation of the one should be given entirely to the other, yet if the mutual obligations of the Treaty of 1871 are to be maintained, the Government of the United States would gladly co-operate with the Government of her Britannic Majesty in any effort to make those regulations a matter of reciprocal convenience and right, and a means of preserving the fisheries at their highest point of production, and conciliating community of interests by a just proportion of advantages and profits."

There will be a general concurrence in Earl Granville's opinion that the above expressions may be deemed "the basis of a practical settlement of the difficulty." Earl Granville has stated that her Majesty's Government "are quite willing to confer with the Government of the United States respecting the establishment of regulations, under which the subjects of both parties to the Treaty of Washington shall have full and equal enjoyment of any fishery, which under that treaty is to be used in common." When these regulations shall have been established, the claim for compensation can be more satisfactorily considered. The important point to ascertain is, whether the local statutes of Newfoundland are inconsistent with the express stipulations, or even with the spirit of the treaty, as if they are, it will be at once admitted by the people of the colonies that they would not be "in the category of those reasonable regulations, by which American in common with British fishermen ought to be bound." An impression seems to have been made on people in England that there has been an exhibition of discontent in Canada on the publication of Earl Granville's dispatch. This is a misapprehension, arising from expressions of opinion given before the publication of the text of the dispatch, which is quite satisfactory. It has always been acknowledged that in taking the law into their own hands the Newfoundland fishermen made a mistake, although it has been felt that, under the peculiar circumstances, there was

much to extenuate their conduct. The specific act of violence was the destruction of a seine, said to be worth from one to two hundred dollars, and this act was only perpetrated after remonstrance against violations of the law and the treaty. The Americans, although they have admitted that some regulations are necessary, and although they have not, so far as I have been able to ascertain, made any specific complaint against the laws of Newfoundland, rest their claim mainly on the ground that those laws are inoperative against their citizens, because they have not been consulted as to their propriety, although Mr. Secretary Evarts has admitted that some regulations are necessary, and has intimated his readiness to concur in such as may be deemed proper with a view to the preservation of the fisheries. It is desirable, under the circumstances stated, to establish the fact, that the American fishermen were not only violating the laws of Newfoundland, but were likewise acting in direct violation of the Treaty of Washington. In his argument before the Halifax Commission, Judge Foster, one of the United States counsel, spoke as follows :—

“No rights to do anything on the land are conferred on the citizens of the United States under this treaty, with the single exception of the right to dry nets and cure fish on the shores of the Magdalen Islands, if we did not possess that before; no right to land for the purpose of seining from the shore; no right to the strand fishery as it has been called; no right to do anything except water-borne on our vessels, to go within the limits, which had been previously forbidden.”

Again, the same counsel said :—

“So far as the herring trade goes, we could not, if we were disposed to, carry it on successfully under the provisions of the treaty, for this herring business is substantially a seining from the shore—a strand fishery as it is called, and we have no right anywhere conferred by this treaty to go ashore and seine herring, any more than we have to establish fish traps.”

It must be borne in mind that the foregoing statements are from the mouth of the counsel representing the United States before the Halifax Commission, and that the American fishermen were acting in direct violation of the treaty as interpreted by their own representative, as well as in a threefold violation of the colonial laws. One of these laws expressly prohibited fishing on Sunday, and it was on Sunday that the trouble arose at Long Harbour, Fortune Bay. Another law was violated by the joining together of two large seines, by which the entrance of the harbour was barred. Again, this act was done during the “close time” fixed by law, so that there were no less than three violations of the local law, irrespective altogether of the virtual abrogation of the treaty. It is not pretended that the Newfoundland fishermen were blameless in taking the law into their own hands, but it is claimed that the provocation was great, and the

extent of the injury trifling. It is desirable that the merits of this dispute should be clearly understood, as there has been an attempt made to fasten on the Newfoundland fishermen a much greater amount of blame than they really deserve. It must be borne in mind that the trespass was committed at a place where no means existed of resorting to duly constituted authorities, and, if it be established that the complainants were committing illegal acts, the offence must be held to be of a venial character. Whatever may be the ultimate decision as to the compensation to which the United States may be entitled for what has been termed the outrage at Fortune Bay, it may be hoped that a clear understanding will be arrived at between the two Governments as to the rights of the United States fishermen under the Treaty of Washington. Those rights, whatever they may be, will cease to exist at latest in the year 1885, and it is most important that the Government and people of England should clearly understand that the privilege of fishing in British waters is indispensably necessary to the United States, and that there is no desire whatever on the part of the British Colonies that it should be surrendered for a pecuniary consideration. The virtue of the fisheries is thoroughly appreciated, and no apprehension whatever is entertained as to any duties that may be imposed on imported fish, so long as American fishermen are excluded from British waters. The recent threat that duties would be imposed on fish entering the United States from the British Colonies was simply a declaration that the United States would abrogate the Treaty of Washington, in which case their fishermen could scarcely expect that they would be permitted to enjoy the privileges conferred on them by that treaty. It is most important that the bearing of the fishery question on the commercial relations between the two countries should be constantly borne in mind by the Government and people of England. When the last negotiations took place, the people of the United States were impressed with the belief that the award under the Treaty of Washington would be merely nominal, and they were consequently unwilling to make any concession in return for the valuable privileges conferred upon their fishermen. At the time when the treaty itself was under consideration, questions of much greater importance, such as the Alabama claims, were in controversy between the two nations, and it doubtless was deemed expedient not to insist on what the British Colonies have always maintained to be the only adequate return for the concession. Their views on this subject are entertained by influential classes in the United States, no stronger proof of which can be given than the readiness with which the Government of President Grant entered into the negotiations of 1874. It is mortifying in the extreme that writers possessed of the ability of Mr. Goldwin Smith should have lent themselves to the chimerical project of what

is termed "Commercial Union," the United States advocates of which distinctly avow that their object is annexation. No better proof can be given of the opposition of the Canadian people to political connection with the United States than the determination of the Government and Parliament of the Dominion to construct a railroad to the Pacific on British territory, while a parallel line is in course of construction in the United States. It is true that Mr. Goldwin Smith has expressed his opinion that Canada is paying about fifty-six million of dollars "for the political and military object of connecting the British provinces on the continent by a line running entirely through British territory," the consequence of which, he declares, "seems to us not unlikely to end in annexation on American terms." It cannot be denied that the expenditure affords tolerably convincing proof that the professor's forecasts of the future of the Dominion, which seem to have alarmed Mr. Anderson, have not produced a similar effect on the members of the Canadian Parliament. The papers contributed by Mr. Anderson and Mr. Clarke for the consideration of English readers have led me to submit the foregoing remarks, in the hope that they will be acceptable to those who desire, as I do, to maintain the integrity of the Empire.

F. HINCKS.

COBDEN'S FIRST PAMPHLETS.¹

It is not at the first glance very easy to associate a large and theorizing doctrine of human civilization with the name of one who was at this time a busy dealer in printed calicoes, and who almost immediately afterwards became the most active of political agitators. There may seem to be a certain incongruity in discussing a couple of pamphlets by a Manchester manufacturer as if they were the speculations of an abstract philosopher. Yet it is no strained pretension to say that at this time Cobden was fully possessed by the philosophic gift of feeling about society as a whole, and thinking about the problems of society in an ordered connexion with one another. He had definite and systematic ideas of the way in which men ought now to travel in search of improvement; and he attached new meaning and more comprehensive purpose to national life.

The agitations of the great Reform Act of 1832 had stirred up social aspirations, which the Liberal Government of the next ten years after the passing of the Act were utterly unable to satisfy. This inability arose partly from their own political ineptitude and want alike of conviction and courage; and partly from the fact that many of these aspirations lay wholly outside of the sphere of any government. To give a vote to all ten-pound householders, and to abolish a few rotten boroughs, was seen to carry the nation a very little way on the journey for which it had girded itself up. The party which had carried the change seemed to have sunk to the rank of a distracted faction, blind to the demands of the new time, with no strong and common doctrine, with no national aims, and hardly even with any vigorous personal ambitions. People suddenly felt that the interesting thing was not mechanism but policy, and unfortunately the men who had amended the mechanism were in policy found empty and without resource. The result of the disappointment was such a degree of fresh and independent activity among all the better minds of the time, that the succeeding generation, say from 1840 to 1870, practically lived upon the thought and sentiment of the seven or eight years immediately preceding the close of the Liberal reign in 1841. It was during those years that the schools were formed and the principles shaped, which have attracted to themselves all who were serious enough to feel the need of a school or the use of a principle.

(1) The following pages are a chapter from a forthcoming biography. The two pamphlets in question were published in 1835 and 1836. The writer was then engaged in business in Manchester, and was a little over thirty.

If the change in institutions which had taken place in 1832 had brought forth hardly any of the fruit, either bitter or sweet, which friends had hoped and enemies had threatened, it was no wonder that those who were capable of a large earnestness about public things, whether civil or ecclesiastical, turned henceforth from the letter of institutions to their spirit; from their form and outer framework to the operative force within; and from stereotyped catchwords about the social union to its real destination. It was now the day of ideals in every camp. The general restlessness was as intense among reflecting Conservatives as among reflecting Liberals; and those who looked to the past agreed with those who looked to the future, in energetic dissatisfaction with a sterile present. We need only look around to recognize the unity of the original impulse which animated men who dreaded or hated one another; and inspired books that were as far apart as a humoristic novel and a treatise on the Sacraments. A great wave of humanity, of benevolence, of desire for improvement—a great wave of social sentiment, in short—poured itself among all who had the faculty of large and disinterested thinking. The political spirit was abroad in its most comprehensive sense, the desire of strengthening society by adapting it to better intellectual ideals, and enriching it from new resources of moral power. A feeling for social regeneration, under what its apostles conceived to be a purer spiritual guidance, penetrated ecclesiastical common-rooms no less than it penetrated the manufacturing districts. It was in 1835 that Dr. Pusey threw himself with new heartiness into the movement at Oxford, that Dr. Newman projected Catenas of Anglican divines, and began to meditate Tract Ninety. In the opposite quarter of the horizon Mr. Mill was still endeavouring, in the *Westminster Review*, to put a new life into Radical politics by giving a more free and genial character to Radical speculations, and—a far more important task—was composing the treatise which gave a decisive tone to English ways of thinking for thirty years afterwards. Men like Arnold and like Maurice were almost intoxicated with their passion for making citizenship into something loftier and more generous than the old strife of Blues and Yellows: unfortunately they were so beset with prejudices against what they confusedly denounced as materialism and utilitarianism, that they turned aside from the open ways of common sense and truth to fact, to nourish themselves on vague dreams of a Church which, though it rested on the great mysteries of the faith, yet for purposes of action could only after all become an instrument for the secular teaching of Adam Smith and Bentham. To the fermentation of those years Carlyle contributed the vehement apostrophes of *Chartism* and *Past and Present*, glowing with eloquent contempt for the aristocratic philosophy of treadmills, gibbets, and thirty-nine Acts of Parliament.

"for the shooting of partridges alone," but showing no more definite way for national redemption than lay through the too vague words of Education and Emigration. Finally, in the same decade, the early novels of Charles Dickens brought into vivid prominence among the objects of popular interest such types of social outlawry as the parish apprentice, the debtor in prison, the pauper in the workhouse, the criminal by profession, and all the rest of that pitiful gallery. Dickens had hardly any solution beyond a mere Christmas philanthropy, but he stirred the sense of humanity in his readers, and from great imaginative writers we have no right to insist upon more.

Notwithstanding their wide diversity of language and of method, still to all of these rival schools and men of genius the ultimate problem was the same. With all of them the aim to be attained was social renovation. Even the mystics of Anglo-Catholicism, as I have said, had in the inmost recesses of their minds a clear belief that the revival of sacramental doctrine and the assertion of apostolic succession would quicken the moral life of the nation, and meet social needs no less than it would meet spiritual needs. Far apart as Cobden stood from these and all the other sections of opinion that I have named, yet his early pamphlets show that he discerned as keenly as any of them that the hour had come for developing new elements in public life, and setting up a new standard of public action. To Cobden, as to Arnold or to Mill, the real meaning of his activity was, in a more or less formal and conscious way, the hope of supplying a systematic foundation for higher social order, and the wider diffusion of a better kind of well-being. He had none of the pedantry of the doctrinaire, but he was full of the intellectual spirit. Though he was shortly to become the leader of a commercial movement, he never ceased to be the preacher of a philosophy of civilization; and his views on trade were only another side of views on education and morality. Realist as he was, yet his opinions were inspired and enriched by the genius of social imagination.

Some readers will smile when I say that no teacher of that day was found so acceptable or so inspiring by Cobden as George Combe. He had read Combe's volume before he wrote his pamphlets, and he said that "it seemed like a transcript of his own familiar thoughts."¹ Few emphatically second-rate men have done better work than the author of the *Constitution of Man*. That memorable book, whose principles have now in some shape or other become the accepted commonplaces of all rational persons, was a startling revelation when it was first published (1828), showing men that their bodily systems are related to the rest of the universe, and are subject to general and

(1) *Life of George Combe*, ii. 11.

inexorable conditions; that health of mind and character are connected with states of body; that the old ignorant or ascetical disregard of the body is hostile both to happiness and mental power; and that health is a true department of morality. We cannot wonder that zealous men were found to bequeath fortunes for the dissemination of that wholesome gospel, that it was circulated by scores of thousands of copies, and that it was seen on shelves where there was nothing else save the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress.

It is easy to discern the attraction which teaching so fresh and inspiring as this would have for a mind like Cobden's, constitutionally eager to break from the old grooves of things, alert for every sign of new light and hope in the sombre sky of prejudice, and confident in the large possibility of human destiny. To show, as Combe showed, that the character and motives of men are connected with physical predispositions, was to bring character and motive within the sphere of action, because we may in that case modify them by attending to the requirements of the bodily organization. A boundless field is thus opened for the influence of social institutions, and the opportunities of beneficence are without limit. There is another side on which Cobden found Combe's teaching in harmony with the impulses of his own temperament: it rests upon the natural soundness of the human heart, and its methods are those of mildness and lenity. In his intrepid faith in the perfectibility of man and society, Cobden is the only eminent practical statesman that this country has ever possessed, who constantly breathes the fine spirit of that French school in which the name of Turgot is the most illustrious.

The doctrine of the pamphlets has its avowed source in the very same spirit which has gradually banished violence, harshness, and the darker shapes of repression from the education of the young, from the treatment of the insane, from the punishment of criminals, and has substituted for those time-honoured but most ineffective processes, a rational moderation and enlightened humanity, the force of lenient and considerate example and calm self-possession. Non-intervention was an extension of the principle which, renouncing appeals through brute violence, rests on the nobler and more powerful qualities of the understanding and the moral nature. Cobden's distinction as a statesman was not that he accepted and applied this principle in a general way. Charlatans and marauders accept such principles in that way. His merit is that he discerned that England, at any rate, whatever might be true of Germany, France, or Russia, was in the position where the present adoption of this new spirit of policy would exactly coincide with all her best and largest interests. Now and at all times Cobden was far too shrewd and practical in his temper to suppose that unfamiliar truths will shine

into the mind of a nation by their own light. It was of England that he thought, and for England that he wrote; and what he did was not to declaim the platitudes of rose-coloured morality, but by reference to the hardest facts of our national existence and international relations, to show that not only the moral dignity, but the material strength, the solid interests, the real power of the country, alike for improvements within and self-defence without, demanded the abandonment of the diplomatic principles of a time which was as unenlightened and mischievous on many sides of its foreign policy, as everybody knows and admits it to have been in the schoolroom, in the hospital, and in the offices of the national revenue.

The pamphlets do not deal with the universe, but with this country. Their writer has been labelled a cosmopolitan,—usually by those who in the same breath, by a violent contradiction, reproached him for preaching a gospel of national selfishness and isolation. In truth Cobden was only cosmopolitan in the sense in which no other statesman would choose to deny himself to be cosmopolitan also; namely, in the sense of aiming at a policy which, in benefiting his own country, should benefit all the rest of the world at the same time. “I am an English citizen,” he would have said, “and what I am contending for is that England is to-day so situated in every particular of her domestic and foreign circumstances, that by leaving other governments to settle their own business and fight out their own quarrels, and by attending to the vast and difficult affairs of her own enormous realm and the condition of her people, she will not only be setting the world an example of noble morality which no other nation is so happily free to set, but she will be following the very course which the maintenance of her own greatness most imperatively commands. It is precisely because Great Britain is so strong in resources, in courage, in institutions, in geographical position, that she can, before all other European powers, afford to be moral, and to set the example of a mighty nation walking in the paths of justice and peace.”

Cobden's political genius perceived this great mark of the time, that, in his own words, “at certain periods in the history of a nation, it becomes necessary to review its principles of domestic policy, for the purpose of adapting the government to the changing and improving condition of its people.” Next, “it must be equally the part of a wise community to alter the maxims by which its foreign relations have in times past been regulated, in conformity with the changes that have taken place over the entire globe.”¹ Such a period he conceived to have come for England in that generation, and it had come to her both from her internal conditions, and from the nature of her connexions with the other nations of the

(1) Advertisement to *Russia* (1836).

globe. The thought was brought to him not by deliberate philosophizing, but by observation and the process of native good sense, offering a fresh and open access to things. The cardinal fact that struck his eye was the great population that was gathering in the new centres of industry in the north of England, in the factories, and mines, and furnaces, and cyclopean foundries, which the magic of steam had called into such sudden and marvellous being.

It was with no enthusiasm that he reflected on this transformation that had overtaken the western world, and in his first pamphlet he anticipated the cry, of which he heard more than enough all through his life, that his dream was to convert England into a vast manufactory, and that his political vision was directed by the interests of his order. "Far from nourishing any such *esprit-de-corps*," he says in the first pamphlet, "our predilections lean altogether in an opposite direction. We were born and bred up amid the pastoral charms of the south of England, and we confess to so much attachment for the pursuits of our forefathers, that, had we the casting of the parts of all the actors in this world's stage, we do not think we should suffer a cotton-mill or a manufactory to have a place in it. . . . But the factory system, which sprang from the discoveries in machinery, has been adopted by all the civilized nations in the world, and it is in vain for us to think of discountenancing its application to the necessities of this country; it only remains for us to mitigate, as far as possible, the evils that are perhaps not inseparably connected with this novel social element."

To this conception of the new problem Cobden always kept very close. This was always to him the foundation of the new order of things, which demanded a new kind of statesmanship and new ideas upon national policy. It is true that Cobden sometimes slips into the phrases of an older school, about the rights of man and natural law, but such lapses into the dialect of a revolutionary philosophy were very rare, and they were accidents. His whole scheme rested, if ever any scheme did so rest, upon the wide positive base of a great social expediency. To political exclusion, to commercial monopoly and restriction, to the preponderance of a territorial aristocracy in the legislature, he steadfastly opposed the contention that they were all fatally incompatible with an industrial system, which it was beyond the power of any statesman or any order in the country to choose between accepting and casting out.

Fifty years before this, the younger Pitt, when he said that any man with £20,000 a year ought to be made a peer if he wished, had recognised the necessity of admitting bankers and merchants to a share of the political dignity which had hitherto been confined to the great families. It had now ceased to be a question of a few peerages more or less for Lombard Street or Cornhill. Commercial interests

no less than territorial interests were now overshadowed by industrial interests; the new difficulties, the new problems, the new perils, all sprang from what had taken place since William Pitt's time, the portentous expansion of our industrial system.' Between the date of Waterloo and the date of the Reform Act, the power-looms in Manchester had increased from two thousand to eighty thousand, and the population of Birmingham had grown from ninety to one hundred and fifty thousand. The same wonders had come to pass in enormous districts over the land.

Cobden was naturally led to begin his survey of society as such a survey is always begun by the only kind of historian that is worth reading. He looked to wealth and its distribution, to material well-being, to economic resources, to their administration, to the varying direction and relative force of their currents. It was here that he found the key to the stability and happiness of a nation, in the sense in which stability and happiness are the objects of its statesmen. He declined to make any excuse for so frequently resolving questions of state policy into matters of pecuniary calculation, and he delighted in such business-like statements as that the cost of the Mediterranean squadron in proportion to the amount of the trade which it was professedly employed to protect, was as though a merchant should find that his traveller's expenses for escort alone were to amount to 6s. 8d. in the pound on his sales. He pointed to the examples in history, where some of the greatest and most revolutionary changes in the modern world had a fiscal or economic origin. And if Cobden had on his visit to Athens seen Finlay, he might have learnt from that admirable historian the same lesson on a still more imposing scale in the ancient world. He would have been told that even so momentous an event in the annals of human civilisation as the disappearance of rural slavery in Europe, was less due to moral or political causes than to such a decline in the value of the products of slave-labour as left no profit to the slave-owner. From the fall of the Roman Empire to the mortal decay of Spain, and the ruin of the ancient monarchy of France, history shows that Cobden was amply justified in laying down the principle that the affairs of a nation come under the same laws of common sense and homely wisdom which govern the prosperity of a private concern.

In material well-being he maintained, and rightly maintained, that you not only have the surest foundation for a solid fabric of morality and enlightenment among your people, but in the case of one of our vast and populous modern societies of free men, the only sure bulwark against ceaseless disorder and violent convulsion. It was not, therefore, from the side of emotional sympathy that Cobden started, but from that positive and scientific feeling for good order and right government which is the statesman's true motive and

deepest passion. The sentimental benevolence to which Victor Hugo and Dickens have appealed with such power, could give little help in dealing with the surging uncontrollable tides of industrial and economic forces. Charity, it is true, had been an accepted auxiliary in the thinly peopled societies of the middle ages; but for the great populations and complex interests of the western world in modern times, it is seen that prosperity must depend on policy and institutions, and not on the compassion of individuals.

It is not necessary that we should analyse the contents of pamphlets which any one may read through for himself in a few hours, and which well deserve to be read through even by those who expect their conclusions to be most repugnant. The pamphlet on *England, Ireland, and America*, is a development of the following thought:—A nation is growing up on the other side of the Atlantic which by the operation of various causes, duly enumerated by the writer, must inevitably at no distant date enter into serious competition with our own manufactures. Apart from the natural advantages possessed by this new competitor, there are two momentous disadvantages imposed upon the English manufacturer, which tend to disable him in the struggle with his formidable rival. These two disadvantages are—first, protection and the restriction of commerce; second, the policy of intervention in European feuds. The one loads us with a heavy burden of taxation and debt; the other aggravates the burden by limiting our use of our own resources. The place of Ireland in the argument, after a vivid and too true picture of the deplorable condition of that country, is to illustrate from the most striking example within the writer's own knowledge, "the impolicy and injustice of the statesmen who have averted their faces from this diseased member of the body politic; and at the same time have led us, thus maimed, into the midst of every conflict that has occurred on the continent of Europe." In fine, the policy of intervention ought to be abandoned, because it has created and continues to augment the debt, which shackles us in our industrial competition; because it has in every case been either mischievous or futile, and constantly so even in reference to its own professed ends; and because it has absorbed energy and resource that were imperiously demanded by every consideration of national duty for the improvement of the backward and neglected portions of our own realms.

In the second pamphlet the same principles are applied to the special case which the prejudice of the time made urgent. David Urquhart, a remarkable man, of prodigious activity, and with a singular genius for impressing his opinions upon all sorts of men from aristocratic dandies down to the grinders of Sheffield and the cobblers of Stafford, had recently published an appeal to England in favour of Turkey. He had furnished the ministers with argu-

ments for a policy to which they leaned by the instinct of old prejudice, and he had secured all the editors of the newspapers. Mr. Urquhart's book was the immediate provocation for Cobden's pamphlets. In the second of them the author dealt with Russia. With Russia we were then, as twenty years later and forty years later, and, as perhaps some readers of the next generation may write on the margin of this page, possibly sixty years later, urged with passionate imprecations to go to war in defence of European law, the balance of power, and the security of British interests.

Disclaiming a spirit of partiality for any principle of the foreign or the domestic policy of the Government of St. Petersburg, Cobden proceeded to examine each of the arguments by which it was then, as now, the fashion to defend an armed interference by England between Russia and Turkey. A free and pointed description, first of Turkey, and next of Russia, and a contrast between the creation of St. Petersburg and the decline of Constantinople, lead up to the propositions:—first, that the advance of Russia to the countries which the Turk once wasted by fire and sword, and still wastes by the more deadly process of misgovernment, would be a great step in the progress of improvement; second, that no step in the progress of improvement and the advance of civilisation can be inimical to the interests or the welfare of Great Britain. What advantage can it be to us, a commercial and manufacturing people, that countries placed in the healthiest latitudes and blessed with the finest climate in the world, should be retained in a condition which hinders their inhabitants from increasing and multiplying; from extracting a wealth from the soil which would enable them to purchase the products of western lands; and so from changing their present poverty-stricken and plague-stricken squalor, for the manifold enjoyment of their share of all the products of natural resource and human ingenuity? As for Russia, her treatment of Poland was cruel and unjust, but let us at least put aside the cant of the sentimental declaimers who, amid a cloud of phrases about ancient freedom, national independence, and glorious republic, obscure the fact that the Polish nation meant only a body of nobles. About nineteen out of every twenty of the inhabitants were serfs without a single civil or political right; one in twenty was a noble; and the Polish nobles were the vainest, most selfish, most cruelly intolerant, most violently lawless aristocracy of ancient and modern times. Let us join by all means in the verdict of murder, robbery, treason, and perjury which every free and honest nation must declare against Russia, Prussia, and Austria for their undissembled wickedness in the partition. Let us go further, and admit that the infamy with which Burke, Sheridan, and Fox laboured to overwhelm the emissaries of British violence in India, was justly earned at the very

same period by the minions of Russian despotism in Poland. But no honest man who takes the trouble to compare the condition of the true people of Poland under Russia, with their condition under their own tyrannical nobles a century ago—and here Cobden gives ample means of comparison—will deny that in material prosperity and in moral order of life the advance has been at least as great as in any other portion of the habitable globe. Apart from these historic changes, the Russo-maniac ideas of Russian power are demonstrably absurd. With certain slight modifications, Cobden's demonstration of their absurdity remains as valid now as it was forty years ago.

The keen and vigorous arguments by which Cobden attacked the figment of the balance of power are now tacitly accepted by politicians of all schools. Even the most eager partisans of English intervention in the affairs of other nations now feel themselves bound to show as plausibly as they can, that intervention is demanded by some peril to the interests of our own country. It is in vain that authors of another school struggle against Cobden's position, that the balance of power is not a fallacy nor an imposture, but a chimera, a something incomprehensible, undescribed, and indescribable. The attempted definitions of it fall to pieces at the touch of historic analysis. If we find the smaller states still preserving an independent existence, it is owing, Cobden said, not to the watchful guardianship of the balancing system, but to limits set by the nature of things to unduly extended dominion; not only to physical boundaries, but to the more formidable moral impediments to the invader—"unity of language, law, custom and traditions; the instinct of patriotism and freedom; the hereditary rights of rulers; and, though last, not least, that homage to the restraints of justice, which nations and public bodies have in all ages avowed, however they may have found excuses for evading it." •

That brilliant writer, the historian of the Crimean War, has described in a well-known passage what he calls the great Usage which forms the safeguard of Europe. This great Usage is the accepted obligation of each of the six Powers to protect the weak against the strong. But in the same page a limitation is added, which takes the very pith and marrow out of this moral and chivalrous Usage, and reduces it to the very commonplace principle that nations are bound to take care of themselves. For, says the writer, no Power is practically under this obligation, unless its perception of the wrong that has been done is reinforced by a sense of its own interests.¹ Then it is the self-interest of each nation which is the decisive element in every case of intervention, and not a general doctrine about the balance of power, or an alleged common usage of protecting the weak against the strong? But that is exactly what

(1) Kinglake, vol. i. ch. ii.

Cobden started from. His premise was that "no government has the right to plunge its people into hostilities, except in defence of their own honour and interests." There would seem then to be no difference of principle between the military and the commercial schools of foreign policy. The trader from Manchester and the soldier from Aldershot or Woolwich, without touching the insoluble, because only half intelligible, problem of the balance of power, may agree to discuss the propriety of a given war on the solid ground of national self-interest. Each will be affected by professional bias, so that one of them will be apt to believe that our self-interest is touched at a point which the other will consider too remote to concern us; but neither can claim any advantage over the other as the disinterested champion of public law and the rights of Europe. If there is a difference deeper than this, it must be that the soldier or the diplomatist of the old school has really in his mind a set of opinions as to the ends for which a nation exists, and as to the relations of class-interests to one another, of such a colour that no serious politician in modern times would venture openly to avow them.

If the two theories of the duty of a nation in regard to war are examined in this way, we see how unreasonable it is that Cobden's theory of non-intervention should be called selfish by those who would be ashamed to base an opposite policy on anything else than selfishness. "Our desire," Cobden said, "is to see Poland happy, Turkey civilised, and Russia conscientious and free: it is still more our wish that these ameliorations should be bestowed by the hands of Britain upon her less instructed neighbours: so far the great majority of our opponents and ourselves are agreed. *How* to accomplish this beneficent purpose, is the question whereon we differ." They would resort, as Washington Irving said in a pleasant satire on us, to the cudgel, to promote the good of their neighbours and the peace and happiness of the world. There is one unanswerable objection to this, Cobden answered: experience is against it; it has been tried for hundreds of years, and has failed. He proposed to arrive at the same end by means of our national example, by remaining at peace, vigorously pursuing reforms and improvements, and so presenting that spectacle of wealth, prosperity, power, and invincible stability, which reward an era of peace wisely and diligently used. Your method, he said, cannot be right, because it assumes that you are at all times able to judge what will be good for others and the world—which you are not. And even if your judgment were infallible, the method would be equally wrong, for you have no jurisdiction over other states which authorizes you to do them good by force of arms.

The source of these arguments lay in three convictions. First, the government of England must always have its hands full, in

attending to its domestic business. Second, it can seldom be sure which party is in the right in a foreign quarrel, and very seldom indeed be sure that the constituencies, ignorant and excitable as they are, will discern the true answer to that perplexing question. Finally, the government which keeps most close to morality in its political dealings, will find itself in the long-run to have kept most close to the nature of things, and to that success which rewards conformity to the nature of things. It followed from such reasoning as this that the author of the pamphlets denounced by anticipation the policy of compelling the Chinese by ships of war to open more ports to our vessels. Why, he asked in just scorn, should not the ships of war on their way out compel the French to transfer the trade of Marseilles to Havre, and thus save us the carriage of their wines through the Straits of Gibraltar? Where is the moral difference? And as to Gibraltar itself, he contended, that though the retention of conquered colonies may be regarded with some complacency, because they are reprisals for previous depredations by their parent states, yet England for fifty years at Gibraltar is a spectacle of brute violence, unmitigated by any such excuses. "Upon no principle of morality," he went on, "can this unique outrage upon the integrity of an ancient, powerful, and renowned nation be justified; the example, if imitated, instead of being shunned universally, would throw all the nations of the earth into barbarous anarchy." Here as everywhere else we see how wrong is the begetter of wrong, for if England had not possessed Gibraltar, she would not have been tempted to pursue that turbulent policy in the Mediterranean, which is still likely one day to cost her dear.¹

Again, the immoral method has failed. Why not try now whether commerce will not succeed better than war, in regenerating and uniting the nations whom you would fain improve? Let governments have as little to do with one another as possible, and let people begin to have as much to do with one another as possible. Of how many cases of intervention by England does every Englishman now not admit that they were monstrous and inexcusable blunders, and that if we had pursued the alternative method of doing the work of government well at home and among our dependencies, improving our people, lightening the burdens of commerce and manufactures, husbanding wealth, we should have augmented our own material power, for which great national wealth is only another

(1) It is perhaps not out of place to mention that several years ago, the present writer once asked Mr. Mill's opinion on the question of the possession of Gibraltar. His answer was that the really desirable thing in the case of strong places commanding the entrance to close seas is that they should be in the hands of a European League. Meanwhile, as the state of international morality is not ripe for such a League, England is perhaps of all nations least likely to abuse the possession of a strong place of that kind.

word; and we should have taught to the governments that had been exhausting and impoverishing themselves in war, the great lesson that the way to give content, enlightenment, and civil virtues to your people, and a solid strength to their government, is to give them peace. It is thus, Cobden urged, that the virtues of nations operate both by example and precept; and such is the power and rank they confer, that in the end "states will all turn moralists in self-defence."

These most admirable pages were no mere rhetoric. They represented no abstract preference, but a concrete necessity. The writer was able to point to a nation whose example of pacific industry, wise care of the education of her young, and abstinence from such infatuated intervention as ours in the affairs of others, would, as he warned us, one day turn us into moralists in self-defence, as one day it assuredly will. It is from the peaceful nation in the west, and not from the military nations in the east, that danger to our strength will come. "In that portentous truth, *The Americas are free*, teeming as it does with future change, there is nothing that more nearly affects our destiny than the total revolution which it dictates to the statesmen of Great Britain in the commercial, colonial, and foreign policy of our Government. America is once more the theatre upon which nations are contending for mastery; it is not, however, a struggle for conquest, in which the victor will acquire territorial domain—the fight is for commercial supremacy, and will be won by the cheapest."¹ Yet in the very year in which Cobden thus predicted the competition of America, and warned the English Government to prepare for it by husbanding the wealth of the country and educating its people, the same assembly which was with the utmost difficulty persuaded to grant ten thousand pounds for the establishment of normal schools, spent actually fifty times as much in

(1) "Looking to the natural endowments of the North American continent—as superior to Europe as the latter is to Africa—with an almost immeasurable extent of river navigation—its boundless expanse of the most fertile soil in the world, and its inexhaustible mines of coal, iron, lead, &c.:—looking at these, and remembering the quality and position of a people universally instructed and perfectly free, and possessing as a consequence of these, a new-born energy and vitality very far surpassing the character of any nation of the old world—the writer reiterates the moral of his former work, by declaring his conviction that it is from the west, rather than from the east, that danger to the supremacy of Great Britain is to be apprehended;—that it is from the silent and peaceful rivalry of American commerce, the growth of its manufactures, its rapid progress in internal improvements, the superior education of its people, and their economical and pacific government—that it is from these, and not from the barbarous policy or the impoverishing armaments of Russia, that the grandeur of our commercial and national prosperity is endangered. *And the writer stakes his reputation upon the prediction, that, in less than twenty years, this will be the sentiment of the people of England generally; and that the same conviction will be forced upon the Government of the country.*" If Cobden had allowed fifty years, instead of twenty, for the fulfilment of his prediction, he would perhaps have been safe.

interfering in the private quarrels of two equally brutal dynastic factions in Spain. Our great case of intervention, between the rupture of the peace of Amiens and the battle of Waterloo, had left a deep and lasting excitability in the minds of Englishmen. They felt that if anything were going wrong in any part of the world, it must be owing to a default of duty in the British Government. One writer, for instance, drew up a serious indictment against the Whigs in 1834, on the ground that they had only passed a Reform Bill and a Poor Law Bill at home, while abroad the Dutch question was undecided; the French were still at Ancona; Don Carlos was fighting in Spain; Don Miguel was preparing for a new conflict in Portugal; Turkey and Egypt were at daggers drawn; Switzerland was quarrelling about Italian refugees; Frankfort was occupied by Prussian troops in violation of the treaty of Vienna; Algiers was being made a French colony, in violation of French promises made in 1829; ten thousand Polish nobles were still proscribed and wandering all over Europe; French gaols were full of political offenders. This pretty list of wrongs it was taken for granted that an English ministry and English armies should make it their first business to set right. As Cobden said, if such ideas prevailed, the Whig government would leave Providence nothing to attend to. Yet this was only the *reductio ad absurdum* of that excitability about foreign affairs which the long war had left behind. The vulgar kind of patriotic sentiment leads its professors to exult in military interventions even so indescribably foolish as this. What Cobden sought was to nourish that nobler and more substantial kind of patriotism, which takes a pride in the virtue and enlightenment of our own citizens, in the wisdom and success of our institutions, in the beneficence of our dealings with less advanced possessions, and in the lofty justice and independence of our attitude to other nations.

No one claims for Cobden that he was the first statesman who had dreamed the dream and seen the vision of a great pacification. Everybody has heard of the Grand Design of Henry IV. of France, with its final adjustment of European alliances, and its august Senate of the Christian Republic. In the eighteenth century, so rich as it was in great humane ideas, we are not surprised to find more than one thinker and more than one statesman enamoured of the policy of peaceful industry, from the Abbé de Saint Pierre, who denounced Lewis XIV. for seeking aggrandizement abroad while destroying prosperity at home, down to Kant, who wrote an essay on perpetual peace; and to the French Encyclopædists, who were a standing peace party down to the outbreak of the Revolution. Apart from these utopias of a too hopeful philosophy, there is one practical statesman whom the historian of political opinion in England may justly treat as a precursor of Cobden's school. This is Lord Shelburne, the

political instructor of the younger Pitt. He was the first powerful actor in our national affairs in whom the great school of the Economists found a sincere disciple. It was to Morellet, the writer in the *Encyclopædia*, and the friend of Turgot, rather even than to Adam Smith and Tucker, that Shelburne professed to owe those views on peace and international relations which appeared in the negotiations of his government with France after the war with the American colonies, and which, alas! after a deplorable interval of half a century, the next person to enforce as the foundation of our political system was the author of the two Manchester pamphlets. In the speech which closed his career as a minister (1783), Shelburne had denounced monopoly as always unwise, but for no nation under heaven so unwise as for England. With more industry, he cried, with more enterprise, with more capital than any trading nation in the world, all that we ought to covet upon earth is free trade and open markets. His defence of the pacific policy as most proper for this country was as energetic as his enthusiasm for free trade, and he never displayed more vigour and conviction than when he attacked Pitt for allowing himself—and this was before the war with the French Republic—to be drawn again into the fatal policy of European intervention in defence of the integrity of the Turkish empire.

The reason why Shelburne's words were no more than a passing and an unheeded voice, while the teaching of Cobden's pamphlets stamped a deep impression on men's minds—which time, in spite of inevitable phases of reaction and the temporary recrudescence of bad opinions, has only made more definite—is the decisive circumstance which has already been sufficiently dwelt upon, that the huge expansion of the manufacturing interests had, when Cobden appeared, created a powerful public naturally favourable to the new principles, and raised what would otherwise have been only the tenets of a school into the programme of a national party.

As we shall see when we come to the Crimean War, the new principles did not at once crush out the old; it was not to be expected by any one who reflects on the strength of prejudice, especially prejudice supported by the consciousness of an honourable motive, that so sudden a change should take place. But the pamphlets are a great landmark in the history of politics in England, and they are still as well worth reading as they ever were. Some of the statements are antiquated; the historical criticism is sometimes open to doubt; there are one or two mistakes. But they are mostly like the poet's, who spoke of "*i miei non falsi errori*." If time has weakened their literal force, it has confirmed their real significance.

In a personal biography, it is perhaps not out of place to dwell in

conclusion on a point in the two pamphlets, which is of very secondary importance compared with their political teaching, and yet which has an interest of its own; I mean the literary excellence of these performances. They have a ringing clearness, a genial vivacity, a free and confident mastery of expression, which can hardly be surpassed. Cobden is a striking instance against a favourite plea of the fanatics of Latin and Greek. They love to insist that a collegian's scholarship is the great source and fountain of a fine style. It would be nearer the truth to say that our classical training is more aptly calculated to destroy the qualities of good writing and fine speaking than any other system that could have been contrived. Those qualities depend principally, in men of ordinary endowment, upon a certain large freedom and spontaneousness, and next upon a strong habit of observing things before words. These are exactly the habits of mind which our way of teaching, or rather of not teaching, Latin and Greek inevitably chills and represses in any one in whom literary faculty is not absolutely irrepressible. What is striking in Cobden is, that after a lost and wasted childhood, a youth of drudgery in a warehouse, and an early manhood passed amid the rather vulgar associations of the commercial traveller, he should, at the age of one-and-thirty, have stepped forth the master of a written style, which in boldness, freedom, correctness, and persuasive moderation, was not surpassed by any man then living. He had taken pains with his mind, and had been a diligent and extensive reader; but he had never studied language for its own sake.

It was fortunate for him that, instead of blunting the spontaneous faculty of expression by minute study of the verbal peculiarities of a Lysias or an Isocrates, he should have gone to the same school of active public interests and real things in which those fine orators had in their different degrees acquired so happy a union of homeliness with purity, and of amplitude with measure. These are the very qualities that we notice in Cobden's earliest pages; they evidently sprang from the writer's singular directness of eye, and eager and disinterested sincerity of social feeling, undisturbed as both these gifts fortunately were by the vices of literary self-consciousness.

EDITOR.

POLITICAL HEADS—CHIEFS, KINGS, ETC.

WHEN showing how respect for age generates patriarchal authority where descent through males has arisen, I gave cases which incidentally showed a further result; namely, that the dead patriarch, worshipped by his descendants, becomes a family deity. Afterwards were set forth at length the proofs, past and present, furnished by many places and peoples, of this genesis of gods from propitiated ghosts. Here there remains to be pointed out the strengthening of political headship inevitably thus effected.

Descent from a ruler who when alive was distinguished by superiority, and whose ghost, specially feared, comes to be propitiated in so unusual a degree as to distinguish it from ancestral ghosts at large, exalts and supports the living ruler in two ways. In the first place, he is assumed to inherit from his great progenitor more or less of the character, apt to be considered supernatural, which gave him his power; and, in the second place, making sacrifices to this great progenitor, he is supposed to maintain such relations with him as insure divine aid. Passages in Canon Callaway's account of the Amazulu, show the influence of this belief. It is said, "the Itongo [ancestral ghost] dwells with the great man, and speaks with him;" and then it is also said, referring to a medicine-man, "the chiefs of the house of Uzulu used not to allow a more inferior to be even said to have power over the heaven; for it was said that the heaven belonged only to the chief of that place." These facts yield us a definite interpretation of others, like the following, which show that the authority of the terrestrial ruler is increased by his supposed relation to the celestial ruler; be the celestial ruler the ghost of the remotest known ancestor who founded the society, or of a conquering invader, or of a superior stranger.

Of the chiefs among the Kukis, who are descendants of Hindoo adventurers, we read :—

"All these Rajahs are supposed to have sprung from the same stock; which it is believed originally had connection with the gods themselves; their persons are therefore looked upon with the greatest respect and almost superstitious veneration, and their commands are in every case law."

Of the Tahitians Ellis says :—

"The god and the king were generally supposed to share the authority over the mass of mankind between them. The latter sometimes impersonated the

former. . . . The kings, in some of the islands, were supposed to have descended from the gods. Their persons were always sacred."

According to Mariner, "*Toritonga* and *Veachi* (hereditary divine chiefs in Tonga,) are both acknowledged descendants of chief gods who formerly visited the islands of Tonga." And, in ancient Peru "the Ynca gave them (his vassals) to understand that all he did with regard to them was by an order and revelation of his father, the Sun."

This reinforcement of natural power by supernatural power, becomes extreme where the ruler is at once a descendant of the gods and himself a god: a union of attributes which is familiar among peoples who do not distinguish between the divine and the human as we do. It was thus in the case just instanced—that of the Peruvians. It was thus with the ancient Egyptians. The monarch "was the representative of the Divinity on earth, and of the same substance;" and not only did he in many cases become a god after death, but he was worshipped as a god during life; as witness the following prayer to *Rameses II.*

"When they had come before the king . . . they fell down to the ground, and with their hands they prayed to the king. They praised this divine benefactor . . . speaking thus:—'We are come before thee, the lord of heaven, lord of the earth, sun, life of the whole world, lord of time . . . lord of prosperity, creator of the harvest, fashioner and former of mortals, dispenser of breath to all men; animator of the whole company of the gods . . . thou former of the great, creator of the small . . . thou our lord, our sun, by whose words out of his mouth Tum lives . . . grant us life out of thy hands . . . and breath for our nostrils.'"

This prayer introduces us to a remarkable parallel. *Rameses*, whose powers, demonstrated by his conquests, were regarded as so transcendent, is here described as ruling not only the lower world but also the upper world; and a like royal power is alleged in two existing societies where absolutism is similarly unmitigated—China and Japan. As shown when treating of Ceremonial Institutions (§ 347) both the Emperor of China and the Japanese Mikado, have such supremacy in heaven, that they promote its inhabitants from rank to rank at will.

That this strengthening of political headship, if not by ascribed godhood then by ascribed descent from a god (either the apotheosized ancestor of the tribe or one of the elder deities), was exemplified among the early Greeks, needs not be shown. It was exemplified, too, among the Northern Aryans. "According to the old heathen faith, the pedigree of the Saxon, Anglian, Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish kings—probably also those of the German and Scandinavian kings generally—was traced to *Odin*, or to some of his immediate companions or heroic sons."

It is further to be noted that a god-descended ruler who is also chief priest of the gods (as he habitually is), obtains a more effectual supernatural aid than does the ruler to whom magical powers alone are ascribed. For in the first place the invisible agents invoked by the magician are not conceived to be those of highest rank; whereas the divinely-descended ruler is supposed to get the help of a supreme invisible agent. And in the second place, the one form of influence over these dreaded superhuman beings, tends much less than the other to become a permanent attribute of the ruler. Though among the Chibchas, we find a case in which magical power was transferred to a successor—though “the cazique of Sogamoso made known that he [Bochica] had left him heir of all his sanctity, and that he had the same power of making rain when he liked,” and giving health or sickness (an assertion believed by the people); yet this is an exceptional case. Speaking generally, the chief whose relations with the supernatural world are those of a sorcerer does not transmit his relations; and he does not therefore establish a supernatural dynasty, as does the chief of divine descent.

And now, having considered the several factors which co-operate to establish political headship, let us consider the process of co-operation through its ascending stages. The truth to be noted is that the successive phenomena which occur in the simplest groups habitually recur in the same order in compound groups, and again in doubly compound groups.

As, in the simple group, there is at first a state in which there is no headship; so, when simple groups which have political heads possessing slight authorities are associated, there is at first no headship of the cluster. The Chinooks furnish an example. Describing them Lewis and Clarke say:—“As these families gradually expand into bands, or tribes, or nations, the paternal authority is represented by the chief of each association. This chieftain, however, is not hereditary.” And then comes the further fact, which here specially concerns us, that “the chiefs of the separate villages are independent of each other:” there is no general chieftainship.

As headship in the simple group, at first temporary, ceases when the war which initiates it ends; so in the cluster of groups which severally have recognized heads, a common headship at first results from a war, and lasts no longer than the war. Falkner says—“In a general war, when many nations enter into an alliance against a common enemy,” the Patagonians “chose an Apo, or Commander-in-chief, from among the oldest or most celebrated of the Caciques.” The Indians of the Upper Orinoco live “in hordes of forty or fifty under a family government, and they recognize a common chief only in times of war.” So is it in Borneo. “During war

the chiefs of the Sarebas Dyaks give an uncertain allegiance to a head chief, or commander-in-chief." It has been the same in Europe. Seeley remarks that the Sabines "seem to have had a central government only in war time." Again, "Germany had anciently as many republics as it had tribes. Except in time of war, there was no chief common to all, or even to any given confederation."

This recalls the fact, indicated when treating of Political Integration, that the cohesion within compound groups is less than that within simple groups, and again that the cohesion within the doubly compound is less than that within the compound. What was there said of cohesion may here be said of subordination; for we find that when, by continuous war, a permanent headship of a compound group has been generated, it is less stable than the headships of the simple groups. Often it lasts only for the life of the man who achieves it; as among the Karens and the Maganga, and as among the Dyaks, of whom Boyle says—

"It is an exceptional case if a Dyak chief is raised to an acknowledged supremacy over the other chiefs. If he is so raised he can lay no claim to his power except that of personal merit and the consent of his former equals; and his death is instantly followed by the disruption of his dominions."

Even when there has arisen a headship of the compound group which lasts beyond the life of its founder, it remains for a long time not equal in stability to the headships of the component groups. Pallas, while describing the Mongol and Kalmuck chiefs as having unlimited power over their dependants, says that the khans had in general only an uncertain and weak authority over the subordinate chiefs. Of the Kaffirs we read:—"They are all vassals of the king, chiefs, as well as those under them; but the subjects are generally so blindly attached to their chiefs, that they will follow them against the king." Europe has furnished kindred examples. Of the Homeric Greeks Mr. Gladstone writes:—"It is probable that the subordination of the sub-chief to his local sovereign was a closer tie than that of the local sovereign to the head of Greece." And during the early feudal period in Europe, allegiance to the local ruler was stronger than that to the general ruler.

In the compound group, as in the simple group, the progress towards stable headship is furthered by the transition from succession by choice to succession by inheritance. During early stages of the simple tribe, chieftainship when not acquired by individual superiority tacitly yielded to, is acquired by election. In North America it is so with the Aleuts, the Comanches, and many more; in Polynesia it is so with the Land Dyaks; and, before the Mahommedan conquest, it was so in Java. Among the hill-races of India it is so with the Nagas and others. In some regions the transition to hereditary succession is shown by different tribes of the same

race. Of the Karens we read that "in many districts the chieftainship is considered hereditary, but in more it is elective." Some Chinook villages have chiefs who inherit their powers, though mostly they are chosen.

Similarly, the compound group is at first ruled by an elected head. Sundry examples come to us from Africa. Bastian says that "in many parts of the Congo region the king is chosen by the petty princes." The crown of Yariba is not hereditary: "the chiefs invariably electing, from the wisest and most sagacious of their own body." And the king of Ibu, says Allen, seems to be "elected by a council of sixty elders, or chiefs of large villages." In Asia it is thus with the Kukis—

"One, among all the Rajahs of each class, is chosen to be the Prudham or chief Rajah of that clan. The dignity is not hereditary, as is the case with the minor Rajahships, but is enjoyed by each Rajah of the clan in rotation."

So has it been in Europe. Though by the early Greeks hereditary right was in a considerable measure recognized, yet the case of Telemachus implies "that a practice, either approaching to election, or in some way involving a voluntary action on the part of the subjects, or of a portion of them, had to be gone through." The like is true of ancient Rome. That the monarchy was elective "is proved by the existence in later times of an office of *interrex*, which implies that the kingly power did not devolve naturally upon a hereditary successor." Later on it was thus with Western peoples. Up to the beginning of the tenth century "the formality of election subsisted . . . in every European kingdom; and the imperfect right of birth required a ratification by public assent." And it was once thus with ourselves. Among the early English the Bretwaldship, or supreme headship over the minor kingdoms, was at first elective; and the form of election continued long traceable in our history.

The stability of the compound headship, made greater by efficient leadership in war and by establishment of hereditary succession, is further increased when there co-operates the additional factor—supernatural origin or supernatural sanction. Everywhere, up from a New Zealand king who is strictly *tapu*, or sacred, we may trace this influence; and occasionally, where divine descent or magical powers are not claimed, there is a claim to origin that is more than human. Asia yields an example in the Fodli dynasty, which reigned 150 years in South Arabia—a six-fingered dynasty, regarded with awe by the people because of its continuously-inherited malformation. Europe of the Merovingian period yields an example. In pagan times the king's race had an alleged divine origin; but in Christian times, says Waitz, as they could no longer mount back to the gods, the myths still clung to the supernatural: "a sea-monster ravished the wife of Chlogio as she sat by the sea-shore, and from

this embrace Merovech sprang." Later days show us the gradual acquisition of a sacred or semi-supernatural character, where it did not originally exist. Divine assent to their supremacy was alleged by the Carolingian kings. During the later feudal age, rare exceptions apart, kings "were not far removed from believing themselves near relatives of the masters of heaven. Kings and gods were colleagues." In the 17th century this belief was justified by divines. "Kings," says Bossuet, "are gods, and share in a manner the divine independence." •

So that the headship of a compound group, first arising temporarily during war, becoming with frequent co-operation of the groups settled for life by election, passing presently into the hereditary form, and becoming more stable as fast as the law of succession becomes well-defined and undisputed, acquires its greatest stability only when the king becomes a deputy god, or when if his supposed god-like nature is not, as in primitive societies, derived from alleged divine descent, it is replaced by a divine commission guaranteed by ecclesiastical authority.

Where the political head has acquired this absoluteness which results from supposed divine nature, or divine descent, or divine commission, there is naturally no limit to his sway. In theory, and often to a large extent in practice, he is owner of his subjects and of the territory they occupy.

Where militancy is pronounced and the claims of a conqueror unqualified, it is indeed to a considerable degree thus with those uncivilized peoples who do not ascribe supernatural characters to their rulers. Among the Zulu Kaffirs the chief "exercises supreme power over the lives of his people;" "the Bheel chiefs have a power over the lives and property of their own subjects;" and in Fiji the subject is property. But it is still more thus where the ruler is considered more than human. Astley tells us that in Loango the king is "called *samba* and *pongo*, that is, god;" and, according to Proyart, the Loango people "say their lives and goods belong to the king." In Wasoro (East Africa) "the king has unlimited power of life and death . . . in some tribes . . . he is almost worshipped." In Msambara the people say "we are all slaves of the Zumbe (king), who is our Mulungu" [god]. "By the state law of Dahomey, as at Benin, all men are slaves to the king, and most women are his wives;" and in Dahomey the king is called "the spirit." The Malagasy speak of the king as "our god;" and he is lord of the soil, owner of all property, and master of his subjects. Their time and services are at his command." In the Sandwich Islands the king, personating the god, utters oracular responses; and his power "extends over the property, liberty, and

lives of his people." Various Asiatic rulers, whose titles ascribe to them divine descent and nature, stand in like relations to their peoples. In Siam "the king is master not only of the persons but really of the property of his subjects; he disposes of their labour and directs their movements at will." Of the Burmese we read "their goods likewise, and even their persons are reputed his [the king's] property, and on this ground it is that he selects for his concubine any female that may chance to please his eye." In China "there is only one who possesses authority—the Emperor. . . . A wang, or king, has no hereditary possessions, and lives upon the salary vouchsafed by the Emperor. . . . He is the only possessor of the landed property."

Of course, where unlimited power is possessed by the political head—where, as victorious invader, his subjects lie at his mercy, or where, as divinely descended, his will may not be questioned without impiety, or where he unites the characters of conqueror and god, he naturally absorbs every kind of authority: he is at once military head, legislative head, judicial head, ecclesiastical head. The fully developed king is the supreme centre of every social structure and the director of every social function.

In a small tribe it is practicable for the chief personally to discharge all the duties of his office. Besides leading the other warriors in battle, he has time enough to settle disputes, he can sacrifice to the ancestral ghost, he can keep the village in order, he can inflict punishment, he can regulate trading transactions; for those governed by him are but few and they lie within a narrow space. When he becomes the head of many united tribes, both the increased amount of business and the wider area covered by his subjects, put difficulties in the way of exclusively personal administration. It becomes necessary for him to employ others for the purposes of gaining information, conveying commands, seeing them executed; and in course of time the assistants thus employed become established heads of departments with deputed authorities.

While this development of governmental structures in one way increases the ruler's power, by enabling him to deal with more numerous affairs, it in another way decreases his power; for his actions are more and more modified by the instrumentalities through which they are effected. Those who watch the working of administrations, no matter of what kind, have forced upon them the truth that a head regulative agency is at once helped and hampered by its subordinate agencies. In a philanthropic association, a scientific society, or a club, those who govern find that the organized officialism which they have created, often impedes, and not unfrequently defeats, their aims. Still more is it so with the immensely larger administrations of the

State. Through deputies the ruler receives his information; by them his orders are executed; and as fast as his connexion with affairs becomes indirect, his control over affairs diminishes; until, in extreme cases, he either lapses into a puppet in the hands of his chief deputy or has his place usurped by him.

Strange as it seems, the two causes which conspire to give permanence to political headship, also, at a later stage, conspire to reduce the political head to an automaton, executing the wills of the agents he has created. In the first place, hereditary succession, when finally settled in some line of descent rigorously prescribed, involves that the possession of supreme power becomes independent of capacity for exercising it. The heir to a vacant throne may be, and often is, too young for discharging its duties; or he may be, and often is, too feeble in intellect, too deficient in energy, or too much occupied with the pleasures which his position offers in unlimited amounts; with the result that in the one case the regent, and in the other the chief minister, becomes the actual ruler. In the second place, that sacred character which he acquires from supposed divine ancestry, makes him inaccessible to the ruled. All intercourse with him must be through the agents with whom he surrounds himself. Hence it becomes difficult or impossible for him to learn more than they choose him to know; and there follows inability to adapt his commands to the requirements, and inability to discover whether his commands have been fulfilled. His authority is consequently used to give effect to the purposes of his agents.

Even in so relatively simple a society as that of Tonga, we find an example. There is an hereditary sacred chief who "was originally the sole chief, possessing temporal as well as spiritual power, and regarded as of divine origin," but who is now politically powerless. Abyssinia shows us something analogous. Holding no direct communication with his subjects, and having a sacredness such that even in council he sits unseen, the monarch is a mere dummy. In Gondar, one of the divisions of Abyssinia, the king must belong to the royal house of Solomon, but any one of the turbulent chiefs who has obtained ascendancy by force of arms, becomes a Ras—a prime minister or real monarch; but he requires "a titular emperor to perform the indispensable ceremony of nominating a Ras," since the name, at least, of emperor "is deemed essential to render valid the title of Ras." The case of Thibet may be named as one in which the sacredness of the original political head is dissociated from the claim based on hereditary descent; for the Grand Llama, considered as "God the Father," incarnate afresh in each new occupant of the throne, does not receive his divine nature by natural descent, but, receiving it supernaturally, is discovered among the people at large by certain indications of his godhood; and with his divinity, involv-

ing disconnexion with temporal matters, there goes absence of political power. A like state of things exists in Bhotan.

"The Dhurma Raja is looked upon by the Bhotanese in the same light as the Grand Lama of Thibet is viewed by his subjects—namely as a perpetual incarnation of the Deity, or Buddha himself in a corporeal form. During the interval between his death and reappearance, or, more properly speaking, until he has reached an age sufficiently mature to ascend his spiritual throne, the office of Dhurma Raja is filled by proxy from amongst the priesthood."

And then along with this sacred ruler there co-exists a secular one. Bhotan "has two nominal heads, known to us and to the neighbouring hill-tribes under the Hindoostanee names of the Dhurma and the Deb Rajas. . . . The former is the spiritual head, the latter the temporal one." Though in this case it is said that the temporal head has not great influence (probably because the priest-regent, whose celibacy prevents him from founding a line, stands in the way of unchecked assumption of power by the temporal head), still the existence of a temporal head implies a partial lapsing of political functions out of the hands of the original political head. But the most remarkable and at the same time most familiar example, is that furnished by Japan. Here the supplanting of inherited authority by deputed authority is exemplified, not in the central government alone, but in the local governments.

"Next to the prince and his family came the *karos* or 'elders.' Their office became hereditary, and, like the princes, they in many instances became effete. The business of what we may call the clan would thus fall into the hands of any clever man or set of men of the lower ranks, who, joining ability to daring and unscrupulousness, kept the princes and the *karos* out of sight; but surrounded with empty dignity, and, commanding the opinion of the bulk of the *samarai* or military class, wielded the real power themselves. They took care, however, to perform every act in the name of the *fainéants*, their lords, and thus we hear of . . . daimios, just as in the case of the Emperors, accomplishing deeds and carrying out policies of which they were perhaps wholly ignorant."

This lapsing of political power into the hands of ministers was, in the case of the central government, doubly illustrated. Successors as they were of a god-descended conqueror whose rule was real, the Japanese Emperors gradually became only nominal rulers; partly because of the sacredness which separated them from the nation, and partly because of the early age at which the law of succession frequently enthroned them. Their deputies consequently gained predominance. The regency in the ninth century "became hereditary in the Fujiwara [sprung from the imperial house], and these regents ultimately became all-powerful. They obtained the privilege of opening all petitions addressed to the sovereign, and of presenting or rejecting them at their pleasure." And then, in course of time, this usurping agency had its own authority usurped in like manner. Again succession by fixed rule was rigorously adhered to; and again seclusion entailed loss of hold on affairs. "High descent was the

only qualification for office, and unfitness for functions was not regarded in the choice of officials." Besides the Shôgun's four confidential officers, "no one else could approach him. Whatever might be the crimes committed at Kama Koura, it was impossible, through the intrigues of these favourites, to complain of them to the Seogoun." The result was that "subsequently this family . . . gave way to military commanders, who," however, often became instruments in the hands of other chiefs.

Though less definitely, this process was exemplified during early times in Europe. The Merovingian kings, to whom there clung a tradition of supernatural origin, and whose order of succession was so far settled that minors reigned, fell under the control of those who had become chief ministers. Long before Childeric, the Merovingian family had ceased really to govern.

"The treasures and the power of the kingdom had passed into the hands of the prefects of the palace, who were called 'mayors of the palace,' and to whom the supreme power really belonged. The prince was obliged to content himself with bearing the name of king, having flowing locks and a long beard, sitting on the chair of State, and representing the image of the monarch."

From the Evolution-standpoint we are thus enabled to discern the relative beneficence of institutions which, considered absolutely, are not beneficent; and are taught to approve as temporary that which, as permanent, we abhor. The evidence obliges us to admit that subjection to despotic rulers has been largely instrumental in advancing civilization. Induction and deduction alike prove this.

If, on the one hand, we group together those wandering headless hordes, belonging to different varieties of man, which are found here and there over the Earth, they show us that, in the absence of political organization, little progress has taken place; and if we contemplate those settled simple groups which have but nominal heads, we see that though there is some development of the industrial arts and some co-operation, the degree of advance is but small. If, on the other hand, we glance at those ancient societies in which considerable heights of civilization were first reached, we see them under autocratic rule. In America, purely personal government, restricted only by settled customs, characterized the Mexican, Central American, and Chibcha states; and in Peru, the absolutism of the divine king was unqualified. In Africa, ancient Egypt exhibited in the most conspicuous manner this connexion between despotic control and social evolution. Throughout the distant past it was repeatedly displayed in Asia, from the Accadian civilization downwards; and the still extant civilizations of Siam, Burmah, China, and Japan, re-illustrate it. Early European societies, too, were not characterized by centralized despotism, were still characterized by diffused patriarchal despotism. Only among modern peoples, whose

ancestors passed through the discipline given under this social form, and who have inherited its effects, is there arising an habitual dissociation of civilization from subjection to individual will.

The necessity there has been for absolutism is best seen on observing that, in the struggles for existence among societies, those have conquered which, other things equal, were the more subordinate to their chiefs and kings. And since in early stages, military subordination and social subordination go together, it results that, for a long time, the conquering societies continue to be the despotically-governed societies. Such exceptions as histories appear to show us, really prove the rule. In the conflict between Persia and Greece, the Greeks, but for a mere accident, would have been ruined by that division of councils which results from absence of subjection to a single head. And the habit of appointing a dictator when in great danger from enemies, implies that the Romans had discovered that efficiency in war requires absoluteness of control.

So that, leaving open the question whether, in the absence of war, primitive groups could ever have developed into civilized nations, we conclude that, under such conditions as there have been, those struggles for existence among societies which have gone on consolidating smaller into larger until great nations have been produced, necessitated the development of a social type characterized by personal rule of a stringent kind.

To make clear the genesis of this leading political institution, let us set down in brief the several influences which have conspired to effect it, and the several stages passed through.

In the rudest groups, resistance to the assumption of supremacy by any individual, habitually prevents the establishment of settled headship; though some influence is commonly acquired by superiority of strength, or courage, or sagacity, or possessions, or the experience which accompanies age.

In such groups, and in tribes somewhat more advanced, two kinds of superiority conduce more than all others to predominance—that of the warrior and that of the medicine-man. Often separate, but sometimes united in the same person, and then greatly strengthening his hands, both these superiorities tending to initiate political headship, continue thereafter to be important factors in the development of it.

At first, however, the supremacy acquired by great natural power, or supposed supernatural power, or both, is transitory—ceases with the life of one who has acquired it. So long as the principle of efficiency alone operates, political headship does not become settled. It becomes settled only when there co-operates the principle of inheritance.

The custom of reckoning descent through females, which characterizes many rude societies and survives in others that have made

considerable advances, is less favourable to establishment of permanent political headship than is the custom of reckoning descent through males; and in sundry semi-civilized societies distinguished by permanent political headships, inheritance through males has been established in the ruling house while inheritance through females survives in the society at large.

Beyond the fact that reckoning descent through males conduces to a more coherent family, to a greater culture of subordination, and to a more probable union of inherited position with inherited capacity, there is the more important fact that it fosters ancestor-worship, and the consequent re-inforcing of natural authority by supernatural authority. Development of the ghost-theory, leading as it does to special fear of the ghosts of powerful men, until, where many tribes have been welded together by a conqueror, his ghost acquires in tradition the pre-eminence of a god, produces two effects. In the first place his descendant, ruling after him, is supposed to partake of his divine nature; and in the second place, by propitiatory sacrifices to him, is supposed to obtain his aid. Rebellion hence comes to be regarded as alike wicked and hopeless.

The processes by which political headships are established repeat themselves at successively higher stages. In simple groups chieftainship is at first temporary—ceases with the war which initiated it. When simple groups that have acquired permanent political heads, unite for military purposes, the general chieftainship is but temporary. As in simple groups chieftainship is at the outset habitually elective, and becomes hereditary at a later stage; so, chieftainship of the compound group is at the outset habitually elective, and only later passes into the hereditary. Similarly in some cases where a doubly compound society is formed. Further, this later-established power of a supreme ruler, at first given by election and presently growing hereditary, is commonly less than that of the local rulers in their own localities; and where it becomes greater, it is usually by the help of ascribed divine descent or ascribed divine commission.

Where, in virtue of supposed supernatural origin or authority, the king has become absolute, and owning both subjects and territory exercises all powers, he is obliged by the multiplicity of his affairs to depute his powers. There follows a reactive restraint due to the political machinery he creates; and this machinery ever tends to become too strong for him. Especially where rigorous adhesion to the rule of inheritance brings incapables to the throne, or where ascribed divine nature causes inaccessibility save through agents, or where both causes conspire, power passes into the hands of deputies. The legitimate ruler becomes an automaton and his chief agent the real ruler, who, in some cases passing through parallel stages, himself becomes an automaton and his subordinates the rulers.

HERBERT SPENCER.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

It is hardly worth while at present to attempt to swell the enormous volume of comment which has naturally followed the disappearance of Lord Beaconsfield from the scene of human affairs. Every reader of a newspaper must by this time be heartily tired of the resounding Babel of judgments that have been passed at home and abroad upon that adventurous and dazzling career. Lord Beaconsfield's personal character and history deserve, as they are certain one day to find, a disinterested analysis which is not possible at a moment when the fire of political passion is still at red heat about events in which he was an actor. Whatever else this analysis of some future student of men may bring out, it will certainly not reduce Lord Beaconsfield to the size and quality of commonplace. What is surprising is that a personage who offers a subject of such extraordinary interest to the student of character, should have climbed to the highest summits of practical political power. The more irregular, fantastic, humoristic we find his genius to have been, the more amazing must we think it that he was actually accepted for several years as the responsible controller of serious affairs. The enigma is not hard to answer. Lord Beaconsfield's gifts as a parliamentary tactician had raised him to a chief place in his party at a moment when the country thought that its influence and position in the world had been unduly lowered. It was a moment of reaction against perseverance in sober and prudent counsels. External events furnished the occasion. Lord Beaconsfield, who was endowed with a singularly penetrating eye for opportunity, divined that the time had come for striking out into energetic adventure. The audacity of his political imagination and his courageous will were exactly fitted to gratify the national mood of the hour. Jingoism was the coarse and popular outside of his own aspiring and fantastic dreams. On the whole, when we look back upon the immense power which was lodged in his hands at Berlin, we may perhaps feel more inclined to be grateful that he abused it so little, than resentful that he ever possessed it. It is too soon to judge definitely the results of the Treaty of Berlin, but it is undeniable, as was said in these pages at the time, that the method and the point of view which Lord Beaconsfield set before him were marked by the characteristics of practical statesmanship, and, his aims were pursued with a firmness that commanded admiration even from unfriendly observers. The furious disappointment which the Berlin settlement provoked in the rabid section of politicians was the best testimony to its general merits. If Lord Beaconsfield could only

have stopped here he might have remained in power until now. But the satraps on the frontiers brought his fate. The invasion of Afghanistan and the invasion of Zululand shook all confidence alike in the principles of his policy and in his personal power. His attitude towards Ireland completed the process of repulsion. And yet Mr. Disraeli deserves no small honour for the profoundest saying that has ever been uttered about Ireland—the famous saying that it is the business of the English statesman to confer upon Ireland by policy what, if she were strong enough, she would gain for herself by revolution.

It is clear from the events of the last few days that Lord Beaconsfield had made an impression on the public mind which even a few years ago would have seemed incredible, and which as it is appears very striking to those who have long followed his strange career. A generation has had time to grow up which never knew anything at first-hand of the odd position of Mr. Disraeli among his contemporaries, and which is now content to set down all that it has heard of an unfavourable kind to political envy or literary malice. We will not stop to inquire how much the newspapers have had to do with the creation of a sort of artificial *furor*. It is evidently now in the power of the newspaper press to give whatever dimensions its conductors may think fit to any transaction of the day. If they choose to give an extraordinary prominence to any event whatever from the death of a statesman to the perpetration of outrage in Ireland, it may be made to assume entirely unreal and misleading proportions in men's minds and talk. It has happened more than once within the last few years that when English society seemed to foreign observers to be making a fool of itself in this or that direction, the excitement was in truth entirely confined to the columns of the newspapers. The difference between a great affair and a small one thus becomes in a considerable degree a matter of accident. This remark is not meant to disparage the impression which has been made by Lord Beaconsfield's death, but we may admit that a portion of what passed for a national shock was in truth only the natural excitement produced by having something to tell and to hear. Then, again, there is nothing in a country like ours that gives such immense vogue and interest to a man's name, as that it should be the rallying-cry of a political party. But when all considerations of this kind have been taken fully into account, it still remains clear that Lord Beaconsfield had at last made a curious impression on the country. That it was not deep or serious is shown by the overwhelming force with which he was condemned at the elections only a year ago. There is no sign that the current of political resentment which swept Lord Beaconsfield from power has lost any of its intensity. We must assume that the demonstrative spirit evoked by the death

of the Conservative leader has been comparatively superficial, and is associated less with his acts as a statesman than with the traits of an extraordinary personality.

The great political event of the month has been the introduction of an organic measure, the second in less than a dozen years, for resettling the social economy of Ireland. Its provisions were explained by Mr. Gladstone (April 7) in a speech which will not be reckoned among his more powerful efforts, but which for its own purposes was adequate and sufficient. A measure of such scope and complication cannot be intelligibly set forth in a single speech, even by Mr. Gladstone; it demands close, patient, and laborious attention for the mastery of its details, and even after a good many hours of attention of this sort, a politician might still be likely to find himself unable to stand the test of an examination at the hands of the Civil Service Commissioners, as to the effect of all the clauses and sub-clauses. The general features of the Land Bill, it is true, are plain enough, and have already been made reasonably clear to common apprehension. The great difficulty with which even more than moderately sensible and careful English students of the Bill can bring themselves to any judgment in which they can feel firm confidence, only shows how hard it must always be for an English parliament, where Irish opinion is so far from being decisive as to be barely taken into account at all, to make really good working laws for Ireland. There can be no better argument for extending to Ireland more of the same kind of self-government that has long been given to Scotland, than the obscure twilight in which the actual intent and effect of Mr. Gladstone's Bill looms before the minds of five ordinary members of parliament out of six.

That division of it which deals with the purchase of their holdings by occupiers is easily understood, and it may be said that so far this division has been received with approval on every side. There are those who view with a certain misgiving the prospect of the State becoming to any considerable extent the creditor of the Irish cultivator; they predict the transfer to the State of that odium which now attaches to the landlord, and even to that still more unpopular sub-species, the absentee landlord. On the other hand, there are those who insist that the occupier who desires to purchase his holding should receive from the State, not only three-quarters, but the entirety of the sum required. But, on the whole, this is the part of the Bill which falls in most easily with our common ideas of ownership, which least violates economic and juristic principles as they are popularly understood, and which has been approved both by landlords and the Land League as going closest to the root of the matter. There is another, and comparatively subordinate division of the Bill, against which the

opinion of the popular party in Ireland—not merely the Leaguers, but the popular party as a whole—is exceedingly strong, and almost violent. This is the division dealing with emigration. The opposition to emigration, apart from the merits of the question itself, or the particular provision offered by the Bill, is perfectly natural and intelligible to any one who considers the historic associations of that particular solution of Irish difficulties. Emigration stands in the mind of the Irish peasant for all that is heartless and cruel. The recklessness with which the process was carried out a generation ago, and the obstinacy with which the preachers of the gospel of political economy according to landlords have always adhered to it, and enforced it as the one true remedy for the Irish complaint, are quite enough to account for the strong dislike with which the Irish cultivator sees the old method forming even a minor feature in the new scheme.

The real stress of the discussion, however, turns for obvious reasons upon that great division of the Bill which assumes that the relation of landlord and tenant will continue, and establishes it upon a new footing. Amid the cloud of difficult and intricate criticisms which are properly offered by experts of various kinds, the English politician can only find a safe footing by keeping a hold of the one paramount aim of the measure. The objects which the authors of this kind of legislation seek is to give the Irish peasant such a sense of security, such reasonable certainty of reaping what he has sown, that he shall have every motive to practise industry, skill, forethought, and self-denial, and every ground for knowing that if his lot is hard, it is nobody's fault but his own. If he can only do this, it is contended, then you will be really setting the Irish people on the path of material prosperity and political quietude. Hitherto, as Mill said, alone of all working people, the Irish cottier neither gained anything by industry and frugality, nor lost anything by idleness and reckless multiplication. That he was not industrious and frugal without motive, is a very bad reason for apprehending that if you apply to him the same strong motives he will be less industrious and frugal than others in whom they have produced this desirable result. The same reasoning bears upon the political disposition of the Irish tenant. Give him the means of promoting his own material prosperity, and he will then have an occupation for his faculties which will rapidly throw his political sentiments into the background. He will never view the English connection with anything like cordiality, but he will come to acquiesce in it in a certain fashion, first because it will no longer represent an economic system which with good reason he detests, and second because he will have something better to do with his time and his capacity of interest in attending to his own business, than in listening to the seductions of

the merely political agitators. If the peasants were reasonably well off, there would be no Fenians on this side of the Atlantic.

That, at any rate, is the hope and the contention of the authors of the Land Bill. The object of the proposed law is to give to every tenant of an agricultural holding in Ireland the possibility of continuing for ever as the occupier of his holding, at such a rent as an impartial outside authority shall consider to be fair. This is the backbone of the Bill, and it is upon this that attention ought to be kept steadily fixed. It is easy to insist upon the shortcomings of the measure, and there is no reason why they should not be insisted upon, provided that the objector is prepared with practical ideas, of one kind or another, for repairing them. The Land League, for example, profess a good deal of indignation because nothing is done for the landless labourers. Some complain that there are no provisions for the compulsory sale of lands of corporate bodies. Others would like to see absentees placed under specially disadvantageous conditions. Then there is infinite room for difference of opinion on a multitude of sub-clauses. The tenant, it is said, is too much hampered in his power to sell his interest in his holding. Why should the holders of leases which were tyrannically forced upon them be shut out from the rights and privileges that are conferred upon other people? Why should a landlord be able to compel the tenant to sell his interest in the holding to himself, for purposes decided to be for the good of the holding or the estate? Why should non-payment of rent at the appointed time involve compulsory surrender of the holding? These are among the objections raised on one side. On the other side they are louder, but less specific. You are giving to the tenant, it is urged, a property which was not his, and which he has never earned. You are gratuitously transforming a tenant from year to year into a copyholder, and by the same process you are reducing the landlord, even if he have acquired his lands by a parliamentary title on payment of hard cash with a view to lawful and meritorious investment,—you are reducing him to the position of a mere rent-charger, without duties or prospective increment, or any other of the objects of his just and reasonable expectations. More than this, it is urged that one of the provisions (clause 7, § 3) leads directly to an undeniable confiscation of a portion of the landlord's rent, and therefore of the capital value of his property. You hint that the principles of political economy are only fit for Jupiter and Saturn, and you think that you have banished them, but in a very few days after the passing of the Act you will find them in just as lively operation in Ireland as they ever were; for the same law of supply and demand which enables the landlord to exact a competitive rent, will equally impose a competitive price on the good-will which the occupier of the holding will be able hence-

forth to sell, with no restriction worth speaking of, to the highest bidder.

On the whole, the result of all these objections is a doubt whether the Government would not have been wiser to adopt a scheme of greater simplicity. There is a danger lest the anxiety, conscientious and laudable as it is, to balance interests and to give something on every side, may lead to a result as unsatisfactory in the long-run, if not to parliament in the meantime, as would have followed from the University Education Bill of 1873, which was also emphatically a measure of balance and check and counter-check. If it be asked what practicable scheme could have possessed more of this desirable element of simplicity, we need not go further than Mr. Mill's plan, which was thought so visionary in 1869, but which will seem very considerably less so in the light of the exigencies and the proposals of to-day.

"What the case requires is simply this. We have had commissions under the authority of Parliament, to commute for an annual payment the burthen of tithe, and the variable obligations of copyholders. What is wanted in Ireland is a commission of a similar kind to examine every farm which is let to a tenant, and commute the present variable for a fixed rent. It must be ascertained in each case, as promptly as is consistent with due investigation, what annual payment would be an equivalent to the landlord for the rent he now receives (provided that rent be not excessive) and for the present value of whatever prospect there may be of an increase, from any other source than the peasant's own exertions. This annual sum should be secured to the landlord under the guarantee of law. He should have the option of receiving it directly from the national treasury, by being inscribed as the owner of Consols sufficient to yield the amount.¹ Those landlords who are the least useful in Ireland, and on the worst terms with their tenantry, would probably accept this opportunity of severing altogether their connection with the Irish soil. Whether this was the case or not, every farm not farmed by the proprietor would become the permanent holding of the existing tenant, who would pay either to the landlord or to the State the fixed rent which had been decided upon; or less, if the income which it was thought just that the landlord should receive were more than the tenant could reasonably be required to pay. The benefit, to the cultivator, of a permanent property in the soil, does not depend on paying nothing for it, but on the certainty that the payment cannot be increased; and it is not even desirable that, in the first instance, the payment should be less than a fair rent. If the land were let below its value, to this new kind of copyholder, he might be tempted to sublet it at a higher rent, and live on the difference, becoming a parasite supported in idleness on land which would still be farmed at a rack-rent. He should therefore pay the full rent which was adjudged to the former proprietor, unless special circumstances made it unjust to require so much. When such circumstances existed, the State must lose the difference;

(1) Mill by this did not mean that the State was to buy the land, but that the landlords should be allowed, as a convenience and consideration, to receive their rents from the public treasury.

or if the Church property, after its resumption by the State, yielded a surplus beyond what is required for the secular education of the people, the remainder could not be better applied to the benefit of Ireland than in this manner."

" . . . Only one precaution is necessary. For years, perhaps for generations, he should not be allowed to let the land by competition or for a variable rent. His lessee must acquire it, as he himself did, on a permanent tenure, at an unchangeable rent, fixed by public authority; but the substituted, like the original holder, may have the full interest of a proprietor in making the most of the soil."¹

It will be seen that there is not one of the great and fundamental economic and political objections to Mill's scheme which does not apply with at least equal force to one or other of the main sets of provisions contained in Mr. Gladstone's Bill. Mill's scheme, on the other hand, is free from all those objections on the ground of complexity, injustice to the landlords, encouragement of unbounded litigation, and so forth, which are now urged against the measure of the Government. It is not at all probable that Mr. Gladstone will go much farther in the direction of a plan of this bold and comprehensive kind than he has gone already. What is more likely to happen is that the complexity of its provisions will offer too many chances of impairing the security at which the Bill aims. One thing at any rate is strongly to be desired, with a view to making the present settlement last as long as possible, namely that the Bill should be allowed to pass without any material curtailment. It is the interest of both parties, alike in Ireland and in England, that something should be done that will really content and pacify the Irish cultivators, and there is no reason why it should not be done without inflicting any injustice on the Irish landlords. A further change in the relations between landlord and tenant may be inevitable. It is difficult to think otherwise, because though the tenant may find the wording of Mr. Gladstone's scheme satisfactory, the landlords will be more and more unwilling to accept the dubious position in which it may place them. But however this may turn out, there is every ground for so doing what we are doing now that a long interval may elapse before we are called upon to attack the same task again.

The situation in the Transvaal continues to present occasion for serious misgiving. By the treaty of Prospect Hill, the Boer triumvirate agreed to leave the settlement of all outstanding questions to a British Commission, subject to the general understanding that the independence and self-government of the Boers were not to be interfered with, and that a certain portion of territory inhabited

(1) For Mr. Mill's defence of this scheme against Mr. Lowe and others, see his little volume (not to be confounded with the pamphlet *England and Ireland*), entitled *The Irish Land Question*, p. 116, 120, etc.

almost exclusively by native tribes to the North-East should, if necessary, no longer form part of the Transvaal Republic. The question of the necessity of this cession of territory as well as the extent of territory to be ceded was left to the Commission. Messrs. Kruger, Joubert, and Pretorius no doubt hoped that the Commission would see the necessity of leaving their territory intact, but it was understood in this country that the decision in favour of such a cession was practically a foregone conclusion. The great majority of the Boers, however, unquestionably believed that their territory was to be restored to them as before. Many of those who are best informed concerning South African affairs are of opinion that if the Commissioners should determine to sever the North-Eastern districts from the Republic an attempt will be made by force of arms to set the decision aside. The Boers, who although patriotic and brave, are ignorant and obstinate men, may give us more serious trouble than we have yet experienced, before the affairs of the Transvaal are finally settled. There is, as was inevitable, considerable friction between the Boers and the English settlers in the Republic, and the latter make the most of the opportunity, afforded by the presence of sympathizing newspaper correspondents, to make known their irritation and indignation to the public at home. The Native question, on which English opinion is honourably sensitive, is made use of by designing speculators to excite humanitarian indignation against the rough and overbearing Boer, in the hope of reopening a quarrel from which they have everything to gain and little to lose. The only hope of the pacification of the country is to be found in the wisdom, prudence, and sagacity of the British Commissioners. They are men of experience. They are on the spot. They are at least as able to see the cloven foot of the land-grabber behind the philanthropic garb of light in which the scheming speculators have arranged themselves, as any one in this country. One of them at least is strongly in sympathy with the Boers, and they are all fully aware of the anxious desire of the British Government to make as full and satisfactory amends for the past as are compatible with safety in the future. If they cannot devise a *modus vivendi* between the rival races in the Transvaal the problem may be abandoned as insoluble, and the Gordian knot will have again to be severed by the sword.

The revolutionists who murdered the Czar on the thirteenth of last month, after a long and patient trial in open court, were condemned to death. Five were hanged on Good Friday morning; the other, a Jewess, was respited until after her approaching confinement. The regicides met their fate with composure, sus-

tained to the last by the consciousness that, as one of them said, they had sacrificed all, even life itself, to make the world less miserable than they had found it. One of those executed, Sophie Peroffsky, young, well-born, of superior education, and of fearless resolution, excited sympathy even among those who most condemned her crime. Among those who shared her views her execution encircled her brow with the aureole of martyrdom, and Sophie Peroffsky became a saint in the revolutionary calendar, and the thought of her fate has deepened and intensified the passionate hatred with which the revolutionary party regard the existing regime.

The Russian Government, anxious to defend itself more effectively against the danger which threatened it from within, entertained the notion that its internal security could be most effectively attained by external repression. The plans of the revolutionists were believed to be matured in foreign capitals. The bombs that destroyed the Czar were said—falsely as it turned out—to be manufactured in London. The assassination was said to have been arranged in Geneva. These miscreants, it was urged, enjoyed the protection and the patronage of the Western world. Why should they be allowed to use the soil of foreign countries as an asylum where they could plot with impunity the destruction of social order and the assassination of their own ruler? If the Governments would but combine against the men who are the deadly foes of all Governments, then the Czar would be able to drive through his capital in safety, and repose in palaces which should not be honeycombed with explosive mines. It was a delusive dream, but it is not surprising that it had a fascination for the Governments of Berlin and St. Petersburg. An opportunity seemed to have arisen of bringing to account the universal outburst of horror evoked by the assassination of the Czar, for the purpose of establishing an international agreement for protection against the forces of anarchy, nihilism, and socialism in all lands. A wild scheme of abolishing the right of asylum for all Russian subjects, which would have made the whole of Europe unsafe for the disaffected Muscovite, was mooted in some of the papers, but it soon gave ground to a more serious proposal which may before long afford matter for more exciting debates than any which have been before Parliament and the country since the war fever of 1878. Russia and Germany, with and without Austria, are believed to have agreed to press on all the other Powers an invitation to an International Congress at Brussels or Berlin for the purpose of concocting the practical measures against the enemies of society. The nature of these measures is not clearly defined, but if, as is generally believed, they involve a limitation of the right of asylum, there is no doubt that the English Government will reply to the invitation to the Conference by a courteous but resolute

refusal. The course is not without inconveniences that may even be dangerous, but on that subject England has surely made up her mind.

During the month the Greek question has advanced a stage nearer a final solution. On the 7th of April, the ambassadors of the Powers, after a long and tedious process of negotiation at Constantinople to ascertain the maximum that the Turks would yield to avert an immediate collision with Greece, drew up a collective note to the Greek Government specifying the utmost that they had been able to secure for Greece by their representations at the Porte. The Note glides as dexterously as possible over the abandonment of the frontier line traced at Berlin. Its phrasology is curious and suggestive. "The conclusions of the Berlin Conference, not having been able to receive, 'par la force des choses,' the pacific execution that the Cabinets had in view, they directed their representatives at Constantinople to select the frontier line which appeared to answer best to the necessities of the situation." They had, therefore, unanimously decided to recommend to their Governments a new frontier line which, while conceding to Greece almost the whole of Thessaly, left under Turkish rule nearly all Epirus, including the coveted positions of Janina and Metzovo. Of the twenty thousand square kilometres allotted to Greece at the Berlin Conference, the circular note offered her only fourteen thousand, the other six thousand being left in the hands of the Turks apparently as a reward for the disregard with which they treated the recommendations of the Powers. The new frontier thus unanimously agreed upon by the ambassadors as best meeting the necessities of the situation, corresponds almost exactly with the frontier offered by the Turks, the only difference being the cession of Punta, the disarmament of the fortifications of Prevesa, and the free navigation of the Gulf of Arta, which were added by the ambassadors to the offer of the Porte. In the ceded territory, the Greeks were required to give special guarantees in favour of the Mussulmans, both as to liberty of worship and the rights of property. The Powers informed the Greeks that the new frontier was formally substituted for that defined at Berlin as embodying the supreme decision of Europe, and the Cabinet of Athens was exhorted to accept the solution on penalty of alienating the sympathies of Europe and exposing Greece to complete isolation. If Greece yielded to the unanimous wish of Europe, the mediating Powers engaged to watch over its execution in order to facilitate the peaceful acquisition by the Hellenic Government of the ceded territory.

The indignation at Athens on receipt of the official notification that the Powers had receded from the position they had taken up at Berlin was naturally intense. The Greeks declared loudly they had been betrayed, and for some days nothing was heard but bellicose

protestations that the terms of the Powers were "impossible." To Greece had been awarded Thessaly and Epirus by the solemn decree of unanimous Europe, and Thessaly and Epirus she would have. To the Epirotes had been promised their liberation at the hands of Greece. The Powers might shrink back before the obstinacy of the Turks, but free Greece could not abandon her enslaved brethren to suit the convenience of Europe. She had placed her whole male population under arms, mortgaged all her resources, and emptied her exchequer in order to execute the will of Europe as pronounced at Berlin. She neither would nor could recognise the right of Europe to modify its decision at Constantinople. So vehement were the protestations of the Greeks that all the representatives of the Powers at Athens are said to have informed their respective Governments that nothing but coercion could induce the Greeks to accept the new frontier. The foreign ministers at Athens did not define what they meant by coercion, but it was generally understood that it involved the dispatch of iron-clads to the Piræus to convince the Greeks that their Government had no option but to obey a decree which Europe had determined to enforce. Some of the Powers—England among the rest—shrank from "putting a strait-jacket upon Greece," even to save her from suicide, and it was resolved that while pressure should be applied without stint to the Government, it should not be made visible and palpable to the people; in other words, that the pressure should be diplomatic and not naval. Diplomatic pressure can be appreciated by sovereigns and statesmen, and it is not surprising that after five days' delay M. Coumoundouros replied to the Collective Note of the Powers by a circular which in an evasive, ambiguous, conditional fashion, intimated that the Greek Government was prepared to abide by the decision of the Powers. He accompanied this intimation by an inquiry whether the peaceful condition of the ceded territories would be executed within a brief specified period. He asked, further, what was the nature of the guarantees that the Powers were prepared to offer, and concluded by declaring that Greece would never abandon the Hellenes of Epirus.

The abandonment by the Government of the attitude of uncompromising hostility to every modification of the Berlin frontier created a storm among the people which seemed not unlikely to have serious results. The refusal of the Powers to accompany their diplomatic pressure by a naval demonstration placed the Greek Government in the dangerous and unpopular position of having yielded to remonstrances which the Turks had defied with impunity, and of having sacrificed the freedom of Epirus to the convenience of Europe. There was no manifest *force majeure* to excuse the submission, and its absence brought Greece to the verge of a revolution. On Sunday, the 17th, a great popular demonstration was held in favour of war,

and so serious was the attitude of the people that the King thought it prudent to betake himself to the Piræus. His ministers deliberated behind strong detachments of gendarmerie, the troops were held ready for instant action, and orders were given that the streets should be cleared, if need be, by artillery. Thanks to these precautions, and to the somewhat disingenuous assurances of M. Coumoundouros that he had not accepted the proposals of the Powers, the crisis passed off without developing into a revolution, but the situation is still exceedingly strained, and he would be a bold man who would venture to predict that Greece will escape without either revolution or war.

When affairs at Athens were in this state of tension, the Albanian insurrection suddenly assumed a much more dangerous phase, owing to the attempt of Dervish Pasha to restore the authority of the Sultan in the districts around Uskub, Prisrend, and Pristina, where, for many months, the Albanian League has been the real master of the country. He entered Upper Albania with ten thousand men, and near Uskub encountered, in what appears to have been, a somewhat sanguinary encounter, Ali Pasha of Gussinge at the head of fifteen thousand Albanians. Dervish, who is one of the ablest and wariest of Turkish commanders, defeated the Albanians, but his victory cost him so dear that the whole of the Turkish garrison of Salonica had to be hurried up by railway to Uskub to reinforce his shattered ranks. More important, however, than the immediate result of the battle was the excitement occasioned by a collision between the Sultan's army and the forces of the Albanian League. At Dulcigno the Ottoman and the Albanian had exchanged shots, but the former was obviously acting under European constraint, and the bloodshed was slight. At the battle near Uskub, the Turks were acting under no compulsion, and the contest was prolonged and bloody. The ultimate issue of the contest thus begun cannot be foreseen, but its immediate result is to bring the Albanian question to the front and materially to increase the danger of war on the Greek frontier.

The Albanian League, which has thus formally entered the lists against the sovereignty of the Sultan in order to assert the right of Albania to an independent autonomous existence, was originally promoted by the Turks to oppose the cession of territory to Montenegro. In ordinary times the device might have succeeded, and the League after having effected its purpose would have passed out of existence. But these are not ordinary times, East of the Adriatic. The spirit of nationality is abroad. Bulgaria, but yesterday a mere vilayet of the Danube, is to-day a nation and a principality. Servia, Roumania, and Montenegro have secured their complete independence; Armenia is struggling to assert its national rights. Everywhere

the ideas of independence, self-government, nationality, are in the air, and it would have been surprising indeed if the Albanians had not been infected by the prevalent contagion. The League created to serve the ends of the Sultan, was converted into an instrument for securing the national independence of the Albanians. The engineer was hoist with his own petard, and the intrigue designed to cover a breach of treaty faith, has resulted in an insurrection which bids fair to banish the Turks from the seaboard of the Adriatic. This consummation has been retarded by the intertribal jealousies, the blood-fouls, and the religious differences which from time immemorial have rendered it almost impossible for Albanians to act together against a common foe. Under the stress of these latter days, however, the Moslem and Christian Albanian have begun to bury their religious animosities in their common hatred of their Ottoman rulers, and to indulge in dreams of an Albania, one and indivisible, from Scutari to Janina.

April 26, 1881.

COMTE'S DEFINITION OF LIFE.

IN his *Calendar of Illustrious Men*, arranged in groups under the various aspects in which human greatness has shown itself, Comte has surprised most of his readers by the choice he has made of the chief representative of modern science. That ancient science should be represented by Archimedes, ancient philosophy by Aristotle, modern philosophy by Descartes, modern dramatic poetry by Shakespere, seems natural and almost obvious. Not so that at the head of the list of names illustrative of the modern scientific movement, from Copernicus and Kepler downwards, should stand the name of Bichat.

The reasons for this choice are partly connected with the man and partly with the subject. If—and this is a point to be discussed afterwards—biology, rather than mathematics, astronomy, physics, or chemistry, is to be regarded as the science which in modern times has had the deepest connection with man's spiritual and social progress, we may waive all consideration of the superior personal claims of Galileo, Kepler, or Lavoisier. The point for consideration will be what are the claims of Bichat to be regarded as the representative of biological science.

On this point it would be vain to expect complete agreement. Of all illustrious names in history, Bichat is perhaps he who makes the strongest claims on the sympathetic appreciation of men for powers undoubtedly existing, yet destined never to be fully unfolded. He died at the age of thirty-one. But in his short career of seven years¹ he had given an impulse to the philosophical study of life which no biologist who preceded or who followed him can parallel. The strong point of his intellect was its co-ordinating power, although the inductive faculty was hardly less prominent. And this, combined with the energy of a giant in the collection of materials, rendered him specially apt for the study of the problem of life, the peculiar difficulty of which is, that complicated changes of widely different

(1) Counting from the death of Desault, his admirable teacher and friend. But all Bichat's original work was produced in the space of three years. He died in 1802.

kinds are going on together, and are converging towards the same end by many paths.

Throughout the last century the study of life alternated between crude attempts to explain vital action by the newly discovered principles of mechanics, and wordy nebulous tissues of spiritualist theory, harder to understand than the things explained by them. The fact was, that whether by the hydraulics of the heart and blood-vessels, or by the cloudlands of vital spirits, a condition was satisfied which was felt to be of paramount importance—the condition of unity of action amongst parts which otherwise seemed to have no principle of coherence. The body, when examined, was seen to contain a collection of organs or instruments widely different from one another, and seemingly independent. The impression produced on the observer was that of an unmeaning chaos, and some unifying principle was sought. There were some who found it in the mechanical agency of the circulation; there were others who were driven to the belief in some spiritualist agency pervading the whole. It is, perhaps, not needless to say that the wiser students were satisfied with neither mode of explanation.

Into this confused mass of thought a luminous flash was sent wide and deep by Bichat's *Anatomie Générale*, published in 1801. The amount of hard practical work in the collection of anatomical observation of which this book was the outcome, none, perhaps, but anatomists can fully appreciate. The central thought, the *idée mère*, pervading it was the analysis of the organs of the body into their component tissues. As the result of his multitudinous observations, Bichat had reached the conclusion that the body was made up of two or three webs or stuffs, folded together in and in with myriad complications, but each preserving its own character and properties throughout. The change effected by this discovery, not merely in anatomical classification, but in our whole views of life, was momentous. Henceforth an organ, as the heart, liver, lungs, &c., was no longer an isolated instrument of complicated construction made for the purpose of doing a special work. It was simply a more complicated folding in of the elementary tissues; the continuity of these throughout the whole structure of the body being strictly unbroken. Life now could be thought of with definiteness and precision, standing out in singular contrast with the loose vagueness of previous thinkers, as the sum of the properties exhibited by these tissues. Closely connected with this luminous discovery was the analysis of life, as found in all higher organisms, into its two co-existent forms, vegetal life, including growth and reproduction; animal life, called also the life of relation, as bringing the organism into contact with objects distant both in space and time. This was the first and largest application of Bichat's doctrine of tissues. To vegetal

life was appropriated the fundamental tissue of which the greater part of the substance of the body was built up, the areolar or cellular tissue, as he called it; not, of course, using the word cellular in the more modern microscopic sense. Two special tissues, the one contractile, the other sensitive, brought the organism into relation with the objects of the surrounding world, and from these were framed the muscles, nerves, and brain—the organs of animal life. It is needless to speak of the modifications and qualifications, many made by himself, more by subsequent observers, necessary to bring this large view of biological phenomena into closer adjustment with the facts. It is far easier in biology than in the organic sciences to lose ourselves in detail; but in biology scientific thinking means a firm seizure of the principles of coherence and convergence, of the unity by which these details are informed. If proof were wanting of the wide and permanent results of Bichat's thoughts, the history of the science of embryology would supply it. Von Bachr's classic work on evolution rests on his perception that the first change in that formless transparent spot upon the egg, from which in a few days a bird was to grow, was the separation of two layers, one folding itself into the organs of animal, the other into those of vegetal life.

Comte's choice, then, of Bichat as the representative of modern science has much to warrant it in the personal qualities of the man. But, in truth, his principal motive for the choice was that biology, rather than mathematics, physics, or chemistry, was the representative modern science, was of greater import than any of the inorganic sciences to the spiritual destinies of man.

The details of the most recent scientific discoveries are continually brought to public notice in popular lectures or in the meetings of learned associations. But it is not often we ask ourselves the question, "Apart from useful inventions and additions to the conveniences of life, what has been the spiritual effect of science on the European world?" In attempting to deal with such a question as this it is clear that science must be regarded in the whole extent of its history, from Thales and Aristotle to Helmholtz and Darwin. The casual excitement caused by scientific controversies during the last twenty years would go but a short way towards helping us to an answer.

Without attempting within the limits of an article to discuss fully the grounds for a conclusion, I think it may be said that, apart from all industrial applications, and leaving out of account influences peculiar to a small and scattered minority of cultivated minds, the spiritual effect of European science—that is to say, the abiding and massive impression stamped by it on the European mind and character—resolves itself into two great results. The first of these is the conviction that the universe is boundless, and that the solar system is

an infinitely small part of it. And the second is the conviction that the structure, organization, course of development, and intrinsic faculties of man, are similar in kind, even when they differ in degree, to those of the higher vertebrates.

Now the first of these results has been finally achieved for two centuries. The geometry and astronomy of Thales, Archimedes, and Hipparchus prepared the way. On this basis Descartes, utilising the algebraic discoveries of Cardan and Vieta for the development of his enlarged conceptions of geometry, made it possible for Leibnitz and Newton, half a century afterwards, to construct a calculus capable of dealing with complicated curves and variable forces. It thus became possible to transform the inductive discoveries of Kepler and Galileo into deductions from two or three elementary axioms.

The result on the European population of the whole system of discoveries was this. The Greco-Roman conception of the world, and the Catholic conception also, as we see from Dante's poem, was of a definite spherical space filled by concentric transparent spheres, containing one of them the moon, others one of the planets, another the sun, the outermost being occupied by the fixed stars. At the centre were the earth and man. Beyond these crystal spheres no Greek ventured; Dante placed there his mystic Rose of Paradise. Before modern geometry and astronomy this elaborate structure vanished like morning mist, and in exchange for it we have a solar system governed by fixed and known laws moving in a boundless universe, of which our ignorance is almost equally boundless.

Now this rude and irrevocable displacement of man from the central position in the universe hitherto assigned to him might have been supposed likely to distract attention from human affairs, as being too insignificant a fraction of the sum of things to need the serious attention of the thinker. But in reality the result has been precisely the opposite. The concentration of scientific and philosophic thought on man has been far more direct and intense since this intellectual revolution than before it. One of its first concomitants was the lofty utilitarianism of the *Novum Organum* and of the *Discours de la Méthode*.¹ Nor is the reason far to seek. The very inac-

(1) "Au lieu de cette philosophie spéculative qu'on enseigne dans les écoles, on en peut trouver une pratique, par laquelle connoissant la force et les actions du feu, de l'eau, de l'air, des astres, des cieux, et de tous les autres corps qui nous environnent, aussi distinctement que nous connoissons les divers métiers de nos artisans, nous les pourrions employer en même façon à tous les usages auxquels ils sont propres, et ainsi nous rendre, comme maîtres et possesseurs de la Nature. Ce qui n'est pas seulement à désirer pour l'invention d'une infinité d'artifices . . . mais principalement aussi pour la conservation de la santé, laquelle est sans doute le premier bien, et le fondement de tous les autres biens de cette vie; car même l'esprit dépend si fort du tempérament, et de la disposition des organes du corps, que s'il est possible de trouver quelque moyen qui rende communément les hommes plus sages et plus habiles qu'ils n'ont été jusques-icy, je croy que c'est dans la médecine qu'on doit le chercher."—Descartes, *Discours de la Méthode*.

cessibility of the universe drove men away from it back to the study of man and of man's world. When it was seen that the distance between the earth and the farthest fixed star that telescope could descry was the radius of a sphere infinitesimally small compared with the sum of things, the hope of knowing the sum of things was definitely abandoned by all wise men. And thus all illusion as to his outside importance being cast aside, man became more certainly than ever the central point of interest to man. Philosophy, from being proud, absolute, and chimerical, became real, relative, and humble.

Descartes had constructed his fabric of vortical forces principally with the view of bringing them to bear upon the explanation of man's animal structure, and especially on the apparatus of the senses. He arrived at the point, regarded by many as a new conception of contemporary science, of looking upon hearing and sight as highly specialised forms of the sense of touch. Descartes was himself perhaps under less illusion than his disciples as to the permanent value of the theories of ether and space, which, in default of something better, gave temporary coherence to his observations of fact. The welcome which he was one of the first to give to Harvey's great discovery, and his appeal to students of nature to co-operate in the scientific study of life for successive generations, showed clearly enough what was to be the style of the permanent structure when the time came for removing the scaffolding.

With the help of Harvey's discovery of the circulation, and animated by the kindling impulse of Descartes's scientific visions, men set themselves steadily to work at the explanation of the facts of life by physical and mechanical principles. Half a century later a new creation of science gave them yet further encouragement. The infinitesimal calculus of Leibnitz and Newton, itself the natural outcome of the Cartesian geometry, was an engine of indefinite, some thought of infinite power, for measuring the varying shapes and forces in the world around us. Muscular forces, and the pressure of the blood upon the vessels containing it, might be represented by algebraic formulæ. What limits to further progress on this path could be set?

Much time and aimless effort had to be expended before men could see that the three most characteristic facts of life, growth, generation, sensibility, refused to lend themselves to algebraic treatment. The first of the three, and the simplest, remained unintelligible until the chemical discoveries of Lavoisier and his contemporaries. The explanation of combustion, and consequently of respiration, the analysis of air, water, and soil, the proved identity of the elements that make up the body with those of the surrounding medium, first brought men to the threshold of scientific biology.

Not till between activities like heat, light, electricity, gravity, which when they cease leave the molecules of matter, broadly speaking, unchanged, and the activities of a living thing, had been interposed those activities of matter which change the composition of molecules—until, that is to say, chemistry had been interposed between physics and biology—was it possible to approach scientifically the most fundamental fact of living things, the fact, namely, that they grow. The body of a plant or animal being made up of the same stuff as was found in the surrounding air, water, or soil, implied a constant process of building up from those outside elements into more complex molecules. The exhalations from the organism, solid, liquid, or gaseous, were seen to consist of the same elements arranged in molecules less complex. That is to say, in the living organism, chemical composition and chemical decomposition were going on constantly and simultaneously. Growth was seen to involve the prevalence of the first process over the latter. The reversal of the balance implied diminution, and ultimately death.

Thus the conditions requisite for forming a clear conception of what life is had been, at the beginning of the present century, sufficiently fulfilled. Bichat's analysis of life into its two forms, nutritive and relative, his corresponding analysis of organs into tissues, and the light thrown by chemical discovery on the nutritive process, would have led, it might be thought, to a satisfactory definition of life. A yet further preparation for the solution of the problem had been practically accomplished. The whole scale of living things, from the lowest to the highest, had, by the end of the eighteenth century, been thrown open to scientific inquiry. One of the most potent of logical instruments, the comparative method—a method found applicable afterwards to every region of scientific research, from mathematics to sociology—had been thus created. Since Aristotle little had been done in this direction till Linnæus; and next to Linnæus, Buffon, De Jussieu, and John Hunter stand out prominently among the founders of comparative biology.

None of these men, however, had concentrated sufficient attention on the end of the scale most distant from man. Not merely was their attention given to vertebrate animals rather than to invertebrate, but their conception of the range of the invertebrate kingdom downwards was extremely inadequate.

Of the six classes established by Linnæus, four were vertebrate: all other animals, from the cephalopod to the amœba, were massed together in the two miscellaneous collections of "insects" and "worms." John Hunter's knowledge of the lower forms of life, founded mainly on his own consummate observations, was incomparably more full and accurate. But to Lamarck belongs the honour of having been the first to comprehend the scale of life in its entirety, to grasp the

fact of the enormous preponderance of invertebrate over vertebrate life, and to form a clear conception of what the lowest form of life really was.¹ His celebrated hypothesis, enforced with the weight of unrivalled knowledge of the subject and great philosophic vigour, that species were not permanent, but slowly mutable by the force of surrounding circumstances acting on successive generations by inheritance, and that the higher animals, man included, had arisen by gradual evolution from the lowest forms of life, led him to devote special attention to the action upon the organism of its surroundings, and thus brought him in some respects nearer than any previous biologist to the solution of the problem of life.

Nevertheless, with all these materials brought together, and the energy of so many powerful minds devoted to the subject, there was still no clear conception of the meaning of the word "life." Apart from all speculations as to the origin of life, and as to its ultimate cause, speculations which minds of the sounder sort were not long in rejecting as a fruitless waste of power, there remained the thoroughly reasonable question, What precisely is the process, or the collection of processes, which we define as life?

The distinctions between the accessible question and the inaccessible, though perhaps sufficiently obvious, may be illustrated thus. To the question, what is gravity? one man may reply by weaving a fabric of extramundane atoms of ether which he supposes to press equally in all directions. When two masses of matter are brought near together the pressure of the ether atoms is diminished on their near sides, remaining identical on the other. The two bodies therefore are pressed towards each other; and that pressure is gravity.

That is one answer: it gives an origin, an ultimate cause of gravity; and the only objection to it is that no one has yet got outside the universe to see whether these extramundane atoms exist, still less to find out what makes them press so hard.

The other, and the more modest answer, with which Newton was contented, was to describe gravity as the tendency of two masses towards each other inversely as the square of the distance. And this kind of answer it is, and not the other, that we want in the case of life.

(1) Some faint idea of what Lamarck accomplished in this direction may be formed by remembering that he was the first naturalist to recognise the claim of the following groups to rank as distinct classes (see *Philosophie Zoologique*, vol. i. p. 123):—

Crustacea. Arachnida. Annelida. Radiata. Polyps. Infusoria.

Some of these groups, as Radiata, have been redistributed since Lamarck's time, others have been added, but most of his work stands. His description of the lowest forms of life as "de très petits corps gélatineux transparens contractiles et homogènes, composés de tissu cellulaire presque sans consistance, et néanmoins irritables dans tous leurs points; qui ne paraissent que des points animés ou mouvans," leaves little to desire. The *Philosophie Zoologique* was published in 1807.

A glance at the definitions current in the best physiological treatises will show the confusion still existing on the subject. In one justly celebrated and comprehensive work on Human Physiology we find life defined as "*Vital activity*;" a singular example of the bewilderment into which the easy passage from English words to Latin allows educated men sometimes to fall. Going back to earlier definitions, we find Blumenbach defining life as *Bildungstrieb*, *nisus formativus*; Müller as an "organic force;" Prout as an "organic agent, endowed by the Creator with a faculty little short of intelligence, by means of which it is enabled to construct such a mechanism from natural elements, and by the aid of natural agencies, as to render it capable of taking farther advantage of their properties and of making them subservient to its use."

Leaving these mystical explanations, which are interesting chiefly as a record of the metaphysical stage of biological science, and which, like most other metaphysical explanations, leave their subject darker than they find it, we come to the celebrated definition of life by Bichat, which has at least the merit of being tangible and real: Life is the sum of functions which resist death. Here at least there is no attempt to describe life as a mysterious entity, a shapeless ghost haunting animals and trees for awhile, and then leaving them to decay. There is a clear and definite recognition, such as we might expect from such a man, that what we have to aim at are the laws of phenomena, the ways in which they hold together and follow one another, not the search for ultimate and inaccessible causes. The clearness of Bichat's definition has the cardinal merit of revealing its shortcoming. It regards the living thing as in a state of perpetual conflict with the outer world, a conflict to which it eventually succumbs. This was an error, but like all errors that clothe themselves in clear language, it helped men forwards to the truth.

A far nearer approach to the solution of the problem was made by Blanville in his treatise entitled *Principes d'Anatomie Comparée*, published in 1822. A living body, he says, is a sort of chemical focus where there is constantly a bringing in of new molecules and a casting off of old ones, where combination is never fixed (except in the case of certain parts practically dead or lying stored up), but always, so to speak, *in nisu*. This view formed the starting point of the larger and profounder view of life put forth by Auguste Comte, who accepted Blanville's definition so far as it went, but with the important variation and addition which we have now to consider.

In criticising Bichat's definition of life, Comte pointed out, that in regarding the organism as engaged in a perpetual conflict with the world around it, Bichat, like all who preceded, and many of those who followed him, made the mistake of regarding the organism as

having an existence independent of the world around it, just as a piece of gold or iron might be imagined as so existing, floating through space unconnected with any other substance. But in the case of a living organism, such independent existence is not merely a thing physically impossible, it is contradictory to the very idea of life when we rightly analyse that idea. Life is not the property of a particular kind of substance, as ductility is the property of gold, or brittleness and transparency of glass; it is something wholly different from this. It is the combination, or rather the harmonious working together of two inseparable elements, one of which we call organism and the other environment. The word environment, for which the French equivalent is *milieu*, needs a word of explanation. It means more than the material element, earth, air, or water, in which a plant or animal exists. It means "the whole sum of outward circumstances, whatever be their nature," affecting the life of the organism. The more complex the organism, therefore, the more complex would be the environment. Restricted in the lowest form of life to a few simple agencies, light, heat, gravity, acting on and through the fluid in which the animal or plant exists, it includes in the highest forms, and notably in the human race, things and events widely distant both in time and space.

This conception of environment¹ not merely as a condition essential to life, but as one of the two component factors of life, was one, as I believe, entirely new to the world when Comte propounded it. It has been practically adopted by Mr. Herbert Spencer, and illustrated with the amplitude and lucidity characteristic of that celebrated thinker. And if the conception turn out to be not merely new, but true, it must be admitted by candid specialists that Comte, in succeeding, where a series of biologists of the greatest eminence had failed, in making clear the most fundamental of all biological conceptions, has made a not inconsiderable contribution to science.

With the exception of Lamarck, and the still greater exception of Aristotle, almost all biologists had, up to this time, been members of the medical profession. Comte was therefore one of the earliest illustrations of the advantage, on which he was, I believe, the first to insist, that would come to the science of life from regarding it in the abstract, and apart from its practical applications. "It is not to

(1) In Mr. Spencer's "Biology," p. 74, there seems to be some misapprehension on this point as to Comte's meaning. The words immediately preceding the passage from Comte, which he quotes, are "les deux éléments inséparables dont l'harmonie constitue nécessairement l'idée générale de vie."—*Philosophie Positive*, vol. iii. p. 201, Littré's edition. The sixteen pages that follow develop the subject. In Miss Martineau's condensed translation the passage will be found in Book V. chap. i., with some important omissions, but fewer than are usual in that imperfect though valuable work. Yet larger applications of the thought are developed in vol. i. pp. 355—65 of *Positive Polity* (Eng. Translation).

navigators," he said, "that we go for our astronomy, to engineers for our mathematics, or to dyers for our chemistry." So then let it be with the science of life. The very essence of science, as opposed to erudition or learning, implies that we act thus. Erudition is the collection of special concrete facts arranged in a more or less methodic way. It is indispensable, but it is not science. Science is the discovery of the abstract generalities which underlie those concrete facts, and which, when fully grasped, enable us to foresee how new arrangements of fact will behave. The true note of science is this ability to foresee where we cannot see; to measure where we cannot touch.

For thousands of years Egyptian builders had carved hard stone carefully, had measured their huge blocks with absolute precision, and had lifted them into their places by strange though wasteful combinations of force. When the pyramid was finished, and the scaffolding was taken down, no one could measure its height, for no one could reach the summit and fasten a line to it. But a thing mightier than the pyramids arose on the coasts and islands of the *Ægean*. An impalpable, shadowy, and useless thing it seemed to those who stood by; for it was nothing more than that here and there a man began to think and speak about size, and shape, and distance, with hardly any reference to the visible and tangible objects, that were large or small, round or square, far or near. In other words, the abstract science of magnitude—the study of those laws of nature the knowledge of which enables us to measure inaccessible distances and variable shapes and forces with the slenderest possible use of the yard measure or the scales, and by which a few score of students have gradually revolutionised man's conception of the universe—this science, mightier surely than the pyramids, dawned upon the world. Like other strong social forces, "it came not with observation;" though when Thales taught the Egyptian priest those two or three elementary truths as to the laws of triangles, which enabled them to tell the height of the pyramid by measuring its shadow, his hearer may have felt a presentiment that something new was at hand.

And none the less is it true of every other science, that the final object is not to pile up masses of incoherent observations, however accurate, but so to observe as to clear out from the special concrete facts the abstract generalities that underlie them, and thus gain foresight of new facts that cannot be directly reached by touch or sight. That direct observations of the facts long continued, varied, and massive in amount are needed no one disputes; but these are not in every case the discoverer's own. Biologists have often talked lately of "practical work," as though no one who was not himself continually dissecting could have any claim to be heard; and sometimes this point is pressed so far that each discoverer of a new law is

supposed to generalise solely from his own narrow stock of observed facts, no heed being taken of the far greater mass due to the labours of contemporaries and predecessors. Men are apt to forget that some of the greatest discoveries in astronomy were made by men who seldom looked through a telescope, and might almost as well have been blind.

It would seem, therefore, to have been a useful thing to aim at disengaging from the countless varieties of living things that air, earth, and water contain, the underlying principle common to all—the *abstract theory of life*. To have succeeded in that aim would seem a great thing. And it may well be asked, What were the conditions that enabled Comte to achieve success? Is it to be maintained that by thought unassisted by observation a man should have been able to deal effectively with the greatest of biological problems?

What Comte's claims as an observer were I will indicate presently. But first I would say that he had fulfilled one of the conditions of competence for the task which had been satisfied by very few if by any of his contemporary biologists. Of the two factors of life, both equally necessary, organism and environment, the anatomists and physiologists of his time had, with few exceptions, studied the first only. Comte had studied both. A well-known naturalist of our own time had spoken, it is true, of Comte's "scientific incapacity." But if mathematicians were asked who was the greatest name in mathematics of our century, most of them would mention Fourier. And it was Fourier who selected Comte for an important mathematical post in the great science-school of Paris, and who listened to a long series of discourses on the philosophy of mathematics and other sciences from a man unknown to the general public and not nearly half his age.¹

On one, then, of the two factors of life Comte was singularly qualified to speak. He had passed through a wide and comprehensive course of study of the physical environment; of that external order without which the existence of life is a contradiction in terms. And it was not merely that the actual knowledge thus obtained had been useful to him, since the results of mathematical or chemical research are accessible to the most superficial reader of a popular manual. It was that his study of the inorganic sciences had been conducted, not with the view of instituting special researches of his own on any one of them, but in order to throw light on the logical processes which each one of them in turn was likely to develop and strengthen; the

(1) The audience at the first and second hearing of the course of lectures on *Philosophie Positive* in 1826 and 1829 was small enough to be contained in Comte's lodgings. But a small audience has seldom included more illustrious names. Among them, besides Fourier, were Blainville, Poinso, Navier, Broussais, Esquirol, and Alexander Humboldt. These men were perhaps not less qualified than Mr. Huxley to detect "scientific incapacity."

final object being to concentrate the sum of intellectual force thus obtained upon the most complicated problems of all—those of human nature. With this large purpose steadily in view, Comte was able to regard the physical environment of life as a whole, attributing due weight to each element, but not losing himself in the specialities of any. He was saved, for instance, from the loose vagueness of Lamarck's speculations as to the spontaneous generations of the lowest forms of life, by heat and electricity; and knew well enough the degree of certainty that belonged to more modern speculations, which would explain chemical or vital action by the vibration of molecules of ether.

Yet this comprehensive view of the environment, in which, perhaps, there was no one of his contemporaries, unless it were Humboldt, who even strove to rival him, would not have sufficed had it not been accompanied by equally wide knowledge of organisms. Comte's profound appreciation and study of Bichat and Lamarck, and his lifelong friendship with Blainville, had supplied him with ample material for reviewing the whole scope of organic life so far as these illustrious men had comprehended it. But wide as it was, their scope was insufficient, and it remained for Comte to complete it. All agreed that, for a true conception of life, it was necessary to consider the whole range of its modes, from the lowest to the highest. Bichat, whose early death had limited the range of his inquiries to human anatomy, had failed. Lamarck, with his unparalleled knowledge of invertebrate life, a branch of study which he may almost be said to have created, had come in some respects nearer the truth. But the highest form of vitality remained unknown to these men or to their colleagues. They had studied well the first two terms of the series, but not the third. The analysis of vegetal life and of animal life had been not completed certainly, but at least fairly begun, and clearly conceived. But it remained to build upon these the study of collective or social life. And the systematic institution of this branch of science was reserved for Comte.

It is not surprising, then, that his conception of life should have been larger and deeper than that of any of his contemporaries. Logically viewed, what he did was equivalent to the addition of a new kingdom to those which were already recognised in the world of knowledge. To the well-known threefold division of existence into mineral, vegetable, and animal, was now superadded a fourth, social existence. And it was not long before a yet further consequence followed, hardly perhaps perceived by Comte himself, at the beginning of his work, though clearly developed by him afterwards. From his discovery that the environment was not merely one of the conditions of life, but was one of its two inseparable factors, it followed that the higher and more complete the life, the wider and

more varied was the environment. In the lowest types the environment is inorganic solely; it is made up of air, earth, and water, and the forces, molar or molecular, connected with them. As we rise in the scale the environment becomes complicated by the addition of the lower organic forms; the lichen on the rock is part of the environment of the phanerogamous seed that may grow there. The environment of the higher animal is not merely vegetal as well as mineral, but, as Mr. Darwin and the school founded by him have abundantly shown, it is animal also.

This truth had now to be applied to the highest form of life.

The collective life of a race implies the action and reaction between that race and all surrounding circumstances, including astronomical conditions, climate, soil, rival species, and other influences too numerous to specify. But for the individuals of the society, the collective organism is itself the most essential part of the environment. Apart from the actions upon it of air, earth, water, heat, and light, the life of a plant is not merely impossible, it is a contradiction in terms; these things, when the reactions of the organism are added, *are* the life. And so the life of every member of a social race is a contradiction in terms apart from the action upon it of the surrounding society in times past or present. The bee, or the ant, imagined as solitary, and without social progenitor, would not be the bee or the ant, but a wholly different insect clothed in a deceptive shape. And in the same way the life of man ceases to be conceivable, becomes a contradiction in terms, apart from the action upon it of humanity.

"J'eusse été près du Gange esclave des faux dieux,
Chrétienne dans Paris, Musulmane en ces lieux,"

says Voltaire's heroine;¹ and one example is as good as a thousand to show that the sum of actions which make up our lives is determined by sociological not less than by physical influences. To go farther into such a subject would be to write treatises on religion, philosophy, law, art, education, conduct. Enough for our present purpose to see that these higher vital functions were embraced for the first time by Comte under the same definition of life which had been found applicable to the lower: "une intime conciliation permanente entre la spontanéité intérieure et la fatalité extérieure."² How pregnant this definition is with thoughts bearing on the deepest problems of man's position in the world this article is not the place to show.

It may be noted, however, that the combination of subject and object in the act of perception, on which Kant and subsequent thinkers have dwelt so fully, falls, as Comte showed, under his definition of life no less than the functions of nutrition or of respiration. And a further consequence may be remarked. The course of these reac-

(1) Zaïre.

(2) *Positive Polity*, vol. i. p. 335, English translation.

tions between object and subject, which constitutes intellectual life, varies with the varying stages of social development. Psychology therefore, so far as it can be regarded as a separate branch of science, should not be ranged between biology and sociology, but after the latter. The reason for this is, that, apart from sociology, only those psychical truths common to man with the lower animals are appreciable.¹ The discussion of such subjects would lead us too far. But it seemed not without interest to find, since it has a bearing on the scientific speculation of our day, that the wider range of Comte's scientific investigations gave him an advantage not possessed by other biologists of his generation in dealing with the most fundamental of biological problems. Starting with a comprehensive grasp of the inorganic environment to which few scientists, and certainly no biologists, had any pretension, fully availing himself of Bichat's masterly analysis of vital functions, and of Lamarck's unrivalled knowledge of the lowest forms of life, he was led by social aspirations to choose for his own special field of research a region which no thinker had as yet tried to cultivate with scientific implements. He was the first who not merely conceived, but systematically instituted the application of inductive methods to the collective life of man. Hence came those large views of organism and environment which enabled him to regard thought and feeling no less than assimilation and growth as embraced in one and the same conception of life.

J. H. BRIDGES.

(1) Comte avoided the use of the word psychology, which at the time when he wrote had been appropriated by Victor Cousin's shallow school. The positive truths included in it were classed by him in the science which he called "*La Morale*,"—the study of human nature.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1881.

VERY few of our weekly and daily contemporaries fail to open their critical notices of each annual exhibition of art without some expression of opinion as to the value of the show when compared with those which have preceded it. "The Academy is better this year," people say, or "the Academy is not so good as it was the year before last." It is a little difficult to understand on what system of valuation these glib estimates are formed, or what is the unit of meritorious workmanship upon which a greater or lesser aggregate is founded. The splendour of contributions from old established favourites may perhaps be taken as one standard, the promise of those from new men as another, the high level of average skill as a third, and the absence of glaring instances of demerit as a fourth, but it is certainly difficult to define the exact effect produced by so many and various causes. Perhaps, on the whole, it is safer to reflect that the exhibitions of one single year indicate the fluctuations in the work of individual men much more distinctly than those in the general progress of national art, and that to dogmatise from such superficial indications of ascent or decline is exceedingly dangerous. We therefore record the personal impression that neither inside the Royal Academy nor outside it is there any signal of abated zeal on the part of the profession, or of declining interest on the part of the public, and then proceed, without any attempt to lay the whole exhibition of 1881 in the scales against those of 1879 or 1880, to consider, as far as the exhibited works give us leave to do, what progress has been gained or what position lost by the principal English artists.

The time is long past when any survey of contemporary art in England could afford to relegate to a second place the names of those artists who form the body of the Royal Academy. It is certainly only due to these gentlemen to acknowledge that they have responded with great alacrity to the demand made on them by the public, and that they have opened their doors in no narrow spirit to the representative men so long excluded by a false principle in social politics. The list of the members of the Royal Academy for 1875 stands before us at this moment, and presents the significant fact that it does not include those names of Messrs. Alma-Tadema, Armstead, Boehm, Boughton, Brett, Fildes, Herkomer, Oules, and Riviere, without which we can to-day scarcely realise the constitution of the body. With the exception of Messrs. Rossett, Madox Brown, and Burne Jones, who have chosen from the first to cultivate

their powers in isolation, there can scarcely be said to be a single living painter in the front rank who is not an Academician or an Associate. In earlier years mistakes were made; an earlier generation, with imperfect intellectual sympathies, received with ignorant suspicion the advent of a rather violent revival, but all that could reasonably be done to correct past errors seems to have been attempted, and at least during the reign of the new President the outsiders can complain of no single act of great injustice. Moreover the Academy seems, by its latest proceedings, bent on preventing the recurrence of its old mistake, and has reverted to its original principle of selecting its members from the promising men of the coming generation. The elections of last January, when the new A.R.A.'s included the most dignified and skilful of the younger school of figure-painters, the most prominent of recent sculptors, and the most sound and learned of our rising historical painters, were extremely significant, as showing the liberal and modern spirit that now moves in the Royal Academy, and it seems a due act of candour in those of us who have long assailed what we conceived to be the errors of this body, to acknowledge frankly that the demand of the public has been responded to. It is perhaps not widely realised that the Royal Academy, partly by a series of accidents, partly in consequence of the old vicious system of recruiting its numbers from the body of artists who were already past their prime, is now undergoing a greater crisis than any which has revolutionised it since its first foundation. The old generation is passing rapidly away; deaths and retirements have been more numerous than ever before in the history of the body. The catalogue of 1875, to which I just now referred, contains twenty names out of sixty-two which no longer figure in the official list, answering to a percentage in six years that is perhaps unprecedented in the archives of any such academic foundation. This process of decease and retirement is still rapidly progressing; within the last four or five months the deaths of Messrs. Elmore, Knight, and Burges, and the seclusion of Messrs. Cousins and Redgrave, still further disintegrate the body, and at a ratio more painfully startling than ever. The great age of a considerable number of surviving Academicians makes their retirement to the honorary list an event that must certainly be soon expected, and we shall therefore in all probability, within the next four or five years, witness the entire reorganisation of the Royal Academy from within. The body which consisted ten years ago almost wholly of elderly men will then be as exclusively youthful, and in the natural course of things will continue for another generation with very little internal change. It is therefore of unusual importance that at this moment, when the leaders of English art for the next twenty or thirty years are being so rapidly selected, that only the best and

strongest men should be chosen. Let the most vigorous talents be elected before 1885, lest there be no more vacancies to fill, and no more opportunities to correct mistakes, until the beginning of the twentieth century.

The special interest, therefore, of each exhibition at present is the evidence that it gives of the condition of talent in those younger masters whose work may very probably be set before us "on the line" until the end of our lives. It is a matter for real congratulation when we detect in these men the results of care and intelligent self-criticism. Before, however, we pass to the examination of this delicate subject, we have certain observations to make on the safer ground of the show made this year by those acknowledged masters from whom we know what to expect, and whose art has taken its place already in the history of English achievement. Among these Sir Frederick Leighton takes precedence naturally by virtue of his office. That the art of the President should undergo any new or unexpected phases is a thing almost as little to be desired as anticipated. His painting has so long comprised the quintessence of style, the extreme of calculated accomplishment, the laborious masterly selection of all types and incidents of beauty, that nothing short of rebaptism in Helicon could affect the manner of so conscious an artist.

"Yet should there hover in our restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest,"

it is not perhaps to this cynosure of painters to whom we should come for its interpretation in colour. At the Royal Academy, it seems, this glossy refinement of painting is too nearly allied, underneath its exquisite superficial sweetness, to what has been most poor and thin in English practice, to exercise quite the same beneficial influence that is felt in the Salon, for instance, by the beautiful refinement of a painter like Bouguereau. In France we must all feel, even those of us who are least insular, and most in sympathy with whatever stirs the intelligence of that noble and amiable nation; that there is a dangerous element of violence and haste in art to which such a masterpiece of accomplished painting as this year's "Vierge aux Anges" offers a salutary reproof. In England this is not the case, and we may be permitted to wish that the nymphs were not quite so waxy, the landscape not so fluid and iridescent as in the charming "Idyl," or the still more charming dream-picture called "Whispers." No such excess of sweetness mars the entire enjoyment with which we examine the President's practically faultless portrait of himself, in robes of several rich tones of red, with a Greek frieze of old yellow-stained marble as its background. "Elisha and the Shunammite's Son" is a pathetic composition, with all its author's

feeling for the frail beauty of childhood, and with a little too much of his known preference for a harmony of liver-colour and Prussian blue. The full-length figure of "Mrs. Stephen Ralli" has the accustomed dignity and grace of attitude which attend Sir Frederick Leighton's portraits, but probably the work of his this year to which the spectator will recur most often and with pleasure the most entirely unalloyed is the head in profile, in the last room, called "Viola." On such work as this the eye rests with absolute contentment and repose, and this is the end and aim of such painting as the President's.

Mr. Watts, who has been extremely fecund this year, reserves his imaginative studies for another place, and is represented at the Academy by six portraits. Of these the powerful and in some measure characteristic head of Mr. Matthew Arnold will attract most notice and be most severely criticized. In attaining his somewhat studied harmonics of tone Mr. Watts is apt to sacrifice clearness of skin and brightness of eye, and he has in this instance given the poet a sort of obfuscation which is not entirely satisfactory. The portrait of the President, which has great sumptuousness of colour and breadth of tone, suffers a little from the same cause, and the odd drawing of the fingers is a stumbling-block to many. On the other hand, the head of Mr. C. A. Ionides is singular for the bright, clear expression of the eyes, drawn with no veil of serene colour over the pupils. Perhaps Mr. Watts's most curious performance at the Royal Academy this year is his portrait of Miss Baldock, which, with its light carnations and fleeting silvery tones, would pass for a very fine work of some such eighteenth-century painter as Lancret, must be regarded as a very interesting and successful experiment in Mr. Watts's hands.

Mr. Alma-Tadema is so great a favourite with the public, and with artists, that it is something of a problem why his work seldom attracts much notice from the critics. The attitude of the literary mind towards this painter's pictures seems to be a vague distress that they are not at once removed for good to some public museum to be looked at, not to be described. There is, perhaps, some ground for this to be discovered in the antiquarian learning of the painter, who is for ever laying traps for the casual critics. It is very tiresome to praise the painting of a cithera, and then find out that it really was a phorminx, or to be obliged to display a hopeless uncertainty as to the difference between a chlamys and a pallium. With all his wonderful knowledge of ancient life, Mr. Alma-Tadema remains a Dutchman, and is probably still a good deal more like Terburg than like Apelles. But this year, in his one picture, called "Sappho," he strikes a higher chord, and tempers his antiquarian knowledge with a fresher poetry than ever before. The poetess is represented as some-

thing of a *précieuse*, and it is by an excellent dramatic instinct that the artist contrasts her earnest gaze at Alcæus with the nonchalance or positive inattention of all her pretty pupils. It was a curious freak of the hanging committee to place this little picture, the most accomplished of the year, close beside Mr. Millais's boisterous "Cinderella." The best of bulls is out of place in an exhibition of Venetian glass.

Let us hasten to disclaim any want of respect for the august genius of Mr. Millais. Praise is impertinence in the presence of this masculine and enduring power in English art, this great man born to paint, whose work may not always please or attract us, but whose direct strength never fails to make itself acknowledged. In speaking of "Cinderella," however, we have used the word "boisterous," and this may express, according to the temper of the reader, the sympathy or want of sympathy that will accompany the tribute of admiration which the picture enforces. For the numerous portraits that Mr. Millais has sent to the Academy, a few words presently regarding their relative value, as compared with other admirable work, must here suffice, except in the case of the figure of Lord Wimborne, where not only does the painter seem to surpass himself in technical precision and force, but in the introduction of the gold background, and of the two responding blues of jar and of cravat, to have consented more than usual to gratify the instinct for positive beauty of colour. The criticism that must scarcely approach Mr. Millais may be permitted to hover around those glittering Dioscuri, Mr. Oulless and Mr. Holl, who are following so brilliantly in his wake. The progress made by these two painters is, in fact, as it appears to me, the most interesting feature of this year's Academy, of course from a technical point of view. The visitor will find it exceedingly instructive to hasten through the whole suite of galleries, restricting his attention for the time being to the portraits of the three last-mentioned painters. As we examine, one after another, the heads of Mr. Oulless and Mr. Holl, we begin to perceive an analogy, not wholly whimsical, between the former and Bartholomeus van der Helst, between the latter and Frans Hals. Mr. Oulless has a simplicity, a straightforward prose style in painting, that contrasts with Mr. Holl's daring bravura and generous clash of colour. In the second room Mr. Holl's fierce old gentleman, with its brilliant whites and crimsons in the dress, astonishes us into rapture until we glance at its pendant, Mr. Millais's sober, perfect "Sir Gilbert Greenall." Mr. Oulless seems to bear comparison with the greater master, more satisfactorily, partly, perhaps, because he makes less demand upon the surprise of the spectator; his work, however, is sometimes a little cold and irresolute, and he has a fondness for smudged brown backgrounds, which offend the eye. Our new Van der Helst, however, has learned how to draw a worn human face with extraordinary precision and intelli-

gence, while our possible Frans Hals has already something of Haarlem in the massive projection of his heads and his full treatment of accessories. Each painter has attained his extreme level of performance hitherto in one of the many works he exhibits this year at the Royal Academy. Mr. Holl has certainly never done anything more powerful in drawing, or gorgeous in colour, than his "Dr. Craddock," destined to adorn the hall of Brasenose; the vigour of the mere painting here, whether expended upon the skin, or the ornaments, or the fur of the robes, is worthy of the palmy days of English portraiture, and gives splendid promise for the future. Yet, perhaps, Mr. Oulless's head of "Mrs. Butterworth" is a still more admirable achievement. Here there is no open expenditure of strength; all is quiet, sensitive, and yet resolute. The delicate drawing of the eyes and lips, the serene colour of the face, the rendering of the different whites of silver hair and lace cap and ermine cape, these are of the very highest order of merit, as merit goes in painting nowadays, to be approached by few, surpassed perhaps by none. As we examine this portrait, we forget Van der Helst, and think for one moment of Holbein himself. It should be recognised that Mr. Oulless has made extraordinary progress of late, and that success has very plainly not dulled his ambition. For Mr. Holl's subject-picture, "Home Again," a melancholy welcome of the military by the fair, with a touching accompaniment of weeping and drumming, it is not easy to find one's self in sympathy. It is very clever, smartly anecdotal, and questionably sincere, beautifully painted, and, on the whole, perhaps not worth painting.

Of the many talents set in motion by Frederick Walker, that of Mr. Herkomer seems to promise most lasting significance. In a variety of ways the younger master seems to set himself, almost with a touch of ostentation, in competition with the elder. But there is one great difference between them. Walker's pictures, when they were successful, formed one balanced whole, while those of Mr. Herkomer depend too much on the detailed beauty of the component parts. In his great picture of the crowd at the gates of the Portsmouth Dockyard the various incidents are painted with great feeling, and some of the heads are exquisite; but the entire composition fails to enthral the attention. The intellectual vivacity of this painter, shown in his Protean efforts after new media and new effects, is interesting and praiseworthy, but should be tempered with discretion, lest it lapse into mere restlessness. The picture called "Missing" has been thought out so carefully, that it is painful to be obliged to say that it seems to show no real advance on the artist's previous studies from modern English life. Perhaps the subject is more fitted for a woodcut than for a monumental painting.

Mr. Poynter might have escaped minute criticism of his principal work of this year, "Helen of Troy," if it had not been for the indis-

cretion of his friends. In those premonitory trumpet-blasts which fill the daily and weekly papers during the month of April, and which threaten to become a serious nuisance, the public was carefully prepared, in terms sometimes too voluptuous to be quoted here, for the advent of a miracle of poetic beauty. We knew that Mr. Poynter, though always an uncertain painter, possessed the rare quality of style, and was moved by a high intellectual ambition. There was, therefore, no reason why he should not this year surpass himself, and exhibit a worthy Helen. But when we saw this fading dream of a popular beauty, with her staring eyes of weak blue, her vulgar red robe studded with stars of tinsel, and the ignoble attitude of her hands, we could but exclaim with Faustus—

“ Was this fair Helen, whose admired worth
Made Greece with ten years' war afflict poor Troy ? ”

The execution of the work, too, is surely puerile ; the marble columns, the statues, the blazing temple, scarcely could be painted worse. It cannot be denied that the picture possesses a certain attractive cleverness, but as little that it is unworthy of Mr. Poynter's remarkable talent, and that it falls as far short of being a masterpiece as it could contrive to do. The portrait of Lord Wharnccliffe seems to be much better painted ; but it is hung so high that it is impossible to be sure of this. It is surely an unusual experience for a full Academician to taste the atmosphere at this altitude.

Among the purely Academic painters, whose work rarely calls for critical mention, Mr. Armitage takes a foremost place through his superior knowledge and enterprise. He never knows when he is beaten, he is never content to be superseded. His long series of “ Acts of Charity,” placed side by side in one frame, are of a nullity that is perfectly baffling, but his “ Samson and the Lion ” rises above mediocrity. The naked body of the athlete, tightly bound about the loins by a scarlet cloth, is boldly designed, and the lion is not at all a bad lion in itself. The great fault of the composition, and the fault which is an axe laid to the root of this whole school of art, is the want of reality. The lion is as large as Samson, or larger, yet the prophet throws it over his head without any tension of the muscles of the back or left arm. Evidently, from the mode in which Samson moves, the lion is of no weight at all, a mere inflated toy-lion of thin india-rubber. There is no satisfaction in art of this kind, however strenuous the effort to produce it, however learned the draughtsmanship that adorns it.

Mr. Hook is a veteran painter who shows no tendency to fall into these conventionalities. He was never fresher or more vigorous than this year ; indeed, to compare his present work with what he has exhibited of late, we should be inclined to congratulate him on taking out a new lease of genius. Mr. Hook, and indeed some of

our lesser marine figure-painters, such as notably Mr. Colin Hunter, have no rivals in their particular branch of art in Europe. At the Salon there is no lack of littoral scenes, but they are never rendered with the truth, freshness, and atmospheric vitality of Mr. Hook. Perhaps M. Eugène Feyen comes nearest to our English master in his treatment of fisher-life, but there is always, even in his pictures, a general tone of neutral tint which may be very harmonious, but which is far from rendering the turquoise blues and vitreous greens of the Channel. Mr. Hook's "Diamond Merchants" is one of the finest works he has ever painted, the pinnaced rocks of Cornwall, the changing surface of the sea, the easy, natural grace of the sun-burned children, are all true alike and delightful. The starting boat, in "Past Work," too, is one of those records of minute and accurate observation which we welcome in the painting of any master. Mr. H. W. B. Davis is another artist on whom long-sustained popularity has had no distracting effect. His work has lost a certain woolliness and crudity that once detracted from its beauty, and he probably never painted anything more entirely sound than his landscape this year called "Noon," two cattle tethered among the rough, dry pasturage, above the level of the sea. The careful and conscientious drawing of every poppy, hemlock, and thistle in the foreground of this picture should especially be noted. The study of a mare and her foal, called "Mother and Son," is rather too slight a production to be exhibited at the Academy, but Mr. Davis's third work, "The Evening Star," which hangs in the last room, is a landscape in mellow harmony of tone, worthy of Cuyp himself. Yet how is it that Mr. Davis, decidedly our best English cattle-painter, has never done justice to the magnificent purple bloom on the coat of a bull? We venture to suggest it to him as an object worthy of his finest powers.

The principal contribution of Mr. Pettie, "Before his Peers," a bearded aristocrat in black and yellow, pleading his own cause on some strenuous occasion, could be produced by none but the man who painted it. Its authorship cries to us from the other end of the gallery, the moment that it comes within sight. Masculine, spirited, hasty art that demands attention and cannot be put by, lifelike to the extreme, with always a touch of the paint-brush and the model when we would willingly forget them, there is no doubt that Mr. Pettie's work is among the most individual of our time. Whether he paints history or a portrait, whether he gives us a fresh lad whipping a Highland stream, or a handsome duchess fingering her jewels, his peculiar *cachet* is plainly set on every square inch of the canvas. The excess of this sort of force has sent people of refinement back to Greuse or to Botticelli, to either extreme of delicacy, to escape so violent and boisterous a vitality. But many roads lead to the Rome of fine art, and there can be no doubt that Mr.

Pettie strides like some stalwart knight across one of them. His satellites or attendant henchmen cannot be said to be objects of so much interest to the critic as he himself is. At one time they threatened to fill the Royal Academy unduly with their crude and "painty" canvases. This year they are happily in such abeyance that their very names may pass unmentioned, whether for praise or blame. But Mr. Hodgson, as distantly allied to the same school, can hardly escape a little good-natured castigation for the extraordinary sort of Robinson Crusoe figure which he has presented to the Royal Academy as his diploma picture. Anything more laughably ill-composed and ill-painted can hardly be conceived, and we can only speculate on the cause that has led the latest full Academician to express a public contempt for his colleagues and his office. We should be sorry to think it the cry of the emancipated Associate, freed for ever from any fear of the consequences of bad painting.

There is always so much that is well done and original of its kind in the productions of Mr. Briton Riviere that we cannot help wishing he could be persuaded to make a more thorough study of the human figure. Nothing could be better than his pugs and spaniels in "Envy, Hatred, and Malice," or his bull-dog in "Let Sleeping Dogs Lie," but the navvy in this latter work, and the dead Christian in "A Roman Holiday," are sadly out of drawing. In the last-mentioned picture, the further tiger, which prowls, snarling round the edge of the amphitheatre, is excellently devised, but scarcely painted with so much power as we expect from Mr. Riviere. Nevertheless, though the expression of his talent may fluctuate from year to year, we are always conscious in the case of this excellent artist of an undiminished effort after what is sincere and adequate. It would be agreeable to see more of this in a group of young Associates who began very well, in some cases brilliantly, and who are resting too soon upon their laurels. If we compare Mr. P. R. Morris's "Queen's Shilling" with M. Verhaz' "Revue des Écoles" in this year's Salon, we must admit that the advantage lies entirely with the Belgian artist. Yet Mr. Morris had at one time almost as much skill in grouping a multitude of fresh childish heads as is shown in the extraordinary work just mentioned. But what are we to say of his stagey, unreal composition of this year? Surely this, that it misses the one quality which M. Verhaz secures, reality. In the huge Belgian picture each little girl carries upon her countenance the stamp of her nature and training, and the whole work, as our neighbours would say, is an ugly, but extremely interesting portfolio of "human documents." Mr. Morris's composition, sacrificing as it does truth to prettiness, attains the value of a scene in opera-bouffe. Mr. Peter Graham, again, who has produced some beautiful works within the last fifteen years, is below the average of his skill this year. His landscapes tend to become too oily and

sticky, his sunlight floods his canvas like a golden varnish, and his style on every side is threatened by dangerous mannerisms. Yet we have every confidence that he will emerge from these perils, a confidence that scarcely extends to the case of Mr. McWhirter, who seems to us to be in a more parlous state than Mr. Graham, and "whelmed in deeper gulfs than he." The Royal Academy has seldom seen a landscape so pretentious and untrue as the "Mountain Tops" of Mr. McWhirter. Nor can Mr. Long be seriously congratulated on the popular success which he has achieved by his "Diana or Christ." During the last five or six years this ambitious artist has, it seems to us, been steadily declining in the sounder part of his work, and has descended at last to a very catchpenny cleverness. The heroine of the affecting drama appeals to us with a conventional pathos, rolling the whites of her eyes, and pursing up her mouth in the mode recommended by one of Dickens's characters, as though repeating the words "prune" and "prism." Her lover and several bystanders prove to her with success that she is not alone in being able to roll the white of the eye. The Roman governor watches her with an air of affable interest; a person holding a paper glances sideways at her with a fine old tragedy scowl, and a great mass of supernumeraries are hastily sketched in behind. The only well-painted objects in the whole huge canvas are, the stalwart negro executioner and the silver image of Diana. If Mr. Long had taken time to paint the rest of the picture up to the level of these figures, it would have been a notable work, though even then shallow and poor in sentiment.

The Singhalese have a proverb that even the fall of a dancer is a somersault. It is almost as interesting to catch Mr. Brett tripping as to follow him in his customary perfection. His sea-piece this year, called "Golden Prospects," is not the most satisfactory thing he has ever done, but it detracts nothing from his great prestige. It is an experiment, the result of which will, we trust, persuade him that there is a point where the artist gains nothing by continued elaboration, and where to add detail is to lose freshness and perspective. It is evident that Mr. Brett has set himself this year to surpass all that he has before performed in the way of radiant transcript from nature; he has been over-careful, extravagantly punctilious, and now we hope that he will return contentedly to what is within the possible range of painting. But would that we could see more of this kind of error in the facile art that fills our exhibitions. Mr. Fildes is sometimes too ready to dismiss his work, but we may be glad to forgive him the insipidity of his "Dolly" and his "Doubts" for the sake of his brilliant Venetian woman, in her gorgeous discords of yellow, blue, and green, with her heap of orange stuffs caught up in one hand and her scoured copper pot balanced in the other, as she laughs at us under her blue-black hair.

Three of the last elected Associate painters are justifying their honours very laudably. We are glad that Mr. Boughton has looked at Holland through his blue-tinted spectacles, for he brings us into close sympathy with quaint, clean towns that exactly suit his old-fashioned temper of mind. But we are still more glad that he has gone to Hawthorne's great romance for the subject of one of the few pictures of the year that is based on a genuine literary impression. It is not from any of the more startling pages of the *Scarlet Letter* that he has chosen his incident, but from one of the more subtle and singular passages of the book—that in which the author makes us feel the human heart beating under the hard leathern jerkin of Puritanism. It is the branded woman conquering esteem by the irresistible sweetness and gravity of her manners, and transforming the hideous letter into a symbol of help at need, that Mr. Boughton presents to us in his beautiful "Nester Prynne." Having said so much, it is lack of space and not flippancy that makes us hastily suggest that the eyes of his figures, having now successfully reached their ears, should begin to retire into normal proportions. Mr. Dicksee has produced a very beautiful and satisfactory work in his "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" a picture that shows the result of great labour and of science unusual in so young a man. We have no doubt that he will free himself from a certain want of spontaneity that still makes his pictures seem a little like those of a sort of glorified Academy student. Mr. Gow has emancipated himself more thoroughly from this trick of manner, and has attained more completely an individuality of style; but we cannot feel that he promises so much as Mr. Dicksee does. "The Monk's Walk," by the latter, is precisely what the poet meant by "a green thought in a green shade," and shows an imaginative gift that should have many delightful surprises in store for us.

And now at last we leave the consideration of those painters who are secure of a position on the walls, and come to those who still depend on the justice and good-will of their more fortunate brethren. As space is limited we shall not attempt to catalogue the principal good pictures by outsiders, or dwell on casual examples of talent and skill. We must confine ourselves to an enumeration of those men who appear to us to put forth, by their general work, most claim to recognition by the Royal Academy, and in doing so we shall mention only those who have placed themselves, by their successive efforts, among the prominent candidates for the associateship. In carefully weighing the claims of those painters as represented on the walls of the Academy, we have been so much bewildered by the capricious manner in which the works of outsiders are hung this year, that we cannot help expressing a conviction that the hanging committee, whose names are unknown to us, are entitled to severe censure for the mode in which they have performed, or, in most cases, neglected

their duty. We would particularly refer to the discourtesy shown to one or two eminent foreign exhibitors. Among figure-painters, then, it appears to us that two men come prominently to the front with two very remarkable historical pictures, and in this case we cannot say that any blame is due to the hangers, since "The Benediction" of Mr. J. D. Linton, and the "Charles I. at Gloucester," of Mr. Seymour Lucas, are placed on the line, on each side of a door, as if to invite convenient comparison. It is very instructive to contrast these two masterly productions. Mr. Lucas has the advantage in brilliance and general effect, in broad planes of light, and in cunningly arranged depths of shadow. On the other hand, there is not on the whole of his canvas an inch so exquisitely painted as the kneeling boy's head in Mr. Linton's. The one painter is a simple historian, the other has a touch of the dramatic poet; Mr. Lucas reminds us of Mr. Pettie, while Mr. Linton seems to have caught something of the spirit of Baron Leys. "The Benediction" becomes more interesting the more closely we look into it; "Charles I. at Gloucester" produces its full impression at once. It is easy to see that Mr. Lucas has almost too much proficiency with oils; the cautious touch of Mr. Linton reveals the habitual practice of water-colour. The work of Mr. Linton has long been admirable, that of Mr. Lucas has taken a start this year for which we were not prepared, and the rivalry between the two painters becomes very vivid and interesting.

The name of Mr. John Collier has come more recently before the public than either of those just mentioned, but it has earned this year a great prestige. The beautiful composition which has been bought under the Chantrey Bequest fully deserves the popularity that it has enjoyed. It is the adequate interpretation of a very fine and moving story in Elizabethan history, as mysterious a tragedy as any that adorned the stage in that generation. At present Mr. Collier's final position in art seems dubious; we chiefly observe that his painting is unusually sound and sober, and that he adopts a thoroughly common-sense manner, adorned by a somewhat thin vein of poetry. In a year or two we shall be able to see more clearly in what direction a talent so well trained and so fully under control will eventually lead him. He seems to have an intellectual bias rather rare among painters, and, in fine, we look forward to his future work with unusual anticipation. Mr. Waller is another man more or less of the same school, who has painted a better picture this year than he ever achieved before; but his aims, as we at present conceive them, are rather to be compared with those of Mr. Lucas than with the more serious art of Mr. Collier or Mr. Linton.

It would be a pleasure to one who, like the present writer, has over and over again expended the flowers of youthful rhetoric on the praise of Mr. Albert Moore's successive pieces to continue that

enthusiasm in more sober speech. But a time seems really to have come at last for speaking out strongly against the narrow range and paltry ambition of this singularly gifted colourist. "Every one who has hair," the Hindoos say, "can do it up four different ways." It would be delightful to find that Mr. Albert Moore could contrive even two kinds of toilet. Nor is he any longer an adept in the one narrow class of subjects to which he confines himself. The limbs of his figures lack all projection, the tissues they wear and the stuffs they lounge upon are undistinguishable in texture from their faces, or from the wall behind them. It is really distressing to see a beautiful and original talent, which once was set to high imaginative uses, fall thus into decay. There was nothing to prevent Mr. Albert Moore from developing into another and a more exquisite Puvion de Chavannes; at present he is not merely not this, but he is no longer a power in English art at all. "*C'est un sacrilège, mais je le boude,*" as the hero-worshipper says in the last new comedy.

Mr. Heywood Hardy has achieved a veritable success with his dignified "*Avuda and the Holy Lion,*" but he has made the mistake of accompanying it by a picture that is by no means noble or beautiful. As long as an artist displays this uncertainty of touch, we cannot feel confident that his talent is any deeper than that sort of lyricism which is common to so many young men. Still the lion has a certain grandeur of treatment that places Mr. Heywood Hardy in a more interesting light than he has ever been seen in before. Mr. Robert W. Macbeth, on the other hand, has taken a distinct step back into the rank and file by the injudicious exhibition of his "*Ferry,*" a picture ridiculously crude in workmanship, and painted apparently with no more sensitive tool than the palette-knife. Portions of this large picture display the truth of instinct, the wholesome feeling for rural beauty, and the originality of design which have made previous works of this unequal artist so very interesting; but the most independent of painters should know how to paint, and the condition of eye which enabled Mr. Macbeth to send in without a qualm such an expanse of crudity as the water in the foreground of "*The Ferry*" argues ill for ultimate mastery of the art. Before we leave the figure-painters, we may say that the portrait of Colonel Yule by Mr. T. Blake Wirgman seems to show an extraordinary advance on the part of a draughtsman who has been for some time before the public, but whose portraits have erred on the side of timidity of treatment. In this portrait Mr. Wirgman seems to us of all the outsiders to come the nearest to Mr. Holl.

The honours of landscape are divided this year between Mr. Cecil Lawson, Mr. Colin Hunter, and Mr. Keeley Halswelle. The first-mentioned of these gentlemen makes a constantly stronger claim upon our attention as a landscape-painter of the constructive and selective class. He does not attempt to follow the prevailing craze

for "impressions;" he deliberately returns to the old traditions of English landscape. That he owes a great deal to Gainsborough he would probably be the last to deny; he has certainly not studied Hobbima and Gaspar Poussin without stealing something of the peculiar magic from each of them. He has a fine range of expression; he can oppress our nerves with thunder-cloud and broad masses of stormy light, or reduce his tones to so silvery a key that we are reminded of some such quiet, old-world draughtsman as Cozens. It is the peculiarity of such painting as this that it does not appeal to any extravagance of passing fashion, but to time itself; and will possess what value it now possesses when the whole temper of the age has altered. We believe that if he will keep true to his best instincts and resist a certain temptation to haste and eccentricity, this artist will achieve a place in poetic landscape second to no Englishman of his time. Mr. Colin Hunter has a more prosaic, but a more robust temperament in art than Mr. Cecil Lawson. The effects he produces are less lovely and refined, but they are sometimes more true to nature, and they are always well under his own control. Great injury is done to his two superb sea-scapes of this year by their position high above the line. "Mussel Gatherers," however, as well as we are able to make out, is by far the better of the two, more original in the strange grouping of the women as they wade, truer in the effect of strong twilight upon the ripples, more courageous in rendering the crude sunset atmosphere on the low fields of the island beyond. Mr. Keeley Halswelle is a new name in landscape art. For many years he has sent from Rome rather conventional figure-pieces, in which we are free to confess that we have taken no manner of interest. But he has returned to England, and he has made quite a new start by rendering, in a broad and striking style, passages of still water, full of silvery reeds, and broken only by "the innumerable lily." He has painted these aquatic perspectives under afternoon skies almost surcharged with heavy, silver-shot clouds, skies that press upon the sense of the spectator with some measure of painful exaggeration. But the general impression of nature is new and valuable, and places Mr. Keeley Halswelle in a more prominent position than he ever held before. Finally, it must not be overlooked that Miss Clara Montalba has this year far outstepped all English painters of her sex by her noble picture of "St. Mark's," and that Mr. Logsdail displays a new and valuable feeling for architectural detail in three striking, though harsh and dry, paintings of Flemish life.

What we have said about the vagaries of the hanging committee does not hold true of the placing of the sculpture, which seems to have been carried out under some new and happy inspiration. The dreadful shelf which used to run round the sculpture gallery, on which the busts were arranged side by side, like so many decapitated

heads, gives way this year to a series of pedestals, one for each individual work. The principal figures, too, instead of being crowded round the walls of the central hall, are placed in such isolation that they can be well seen from all sides. Sir Frederick Leighton, in addressing the guests at the Academy dinner the other day, bade them notice that sculpture in England was waking from its long slumber. We certainly find reason to endorse his words. Is Mr. Thornycroft the "fated fairy Prince" who has wrought this magic change? His "Teucer" is certainly the best statue of 1881, as his "Artemis" was of 1880, and he has progressed in originality and learning since last year. His conception of the brother of Ajax is a very fine imaginative study, carried out with much more force and ease than we are wont to find in English sculpture. The modelling of the head alone is something quite new to those who have been accustomed to see at the Academy year after year nothing better than smooth adaptations of debased Roman copies of Greek work. In exhibiting the "Teucer," Mr. Thornycroft places himself on a level with the best younger French sculptors of our time, and claims kinship with such men as Idrac and Albert-Lefevre. Mr. George Lawson, in his "Cleopatra," shows something of the same instinct for style and for the modern grand manner; but his statue is marred by certain technical shortcomings. Mr. Lawson has modelled more satisfactory compositions than this. The beautiful workmanship of Mr. Armstead's two marble bas-reliefs is so very considerable, that we pause to consider why the pleasure they give us is not more complete. The answer, probably, should be that the sculptor has wantonly, since accident is out of the question in so great a master of technique, disobeyed the law that in bas-relief faces must be treated in profile. We cannot desire to see the courageous experiment repeated. In iconic sculpture the Royal Academy presents nothing so considerable as Mr. Boehm's exquisitely finished bust of Mr. Gladstone. We welcome, in bronze, the equestrian group, called "A Moment of Peril," by Mr. Brock, which was exhibited in plaster last year, and which has now been bought under the Chantrey Bequest. In spite of a tiresome error in natural history, it is a noble work, which will advance the reputation of Foley's best pupil. We are sorry to miss the name of Mr. Woolner from the list of exhibitors in 1881. All the names in sculpture hitherto mentioned have long been favourably before the public. Of fresh candidates for distinction, Mr. Lee, with his striking statue of "Cain," seems to be moving forward on the soundest principles; but it would be well to bear in mind the names of Mr. Percival Ball, Mr. Onslow Ford, and Mr. Roscoe Mullins. The President was certainly right, and English sculpture is showing signs of revival; she has two great dangers to be ware of, pseudo-classicism on the one hand, and Italian smartness on the other.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

ENGLISH AND EASTERN HORSES.

C PART II.—ENGLISH HORSES. *

As soon as our three most illustrious Eastern colonists, the Byerley Turk, the Darley Arabian, and the Godolphin horse of unknown parentage, had established themselves and their families in the land, the breeding of the English race-horse may be said to have consummated itself. Older foreign sires helped to feed the descents for awhile; thus Brilliant has little or nothing to do with the Byerley Turk, and King Herod is perhaps the last horse of renown who is a stranger in blood to the Godolphin. Still the three families were inextricably intertwined one hundred years ago, and have gone on combining and recombining themselves ever since, so that for all practical purposes there are three genealogies, and three only, still in their pristine vigour. Setting aside exceptional animals, from 1750, let us say, to 1815, or thereabouts, the English race-horse was perhaps at his best. The two-year-old races, though creeping in during the latter half of this period, were not yet very general; there were, consequently, fewer wretches, and the good, swifter or not swifter, were of a more valuable sort and a richer national possession. So says Mr. White, the historian of the British turf, though I frankly confess that I do not rate his authority very highly; so says Colonel Hamilton Smith, who in depth of knowledge, both scientific and practical, about the Equidæ, stands, one may say, alone; so said Mr. Lawrence, the famous veterinary surgeon and historian of the horse; so say, I believe, most men who have paid attention to these matters, except those professional turfites, whose main object it is to sweep away stakes and pocket bots without being bothered.

The real difference between the old set and the new set of animals seems to be this: that whereas the earlier runners thought nothing of contesting three four-mile races in a week, and kept their power of doing this year after year, the modern flyer, who accomplishes three miles once in his career, and does not break down until after he has ceased to be a colt, is considered a prodigy. By all, however, except mere book-makers, the preservation of a fine breed of horses cannot but be looked upon as the true object of racing. I trust, therefore, that my readers will bear with me whilst I discuss the subject, even though I discuss it at some length. The optimists have two arguments, each of which I admit has some force, and I do not wonder that they cling to them, seeing that in the face of an enormous mass of evidence directly against their theories, they have absolutely nothing else to rely upon.

Admiral Rous's position is that Arabs and half-Arabs are worthless as against our present running horses, whereas from 1700 to 1750 they distinguished themselves; therefore our older horses must have been worthless too. There are, however, several things to be taken into consideration. We learn, to begin with, that Markham's Arabian was thoroughly well beaten in every race he ran for—by the same process of reasoning, therefore, we might infer that Atlas or Bay Malton would have stood no chance against the running horses of James I. But, as Mr. Blunt points out, the pure Arab is bred and trained for quite other purposes. Neither he nor his ancestors have been accustomed or taught to race in our sense of the word. The qualities of the Arab family are such, no doubt, as to insure superiority to his descendants in that respect also, with time, and after instruction, but his normal superiority is one of a somewhat different kind. Pure Arabs we may therefore put aside for the present.

With regard to half-Arabs like Childers, Regulus, Brocklesby Betty, and so on, there are also several points to be taken into consideration.

In the first place the Arabs of 1750 were most carefully sought out and purchased at any price.

Secondly, these were, as I have said before, mated with the very best mares.

Thirdly, it is doubtful whether, even when every effort had been made, the most perfect specimens of the race were attainable except at long intervals, and then by accident. Both here and in India, Sir David, Honeysuckle, the Byerley Turk, the Lister Turk, the Darley Arabian, the Godolphin Arabian, seem to have been caught by a happy chance. And it is worth considering whether some superstition may not have been at work in the Oriental mind, urging it to get rid of horses with ominous markings. I recollect being told by an old Indian uncle of mine that it was in that direction purchasers ought to look out for a really superior Eastern horse. Sir David accordingly was the best Arab ever landed in India, but there was some mystery about him. He came in a most miserable condition, and when put to the stud failed to become a sire,¹ the native horse-dealers telling us at the same time that we never should see his like again. Honeysuckle, also a very brilliant specimen of his kind, was unfortunately burnt to death on board ship in a voyage up the Ganges.

In the fourth place, when horses did not appear on the turf until they were five, six, or seven years old, the half-Arabs had time to

(1) As the Arabs ride, we are told, only mares, a stud horse, who, like Codric, the winner of the Derby in 1824, Langtonian, or even the Earl, was practically useless for the future, became useless altogether, whatever his personal qualities might be.

develop. Under the present forging system our three-year-olds are abnormally good, as compared with themselves later on. Most of them, I really believe, instead of improving, fade and dwindle away ; at any rate the improvement between three and five years old is comparatively nothing to what it used to be. Now the son of an Arab, who is no race-horse in our sense of the word, would probably require the full time due from Nature for the proper development of his family in order to reach the maximum of his excellence—this time we never give them now.

And lastly, what is the condition of the Arab himself at present ? This is what Colonel Hamilton Smith says : “ When, therefore, we take together all the qualities of the Arabian horses, and compare them with other races, we may find some of greater single power, but none endowed with so much to endear, to admire, or to use. This opinion we are justified in passing, since neither Asia nor Europe can boast of a horse in all or in some respects superior or equal, which is not mainly indebted to the Arabian blood for the estimation which it has obtained, *but it is doubtful whether the great qualities of these animals are not now rapidly on the decline, the wants and expectations of the people evidently taking another direction.*” In confirmation of this opinion one has only to turn to Mr. Blunt’s article in the *Nineteenth Century*. There we learn how miserably the wretched animals are now starved, fettered in helpless inaction, and otherwise ill-treated ; how, in consequence of the continual sale of their horses, the mares, whom till recently they wished to keep, are appropriated in great herds to a single male, and so on. The old stories of the foal being brought up in the tent, and treated as a favourite child, are now quite obsolete ; on the contrary, if the Arabs were bent upon trashing, as we Yorkshiremen say, and ruining their breed, they could not take a straighter road to that goal than they seem to be doing at present. Even Sir Charles Bunbury’s invention of two-year-old races can hardly have been more mischievous to us than is the present Bedouin system to the Arab. I would submit to all impartial readers those reasons taken altogether, and then ask them if the principal argument of the optimists has not, after the manner of their favourite Rowley Milers, sprung a back-sinew at least, if not irretrievably broken down. Now, unless this Anti-Arabic inference is held sufficient, they have, like their pets again, hardly a leg to stand upon. The whole array of recorded facts is dead against them, as we shall show in a rapid recapitulation of the principal statements which have from time to time been noted down in the history of horse-racing. The other argument of the optimists just worth noticing is derived from the habit in which our ancestors indulged, of riding alongside of the competitors during the last half mile or so of an interesting race. It is argued from this that the

racers could not have been going any pace, and were worth very little. This inference is altogether an unreasonable one. The riding sportsmen of this class who maintained their equality with the running horses up to the winning post were, I should say, few in number, men, no doubt, like Mr. Jennison Shafto, of match-against-time notoriety, weighing probably less than the twelve stone carried by the racers, and mounted on fleet hacks, selected and fitted for that particular kind of work.

What may be the case now I know not. The five-furlong wretch in fashion may be as fast as a hunting leopard over his miserable distance. But in my youth it was notorious that for a spurt many half-bred nags (such as Mr. Clifton's old hunter Nottingham) were swifter than almost any four-legged creature to be found, and further back, in the middle of the last century, Hell-fire Dick on the Rocket gelding could show the way, for a quarter of a mile, to every race-horse in the world. Nags of the same kind would no doubt be common enough, there being a demand for them, and would be used with various degrees of success to gallop alongside the course against horses who had already struggled through three miles and a half, under heavy weights, but I can draw from that fact no such inference as the optimists insist upon, and do not mean to be convinced.

To begin like, or rather unlike, the ram in the fairy tale, at the beginning. The first recorded race of great importance is the match between the semi-mythical Yorkshire horse Merlin and an unnamed antagonist, possibly the semi-mythical Dragon, belonging to Tregonwell Frampton, the patron saint, or sinner, of all succeeding blacklegs. For the aggressive sharp practice of Frampton and the defensive sharp practice on the part of Merlin's owner, I must refer the reader to White. It may be said, in the spirit of John Scott's remark about some ingenious Americans, "That we should not have been able to teach those gentlemen *much*." Each thought that he had outwitted the other, and therefore both parties were naturally confident of success. Enormous sums were betted, and finally Yorkshire was successful. It is not easy to accommodate Merlin's received pedigree to any probable time, but I suppose that if Merlin's dam were sister, as they say, to the great-grandam of Bay Bolton, a horse foaled in 1705, she must have been a sister younger by fifteen or twenty years, which would enable us to fix the date of the match either quite at the end of the seventeenth century or quite at the opening of the eighteenth; and this is not incompatible with another statement, that Merlin was alive as a stud horse in 1714. The Helmsley Turk indeed (Merlin's grandsire) is popped down in the *Stud-Book* as though he had been introduced by the first Duke of Buckingham; but this, if we compare the time when Mr. Felton lost his hat in August, 1628, with

the foaling of Woodcock by Merlin in 1715, and still more with the foaling of a filly by the Helmsley Turk out of Dodsworth's dam, after the death of Charles II., is obviously a mistake. The introducer of the Helmsley Turk must have been the gentleman who died "in the worst inn's worst room," as, indeed, any Rothschild might do to-morrow, if he broke his neck out hunting and was carried thither in a hurry. This race of Merlin's is now principally interesting to us as probably the earliest in which a horse still known to us by name is engaged, and secondly as originally exhibiting the true Yorkshire temper, with its keen intensity of interest and absorbing jealousy of the South—which continued so remarkable a characteristic of the people north of Trent, till the railways, "cranking in," mixed up everything together. The following rude verses are part of a ballad relating to the match, and were quoted in *Bell's Life in London* some fifteen or twenty years ago:—

- "Now when they came to the second mile-post,
 They seemed to run very gay,
 Jerry said, 'If you can no faster go,
 Come let us whip away—away.'"
- "And when they came to the third mile-post, '
 They seemed to run very true,
 Jerry said, 'If you can no faster go,
 I must and will leave thou—leave thou.'"
- "And now little Merlin has won the day,
 And all for his master's gain;
There were four-and-twenty Yorkshircmen
 Guarded him to his stable again.
- "And as they rode through Newmarket,
 Many curses on them did fall—
 A curse light on each Yorkshire knight,
 Their horses, and riders and all."

The same Yorkshire feeling I endeavoured to express in more modern phraseology, through rhymes which excited some attention in their day—though now out of print. The race referred to in them was that of 1827, in which Mr. Peter's Matilda defeated Mameluke, the winner of the Derby, after a most anxious struggle.

- "And every corner of the North
 Has poured her hardy yeomen forth;
 The dweller by the glistening rills
 That sound among the Craven Hills,
 The stalwart husbandman who holds
 His plough upon the Eastern wolds—
 From Swale and Ure, from Crossfell wastes,
 They roll along by dale and down;
 Whilst from each grim and clouded town,
 For once the sallow weaver hastes;
 To gather thickly on the lea,
 Still streaming from far homes, to see

If Yorkshire keeps her old renown,
 Or if the dreaded Derby horse
 Can tear the laurel from her course.
 With the same look on every face,
 The same keen feeling, they retrace
 The Legends of each antient race,
 Recalling¹ Reveller in his pride,
 Or Blacklock of the mighty stride;
 Or listening to some grey-haired sage.
 Full of the dignity of age,
 How Hambletonian² beat of yore
 Such rivals as are seen no more;
 How his old father loved to tell
 Of that stern struggle, ended well,
 When, strong of heart, the Wentworth Bay³
 From staggering Herod stode away;
 Of our first victory, handed on
 Through the long years from sire to son,
 Whilst subtle Frampton schemed in vain,
 And from Newmarket's baffled plain,
 That triumph leapt like beacon fires
 Across the sullen midland shires,
 To fill with glee our reeling spires,
 Whilst children started from their beds,
 Those joybells⁴ clashing round their heads,
 To hear through shouting Yorkshire run
 The news that Merlin's⁵ race was won;
 How Northern horses such as they
 Would leave the panting South half-way,
 But that the creatures of to-day
 Are cast in quite a different mould,
 From what he recollects of old," &c., &c.

Between Merlin and Flying Childers, the most celebrated names are those of Basto, Bay Bolton, Brocklesby Betty, True Blue, Chanter, Fox, and Bonny Black. Of the earlier among these we know little beyond their names; Chanter, however, is famous as the antagonist of Childers in 1722, being at that time twelve years old; Fox and Bonny Black also reach the time when races at Newmarket begin to be recorded, and from the era of Flying Childers English racing has proceeded with a steady and continuous advance. The legends about the horse in question are so well known that it is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon them. If his stride, like that of Eclipse, when extended, covered twenty-five feet, it was eight inches longer than the strides of the Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur when they were struggling head to head opposite the York Stand in 1851. The two horses, whilst the contention was at its height, reached

(1) From 1817 to 1821.

(2) Hambletonian and Diamond, 1799.

(3) Bay Malton and King Herod, 1766.

(4) When Beeswing, in 1842, won that great Southern trophy, the Ascot Cup, Northumberland, of one spirit with Yorkshire in the matter of racing, insisted upon having the bells of St. Nicholas, Newcastle, rung in her honour, and rung they were.

(5) Merlin, say 1700.

over exactly the same space of ground, and that space was twenty-four feet four inches. The portraits of Flying Childers commonly represent him with his hind legs stretching abnormally far back. If, by some exceptional leverage power, he could bring these hind legs perfectly under him when he galloped, his length of stride and his superior speed would be not unreasonably accounted for. He won two matches and received some forfeits at Newmarket, but his greatest achievements were not performed in public; he is said to have given Fox, almost the best runner of his time, 12 lbs., and to have beaten him a quarter of a mile over the Beacon course; which is very much as if a dark three-year-old had met Robert the Devil last year at Doncaster and reached the goal before Robert had come to what is called the end of the white rails.

It is worth remarking that Fox at this time belonged to the Duke of Rutland, as did the hitherto invincible Bonny Black, and that the Duke, on withdrawing this famous mare from the turf, challenged any horse or mare in the kingdom to run four times round the race-course (about fourteen miles and a quarter); whether this challenge was aimed at Childers, then six years old, and whether it gives evidence of the Duke of Rutland's belief, judging through Fox, that Childers, in spite of his tremendous speed, might possibly be worn down in a very long race, we cannot say. The challenge was not accepted, and Bonny Black retired with all the honours of war. Why also she was never mated with Childers is a curious question; the blood of the Byerley Turk might have mingled with that of the Darley Arabian, some thirty-five years before the birth of Herod, and who can say what would have been the result? As the two Dukes were neighbours in the country, as well as associates at Newmarket, as one of them possessed the finest horse, and the other the finest mare in England, why so natural a union never took place must be left to the Mannerses and Cavendishes to explain. The sons of Childers, Blacklegs, Plaistow, Second, Blaze, and Spanking Roger, all came into competition with the progeny of the Godolphin Arabian and of Partner, and are perhaps entitled to rank with them—certainly not higher. In the next generation, with the exception of Blaze, and of Snap, who was excellent both on the turf and at the stud, they more or less disappear, whilst the Godolphin family sweeps everything before it. The following anecdote as to the purchase of Childers, preserved at Cantley, may perhaps be new to my readers; with it we will take leave of the "unwinged flyer," as the Moorish poet quoted above would have called him.

The Duke of Devonshire was in the habit of buying annually some of Mr. Childers's "young things"; on one occasion a dispute arose between them, as to whether the sum due from the Duke to the Squire was to be calculated in guineas or pounds. "Throw in,"

exclaimed the Duke, "that ugly little white-faced Devil looking over the gate yonder, and guineas it shall be." No sooner said than done: Childers went with the lot to Chatsworth, and was there used as a hack. Returning one day with letters across the moor, he passed the exercising ground of the Duke's accepted racers. The boys jeered at him as he went by, crying out, "Come now, let us see what that wonderful high-bred nag of yours can do." This invitation was straightway accepted, and the curiosity of Childers's critics satisfied at once. It is needless to add that the horse was immediately put into training, and the Chatsworth post-pony found himself at once transformed into the pride and terror of Newmarket. His comparatively small size was considered at first, I suppose, to unfit him for racing. The same thing happened with Gimcrack afterwards—some such accident disclosed his superiority, and the wondering groom rushed to tell his master that the "little Cripple colt could beat them all." How do these instances square themselves with the Rous-Galloway theory? Between Childers and Eclipse little more than forty-five years intervened, and during all this time, whenever superior power was shown, or imagined, the regular formula was—this is the best horse since Childers. That was said of Lath, foaled in 1732; of the Duke of Devonshire's Atlas, foaled in 1752, and doubtless of many others in the excitement of some unexpected victory. But after the advent of Eclipse, this formula dropped. For the first time men recognised a race-horse equal, or if not absolutely equal to the typical Flyer, yet good enough, in Cambridge phrasology, to be bracketed with him. Now we always wonder why Admiral Rous and his supporters have invariably assumed that the men of those times were incapable of forming an opinion worth attending to. There are now hundreds of people in all ranks of life, from Duke to tout, who must be perfectly competent to compare and contrast Isonomy with such a horse as Touchstone, foaled in 1831, and both of them with celebrated racers, such as Bay Middleton, Stockwell, Gladiateur, Blair Athol and others who come in between. Why then are we to suppose that the English sportsmen of one hundred and twenty years ago judged without reason in these matters, and spoke without thought? There must at least have been the same number of men in 1769 who could recollect 1722 and the ensuing years, as there are now to recollect 1830. If a man heard, as I heard from John Scott, long after 1828, that Velocipede, though not the luckiest, was the best three-year-old he had ever trained; and if that man has, as I have, the most perfect recollection of Velocipede's appearance, size,

(1) The last Derby I have witnessed (for I have left off going to races) was won by Pretender, the last St. Leger by Silvio; and I should say, taking a shot at the probabilities of the case, that Velocipede could, to speak mildly, have given Pretender 21 lbs., and Silvio a stone or more.

shape, points, and style of going, he naturally thinks that he is able to institute some sort of comparison between him and Robert the Devil; or between Robert the Devil and twenty other horses, equally distinct as Velocipede along the lines of his memory. Is such a power confined to the latter part of the nineteenth century? and if not, what was there to hinder my great-grandfather, under similar circumstances, from putting Sedbury, and Lath, and Regulus, and Mirza before his eyes, whilst Eclipse was gaining his victories; and weighing them in the balance of judgment against Eclipse, whom he saw, and against Childers, whom he could perfectly recollect? In fact, no man ever heard of this marvellous advance through the generations till quite the other day. The utmost that Sir Charles Bunbury, the inventor of two-year-old racing,¹ claimed for Smolensko, was that possibly he could have gone over the course with Shark at even weights, instead of at 10 lbs., as old Lawrence suggested. "But," continues the narrator "he afterwards, I believe, changed that opinion."

Whether, however, the old notion that Childers and Eclipse stand apart in a class from all others be sound or not, it seems certain that so great a superiority over all existing competitors never was found in any third champion. So that even if we accept Admiral Rous's statement, that Eclipse now would hardly carry off a £50 selling plate, with the winner to be sold for 200 guineas, this yet gives the pair a special distinction of their own.

I do not know when this wonderful improvement is supposed to have reached its maximum, but I assume that the present horses will not claim to be much better than Touchstone, Bay Middleton, and Beeswing, or Fleur-de-lis. Now, between Marske and Touchstone there are five generations; between Bay Middleton and King Herod, four; between Beeswing and Matchem, four; four also between Fleur-de-lis and Matchem, so that the improvement must have gone on at the rate of at least a stone per generation, since everybody must acknowledge that four stone² is a most moderate allowance for the best horse of the year to have given to so poor a competitor as Eclipse is thus supposed to be. Have the optimists ever considered, in connection with this point, certain horses who overlapped their own generation, and had to meet nephews and nieces at even weights over the course? Mirza,³ we think, is an awkward

(1) *Subaudi multa.*

(2) Four stone I take to be about the average difference between Al of any given year and his lowest thoroughbred contemporary, keepable in training for small selling races, like the Rous Eclipse.

(3) Mirza, by the Godolphin Arabian, foaled seventeen years after Lath, the son and heir; he ran some ten or eleven times, and never was beaten. He ended his career by defeating a grand field over the Beacon course at Newmarket, including his renowned nephew Matchem, and the equally renowned Jason, commemorated by Thackeray. Jason, also, is of a younger generation. We may add that Mirza was not brought out till he was seven years old.

horse for them, and Meteora¹ a very awkward mare. Hambletonian and Diamond may also be mentioned as running on among the *post-nati* unsurpassable to the last. But the horse to whom we wish to call particular attention is Medoro, by Cervantes out of a Sorcerer mare, foaled in 1824. He was of the same generation as Altisidora and Tramp, foaled in 1810; as Orville, foaled in 1799; as Eleanor, foaled in 1798, and actually one generation higher up and nearer to the Darley Arabian than Catton, foaled in 1809. In spite of this, he was one of the best horses of a good year, with nothing to show that he was in any respect obsolete (except that he certainly had good legs); and my readers will see hereafter that the fastest mile-and-a-quarter race discoverable in the Calendars was won by him against two powerful opponents, each of them two generations farther off from the one common ancestor than he was. If, then, Mirza, by the Godolphin Arabian, and Meteora, by Meteor, could defeat nephews and nieces and the like; if Medoro could conquer his grand-nephews and the like in 1830, we begin to doubt of this continuous improvement, so loudly boasted of, and may fairly desire to ascertain the positive as well as the relative merits of Eclipse, if they happen to be ascertainable. The only clue to them seems to be his race against Tortoise and Bellario in 1770 at York. It is thus described:—"20 to 1. In running 100 to 1 on Eclipse. Eclipse took the lead at starting, and when at the two-mile post was *above a distance*² before the others. He won with uncommon ease." Now both Tortoise and Bellario belonged then to the first rank of horses, the rank which included Bay Malton, Gimcrack, Antinous, Beau Fremont, and King Herod. A year or two before there had been a famous contest at York, between Bay Malton, Herod, Beau Fremont, and others. On account of the great interest awakened this race was carefully timed. Bay Malton went over the York four-mile course (always dull and inelastic, and generally more or less heavy in an English August) in 7 m. and 43½ s.; and yet Eclipse could have beaten horses of much the same stamp as Bay Malton 600 yards or so over the same ground four years afterwards. We may add that 7 m. and 43½ s. continued to be good average time for similar races at York, when Haphazard and his successors contested them fifty years later; and we must leave our readers to decide whether these calculations are easily reconcilable with the selling stakes theory alluded to above. It may not be out

(1) Meteora, the best mare of her time, was a late grand-daughter of Eclipse; she won her four last races in the year 1810, forty years after her grandsire had retired from the turf. It is needless to add that her competitors, with hardly an exception, were lower down in the generations than she was.

(2) It is probable that Captain O'Kelly, after having shown that he could *distance*, or double distance, his opponents, refrained from doing so because, as we learn, there was heavy betting between Bellario and Tortoise for the second place.

of place here to point out what the average thoroughbred horse of that day could do in races against time, about which there can be no mistake. Mr. Hall's Quibbler, in 1782, practically accomplished twenty-four miles within the hour. In 1756 Mr. Jennison Shafto, on ten different horses, galloped fifty miles in 1 h. 49 m. and some odd seconds. The four third-rate animals who drew old Queensberry's carriage in his well-known match in 1750 overpowered their jockies at the start, and ran away, doing the first four miles in 9 m., with wheels behind them; and finally, in 1760, the celebrated Mr. Johnson (whoever the celebrated Mr. Johnson may have been) rode one mile at York, for 100 guineas, standing upright upon his saddle. "He was allowed three minutes to ride it in, but he accomplished the task in two minutes forty-two seconds." The name of the horse he elected to stand upon is not even thought worth mentioning. Why, then, are we to disbelieve every statement handed down to us about the pace of these old encounters—because it pleases Admiral Rous and his adherents to go on knocking our two-year-olds to pieces, and to breed from fast weeds and cripples rather than stout horses, in order that two-year-old races may be more readily won? Lord Stradbroke, at any rate, differs as much from his brother, so far as sound opinions in this matter are concerned, as Eclipse differed, in racing power, from his cadet, Garrick. This is what *he* says:—"For more than sixty years I have had great experience in breeding all sorts of horses, and have taken great interest in their enduring qualities. I believe that horses *have* deteriorated of late years. My firm belief is that there are not now four horses in England that could run over the Beacon course in eight minutes, which, in my younger days, I have seen constantly done."

If any confirmation of Lord Stradbroke's opinion be needed, America will furnish it. The Americans maintained our old English system of four-mile heats long after we had abandoned them; and though naturally, if we had kept upon the same lines, our horses ought to have retained their superiority, seeing that we intended to reserve all the best stallions, and still more, all the best mares for ourselves—to feed them, as it were, with the crumbs that fell from our table; still Prioreess, and Optimist, and Starch (to say nothing of magnificent Old Lexington over the sea) brought home to all who could not keep their eyes close shut, the disagreeable truth that they represented Dorimant, and Shark, and Highflyer, and Hambletonian, over anything like a distance of ground, a great deal better than most of their English contemporaries.¹

To proceed, however, downwards from Eclipse. Of the race between Firetail and Pumpkin, one minute four and a half seconds

(1) This, I need scarcely say, was written before the recent performances of Iroquois, Foxhall, and Don Fulano.

over the Rowley mile in 1773 ("decidedly less than a minute and a quarter," says another and independent eye-witness), any allusion to which always makes the optimists foam at the mouth with rage, we shall say nothing except that it was published over Europe, without being contradicted or questioned; and that both Pumpkin and Firetail could go four miles as well as one with perfect comfort to themselves, and, as must be clear to any one opening the *Racing Calendar*, did not break down before they had ceased to be colts, which is more than can be said of their most obvious modern rival—that brilliant cripple, Bay Middleton. His race with Elis for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes in 1836 is, perhaps, the nearest approach to Firetail's wonderful performance. Indeed, if Bay Middleton had been able to start in 1773 on the other side of the course, with 7 st. upon his back (his proper weight), instead of 8 st. 7 lbs., who knows what might have happened?

After this there is nothing of startling interest before the famous match between Hambletonian and Diamond for three thousand guineas; both being colts of 1792, were seven in the spring of 1799—as we should say, rising seven, according to the older method of calculating age—when the match took place.

This match is always brought forward by the optimists as tending to show that the speed of our older horses has been exaggerated. "Eight minutes and a half," say they, "were occupied by these renowned horses in running over the Beacon Course, according to the best authorities; and therefore no preceding runner ever did it in less." It is obviously impossible, then, that Childers should have carried 9 st. over the same distance in $7\frac{1}{2}$ m.; that Regulus should have completed his four miles at Newmarket in 7 m. 10 sec.; that Coriander, many years afterwards, should have repeated this remarkable performance; that Matchem should have beaten Trajan for the Whip in 7 m. 20 sec.; that Spectator, a year or two afterwards, should have run three 4-mile heats in 7 m. 50 sec., in 7 m. 40 sec., and 8 m. odd. All such absurd statements are quashed and put out of court by the simple fact that Hambletonian required $8\frac{1}{2}$ m. to achieve his mighty triumph.

I must be permitted to say that this is all nonsense. In the first place I do not know why anybody assumes that $8\frac{1}{2}$ m. is the most accurate timing of this great race; and secondly, if it were, it does not bear upon the general question in the smallest degree. I have seen four separate accounts of this match. One man, no doubt, says that it was run in $8\frac{1}{2}$ m., adding, however, that "the first three miles were done at an easy gallop." He is a bitter partisan of Diamond's, had obviously lost his money, and his object being to prove that Diamond's rider had thrown away his chance by not forcing the pace, he naturally represents the race to have occupied the longest time possible. A second eye-witness tells us that the

race was finished in 8 m. But, according to him, Fitzpatrick on Diamond "rode booty." He also seems to have lost his bets and his temper on this memorable occasion. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that to me both these gentlemen seem to have been very great fools. A third narrator takes up the story a little later, reviews all that has been said upon the subject, and shows himself to be a much more competent judge.

He also is prejudiced, justly or unjustly, against Hambletonian, calls him a great swerving brute, and so on, stating that he was not whipped, because if he had been he would probably have collapsed at once—still he seems to know what he is talking about. Now he declines to fix the time at all, saying that as to that there was a great difference of opinion. Still he confirms nincompoop the first more or less by declaring that he has often seen the course run over by horses of inferior pretensions, under heavier weights, in a shorter time. He does not think, however, that Diamond could have won under any circumstances, believing that the larger and swifter horse could have laid off, whilst his smaller rival was exhausting his powers, to come up when his game little antagonist had blown himself by desperate exertions, and win as he liked. Lastly, there is a Yorkshire account which seems, whenever this great event was afterwards spoken of, to have finally prevailed—viz., that Hambletonian won in a canter; because whilst Diamond was terribly punished, Buckle never whipped him at all, and that the race was completed in 7 min. 15 sec.¹ This last assertion seems to me, I confess, not in accordance with the evidence; it was rather, I think, the North of England view what Hambletonian's great race ought to have been, than what it really was. Anybody can see that the slower of two horses is under some disadvantage in a match, as compared to what he would be in a race comprising a large field of competitors, and Diamond seems to have felt the difficulty of not having some one to make strong running for him without his distressing himself, and to have been hampered accordingly. As far as I can make out, all the early progress of the struggle was somewhat slow, Diamond's rider not caring to over-force his horse, but that when Hambletonian shot to the front in order to make use of his superior length and swiftness across the flat, the pace became exceedingly severe. Buckle is reported to have told Clift, the well-known jockey, that he had never been so fast in his life. This being so, they went together and measured Hambletonian's hoof-marks on that part of the course, finding, according to the account given, that for nearly a mile and a half he had covered eight yards at every stride. He was supposed, indeed, to have secured his victory by out-pacing and over-hurrying Diamond in that tremendous rush of speed.

(1) Still it shows what the receivable opinion then was as to the pace of a first-class race-horse.

As he answered the final call upon him with perfect gameness, the Newmarket abuse of him seems to be mere South-country spite against our Northern champion, and as a Yorkshireman, I must add, that taking everything into consideration, Diamond has no claim to take equal rank with him as a race-horse. It might almost as well be said that Lord Exeter's Beiram was on a level with Priam, because he once pressed him closely for the Goodwood Cup. Hambletonian won the St. Leger in 1795; he started, between 1795 and 1800, seventeen times, and one may say, never was beaten.¹ It is true that he lost a plate at York, by bolting over the rails and running off to his stable, on which occasion he is said to have cleared thirty feet in that single bound; but he turned the tables on his conqueror, if one can call him so, two days afterwards. Diamond, on the other hand, though certainly a frequent winner, was beaten no less than ten times in the course of his turf career, besides losing an eleventh race by running out of the course in emulation of Hambletonian. Hambletonian, moreover, during the whole of 1798 was lame, out of sorts, and out of training, so that it is probable that he had irrecoverably lost something of his natural excellence, whilst Diamond, I should say, was never so good as on that morning, either before it or after it. To crown all, it must not be forgotten that Hambletonian was conceding weight to him. Three pounds, it is true, may not amount to much over the Rowley mile, but when you carry it over the Beacon course it is quite another matter. Seven pounds between two horses perfectly equal has been there computed to make the difference of a distance of 240 yards. What difference three pounds might make I do not know, not 103 yards, I presume, but still several lengths at the least, and by so much was Hambletonian better than Diamond on that important April morning in 1799; whilst as three-year-olds, as four-year-olds, or as five-year-olds, there could be no comparison at all between the two racers. Hambletonian, moreover, as the direct ancestor of Blacklock, and as the sire of Camillus, Smuggler, Theresa, and other good horses, was greatly superior to his rival at the stud, though in that respect I admit he hardly equalled the expectations which were formed of him at first.

I have only to repeat that if this match occupied eight minutes and thirty seconds in running, the fact is satisfactorily explained above; it is at any rate clear that one hundred horses previous to, contemporary with, or coming shortly after these two celebrated antagonists, could have gone over the same ground with ease at a greater pace than that. The optimists, moreover, cannot be allowed to choose one race to draw their inferences from. The true conclusion can only be derived from an average of many races; I shall, therefore,

(1) He was also first favourite in every one of his races, from first to last.

proceed on my examination of the old calendars and lay before my readers a commonplace table of the performances of commonplace good horses, from the days of Caréless and Bay Malton, till about forty years ago, when four-mile races, if not absolutely dead, had ceased to awaken any real interest. These turf memories are recorded by one John Orton, keeper of the match-book and clerk of the course at York. I must add that nothing can apparently be more capricious than Mr. Orton's selection of his timed races; and what is the more provoking, the contests which he leaves untimed are often the most interesting ones; thus, in 1770 and 1779, he tells us how Eclipse and Highflyer won their plates at York, but not how many minutes they spent in winning them. Neither do we hear anything in this respect of Benington and Hambletonian, so that all Hambletonian's victories, including one over Benington himself, and the still unforgotten struggle between Benington and Benington in 1795 (this last omission, however, I am enabled to supply), are alike passed over in silence; as also is the memorable contest between Catton and Diamond, on Wednesday, the 25th of September, 1816, about which the Yorkshire farmers were never tired of talking when I was a boy; whilst as for the southern horses, "*Urgentur omnes illacrymabiles carent quia vate sacro.*" No second Mr. Orton arose at Newmarket, and therefore the victories of Eclipse, Goldfinder, Shark, Dorimant, Highflyer, Potatoes, and the rest, are merely noted down without any description of them. This is unlucky, as over the fine turf at Newmarket in April and October, a more brilliant rate of speed was probably maintained than on or through the dull clays of York in August.

I am aware that "it is the fashion to despise timing, and to affirm that it affords no test of merit, but surely this involves some confusion of thought. The comparison of one Derby with another is worthless, no doubt, because the two may have been run under totally different circumstances, but the same thing cannot be asserted of a comparison between two sufficient periods of successive races, and the optimists must indeed be hard put to it for an argument, if they try to shelter themselves under so transparent an equivocation.

Having just now adverted to Mr. Orton's capriciousness, I shall, before copying out his notices, say a word or two upon some remarkable racing events, which are either out of his immediate province (York, Hambleton, Epsom, and Doncaster) or else for some reason or other have been left by him without the required comments. I have already mentioned Childers, Regulus, Firetail, and Coriander; in more modern times, the King's Plate at Ascot, won by Château Margaux against Brownlock (I think in 1827), a dead heat between Château Margaux and Lamplighter at Newmarket (I fancy in 1828), and a King's Plate won somewhere or other by a horse called

Mortgage, much about the same time, which I cannot trace, rise upon my memory, as supposed to have been run at a remarkable speed. To these must be added Bay Middleton's victory over Elis for the 2,000 guinea stakes in 1836, accomplished in little more than a minute and half, so they said on the day, and fairly comparable with Firetail's miraculous achievement, seeing that against that mythical quadruped Bay Middleton would have had to carry seven stone, instead of eight stone seven pounds as he did against Elis. Dangerous's Derby in 1833 (what became of Dangerous after his Epsom triumph?), and the Derby of 1837, won by Phosphorus, were both of them run at tremendous speed. I shall now return to the North, where I am more at home. In 1795, a subscription purse was run for at York, for which Benington by Rockingham, and Beningbrough by King Fergus, competed; they were supposed then to be the two best horses in training. Another horse also started, Brilliant, by Phenomenon; he had run third for the St. Leger to Beningbrough the year before, and though probably slow must have possessed great gameness and endurance. The following statement I copy from Orton's book:—

“Gr. c. Brilliant . . . 1	B. c. Benington . . . 2
Br. Beningbrough . . . 3	

6 to 5 on Beningbrough, 5 to 4 against Benington, and 100 to 3 against Brilliant.

Beningbrough and Benington made tremendous running throughout the whole of the 4 miles (190 yards short), and so defeated themselves that at the end Brilliant went up and won cleverly.”

Long before I had ever heard of Mr. Orton, an old aunt of mine, who was present in her father's carriage on the course, described to me the roar of mingled amusement, amazement, and disgust which broke from the multitudes around when Beningbrough and Benington stopped suddenly within the distance, leaving the untiring grey (he was at least a hundred yards behind) to plod his way to the goal before his two antagonists could recover themselves sufficiently to reel in. Orton, of course, as the race is one of surpassing interest, does not time it; but elsewhere I have seen it stated that Brilliant got home in 7 m. 4 s., the writer adding, that the victory was accomplished in $26\frac{1}{2}$ s. less than Huby's race at York two years before, the fastest recorded till then. Orton does give Huby's time in accordance with the above paragraph, fixing it at 7 m. $30\frac{1}{2}$ s. In 1796 Beningbrough beat Ormond in a match over the same distance. I cannot give the time, but when four or five days afterwards Beningbrough, with the odds upon him, was defeated by Eliza, and Ormond by Screveton, both defeats were attributed to the effects of their desperate encounter on the Saturday previous (Saturday, August 20th). Then comes the famous match between Sir Solomon and Cockfighter at

Doncaster, on Saturday, September 19th, 1801. As to that, I shall simply remark that the ground was as hard as iron; that, like Benningbrough and Ormond, at York, Sir Solomon and Cockfighter both suffered defeat in the same Doncaster week; and that they also were supposed to have knocked themselves to pieces, for the time, by their violent exertions against each other. Having made these observations, I shall simply reproduce Orton, and leave my readers to form their own opinion.

“B. H. Sir Solomon, by Sir Peter. . . 1 (4 miles)

B. H. Cockfighter, by Overton . . . 2

11 to 8 and 6 to 4 on Cockfighter. Sir Solomon took the lead, had beat his antagonist three-fourths of a mile from home, and won by about a length and a half at the ending post. The first two miles were run in *three minutes*, and the whole of the four miles (a reputed four miles, I apprehend) in seven minutes and between ten and eleven seconds.”

Whether these first two miles performed in three minutes were two measured miles or only half the then Doncaster four-mile course, I cannot say, any more than I can be certain whether the match, two days before the regular meeting, was really 4 miles or 3 miles 6 furlongs and 20 yards—the King’s Plate distance; but at the worst it does not contrast unfavourably with that matchless performance of Robert the Devil, when he ran over the Casarewitch course, 2 miles 240 yards, in 4 m. 40 s. This pace of our existing flyer resembles much more the rate at which the famous Mr. Johnson rode his anonymous horse a mile at York in 1760 standing upright in the saddle, than Benningbrough’s or Cockfighter’s style of galloping.

Our averages must still wait a little, whilst I describe two other exceptional races, the most remarkable, I believe, of the present century. One, the Richmond Cup of 1815, which I have often heard described, the other Mulatto’s victory over Fleur-de-lis and Memnon at Doncaster in 1827, which I witnessed myself. In October, 1815, there came together at Richmond, Filhodaputa, Doctor Syntax, Altisidora, Rosanne, and other horses of repute. Doctor Syntax, then four years old, was the winner, among many other races, of twenty gold cups in his turf career. Altisidora was a famous mare, belonging to Mr. Watt; she had carried off the St. Leger in 1813, and had been generally victorious both before and since that event. Rosanne was an excellent runner in Mr. Pierce’s stud, half-sister to the famous horse Reveller. There were eight or nine competitors in all, but the four named were the most noteworthy. In spite, however, of the high reputation of Doctor Syntax, Altisidora and Rosanne, Filhodaputa, from the manner in which he had won all his engagements, including the great St. Leger a month before, was backed at odds against the field. There does not seem to have been any question of “an easy gallop for the first three miles” in this case, and when after going about half-way, Filhodaputa bolted, leaped the rails, and fell upon his knees, his antagonists were less than ever

disposed to let the grass grow under their feet. The pace, accordingly, severe from the beginning, at once became tremendous, and when Filhodaputa was brought back by his jockey to the spot where he had left the course, he was, I have been told, at least two hundred yards in the rear. Nothing daunted, however, he stretched out his long neck and poured himself upon his horses with unfaltering energy. Incredible as it may seem, he caught up Altisidora and Doctor Syntax, excellent as they both were, before the goal was reached, winning the race by half a neck, and accomplishing the distance, four miles, according to the old Sporting Magazine, in seven minutes. The Richmond Cup course in 1815 may have been, like York and Doncaster, something short of a measured four miles, or it may not; at any rate, let Robert the Devil, or Isonomy, or Rayon d'Or, do the same if they can, and they may do it without even bolting if they like. Again, in 1827, eight of the best horses to be found anywhere gathered together at Doncaster to run for the Cup, two miles and five furlongs. Longwaist, the stoutest and most enduring of all South country King's Platers; Starch, the champion of Ireland; Tarrare, the winner of the preceding St. Leger; Memnon, the winner of 1825; Fleur-de-lis, known all over the north as "the mare" *par excellence*; Reviewer, a three-year-old, of some pretensions; and Mulatto, during the whole of that year invincible. It so happened that Fleur-de-lis was deprived of her jockey, G. Nelson, who was claimed by Lord Scarborough, as being his first master, and put upon Tarrare; the result was that Fleur-de-lis, a difficult mare to control, became at once unmanageable. On she came past the stand the first time at least a dozen lengths in front of the seven others, who lay packed together as closely as a body of cavalry. Two hundred yards, however, beyond the stand the three-year-old colt found the pressure of the pace overwhelming, and stopped suddenly as if he had been shot. At the top of the hill Starch did the like. Before the Red House was reached Tarrare had followed their example. Between the Red House and the white rails Actæon, though not actually standing still, fell right away, and was soon something like a hundred yards behind. As they approached the ending post thus it was: Fleur-de-lis on the full stretch, still leading, but now hard pressed by Mulatto and Memnon; Longwaist untirable, but overpaced, still hammering away many lengths in the rear; Actæon, just able to maintain a lumbering canter, but absolutely out of the race, and the three others, viz. Reviewer, the ex-St. Leger winner, and the best horse in Ireland, with their clients surrounding them, like little black dots, on the far side of the course, slowly walking in. Fifty yards from home Mulatto and Memnon both passed the leader; by a desperate effort she caught Memnon once more, and made a dead heat with him, but failed to reach Mulatto, who won by about half a length. This race was finished off

in four minutes and twelve seconds. If the optimist can say to any four-legged creature now existing, with any chance of success, "go thou and do likewise," I shall be glad to learn his name.

From my point of view it may be as well to mention that, of the four horses who were able to gallop at the end of this gallant struggle, though Memnon and (I believe) Mulatto had been out at two years old once or twice, neither Whisker nor Manuella, nor yet Catton or Desdemona, their respective sires and dams had ever been trashed by such premature exertions, whilst Fleur-de-lis (who unquestionably ought to have won) and Longwaist were clear of that disastrous innovation altogether.

I have noticed the above races as falling either at first or at second hand within my own recollection—there were doubtless others in the north, and many others at Newmarket and elsewhere, deserving special commemoration, which have naturally escaped me—and I now fall back upon Mr. Orton's commonplace records; I say commonplace deliberately—he always passes *sub silentio* any contest, the tradition of which has survived as not commonplace with the single exception of the match between Sir Solomon and Cockfighter.

"York, 1759.—4 (reputed) miles.

Careless by Regulus (lame) 1st.

4 and 5 to 1 on Careless, in spite of his lameness; run in 8 m. 8 s.

Hl. Cade by Cade, run in 8 m. 5 s.

York, 1762.

Skipjack.... 1

Engineer.... 2

5 to 1 on Engineer and 7 to 1 against Skipjack. Engineer made such strong play, that he compounded within the distance. Skipjack won cleverly."

This is one of the races which we should be glad to know more about; but it is exactly as to such races that Mr. Orton holds his peace.

"York, 1763.

Beau Fremont, 7 m. 51 s.

York, 1766.

Bay Malton, 7 m. 43½ s.

The famous Herod broke a blood-vessel in his head whilst running this race.

York, August, 1795.

Huby, 1, run in 7 m. 30½ s.

Doncaster, 1802.

Alonzo, 4 miles (really something more than 3 m. 3 qrs.), 7 m. 8 s.

York, August, 1803.—4 miles (3 m. 7 f. and 30 yds).

Haphazard. (aged), 7 m. 51 s., won easy.

Haphazard, 7 m. 53 s., won easy.

Remembrancer (won easy), 7 m. 52 s.

Haphazard, a good race, 7 m. 45 s.

Haphazard, won by half a head, 7 m. 32 s.

York, August, 1806.

Marcia, 7 m. 54 s.

Vesta, 7 m. 42 s., won easy.

York, August, 1804.

Lennox, 8 m. 30 s.

York, August, 1807.

Haphazard (won easy), 7 m. 47 s.

Grasier, 7 m. 55 s.

Remembrancer (four years old), won easy, 7 m. 50 s.

Priscilla, 7 m. 56 s.

Cassio (four years old), 7 m. 43 s.

York, August, 1808.	Lisette, 7 m. 35 s.
Archduke (with the bridle out of his mouth), 7 m. 40 s.	Laurel Leaf, 8 m. 31 s.
Scud, 7 m. 52 s. (won easy).	Doncaster.
Ranger, 11 m. 9 s.	Two miles, Octavian (three years old), 3 m. 30 s.
Rosette, 8 m. 5 s.	Four (reputed) miles, Lisette, 7 m. 21s.
Archduke (four years old), with the bridle in his mouth, 7 m. 54 s.	Trephonius, 7 m. 59 s.
Desdemona, 8 m. 12 s.	York, August, 1811.
York, Spring, 1809.	Octavian, 8 m.
Ceres, 7 m. 56 s.	Mowbray, 7 m. 58 s.
York, August, 1809.	Oriana, 9 m. 38 s.
Remembrance (six years), 7 m. 30 s.	York, August, 1814.
Petronius (four years), 7 m. 25 s.	Catton, 8 m. 33 s.
Theresa, 7 m. 35 s.	York, August, 1815.
York, August, 1810.	Rosanne, 8 m. 8 s.
Theresa (five years old), 7 m. 30 s.	Altissidora (won easy), 7 m. 55 s.
Occator, four mile heats.	Catton (won in a canter), 7 m. 49 s.
1st, 9 m. 33 s. 2nd, 8 m. 27 s.	Doncaster, 1817.
Whitworth, 7 m. 35 s.	Catton, 1st.
Mowbray, 7 m. 38 s.	Dinmont, 2nd.

The severest race ever remembered to have been contested over Doncaster course."

No I have always understood, but of course Mr. Orton does not give the time.

"1818.

Blacklock took the lead, made all the running, and nearly distanced his competitors (time of course not given).

Doncaster, 1818.

Blacklock . . 1 The Duchess . . . 2

The Duchess was completely beat, and pulled up half a mile from home. First two miles run in 3 m. 37 s.

York, August, 1819.

Ranter, 8 m. 53 s. Reveller, 8 m. 14 s.

• Blacklock, 7 m. 47 s.

One of the severest races ever run, St. Helena (who beat Blacklock in a two-mile race two days after) having pulled up a mile from home."

Looking at the time taken by Ranter, and still more by Reveller (perhaps the best horse of the period), it seems probable that the York ground in 1819 was in a dreadful state, which explains Mr. Orton's account of Blacklock's victory; in 1793, 1795, 1809, and 1810, on the other hand, I should suppose that the course must have been easier to travel over than usual.

After Blacklock's departure from the turf, Mr. Orton becomes more fitful and capricious than ever, and is no longer much worth following. I am particularly provoked with him for giving us the Doncaster Cup time in 1826, 1828, and 1829, races comparatively insignificant, and passing over 1827, the magnificent struggle described above. I can only say that everybody's watch on the top of the stand was out from first to last, and nobody dissented from the verdict of 4 m. 12 s.

As for the shorter races, they were at first comparatively few, gradually becoming more numerous towards 1820. Still I find in looking through Mr. Orton's account of them that the two miles have been done twice in 3 m. 28 s., once in 3 m. 29 s., and constantly in 3 m. 30 s. or a second or two more than 3 m. 30 s. The fastest mile I can discover is a race of Bethlehem Gabr's, 1810, in 1 m. 40 s.;¹ the fastest mile and a quarter, the Constitution Stakes in the York Spring Meeting, 1830, when Medoro, six years old, beat Laurel and Cistercian by half a head, 1 m. 56 s.; a three-mile race in 1808 is marked down at 5 m. 5 s., another later on at 5 m. 15 s. Altisidora is credited with a two-mile race in 1815 in the wonderfully quick time of 3 m. 5 s.; but, as she is said to have won in a canter, this is probably a misprint—an 0 perhaps may have dropped out after the 5.

There is nothing, I think, in these records to encourage the belief that our horses are swifter than they formerly were; and if not swifter they certainly are not sounder, stouter, or more vigorous of constitution. Champions of the turf, like the Flying Dutchman or Voltigeur, who besides possessing all the brilliant qualities claimed for the moderns happened also, both of them, to inherit real legs from Catton, might possibly have been as good as Haphazard or Filhodaputa for a single four-mile race, though I doubt even their power of accomplishing three four-mile races in a week for years together; but as to the bulk of their contemporaries and successors, if they were asked to do anything of the kind, God help them! Voltigeur's victory in the Flying Dutchman's handicap for 1852 is as nearly as possible on a level with the best two-mile performances forty years before, but it is not better, if indeed quite as good; whilst how he would have behaved against the horses of 1800 in a four-mile contest is a matter of conjecture.

The race in question is worth noticing, not only on account of the unusual pace at which it was run (3 m. 29 s.), but also as marking the late Mr. Ianson's wonderful accuracy of judgment. The then Sir William Milner had a good deal to do with the management of Voltigeur for that race, and satisfied himself—backing his opinion very freely—that he was certain to win. His friends pointed out to him that Mr. Ianson's little mare, Haricot—also five years old—was receiving 2 st. 5 lbs. from her great antagonist, and that she had won thirteen races in the preceding year. "Oh," was the invariable answer, "Haricot is out of training; Ianson was riding her about all last autumn as a hack." When the morning arrived, however, Haricot was by no means out of training; but, on the contrary, to use the accredited expression, as fine as a star. "Why, Mr. Ianson, I thought Haricot was out of training." "Oh no, Sir William," was the

(1) In the north, mile races hardly existed for many years after they had become common at Newmarket.

prompt reply, "she is a light little mare, and hacking her about quietly at the back end of the year is as good training as she can have; *but she is very well to-day.*" Sir William's face, after the manner of Milner faces, grew at once particularly long. "Do you mean," he stammered out, "that she is going to win?" "No, Sir William, I think not," answered Ianson; "if the ground had been the least heavy, I should have beaten you to a dead certainty; as it is, I think Voltigeur will pull through by the skin of his teeth." How Voltigeur, going up as straight as an arrow, just caught the light-weighted one on the post and secured the handicap by half a head, is known to everybody who cares for such matters. The race, however, was an exceptional race, and Voltigeur, by uniting the Blacklock stride with the Catton legs, was an exceptional horse. Two miles in less than three minutes and a half is never done now; whilst four miles is never done at all. The figure cut by Stockwell, Kingston, and Teddington, all three first-class racers, as racers go, when they pretended to run against each other for the Whip, can hardly be forgotten by any one fond of horses, who is able to look back for thirty years.

The causes of this degeneracy are not far to seek. It is not only that two-year-olds are shattered and destroyed before they reach mature life, but that the desire to win two-year-old races leads men to choose the wrong kind of stud-horse for their breeding establishments. The unsound flyer is resorted to, rather than a more perfect animal who may not be so fast over five furlongs, because he is more likely to put into your pocket the Champagne Stakes, or the Middle Park Plate. Speed—speed—speed—for the Jockey Club and its adherents, occupies the place of Demosthenes' action—action—action—in oratory. The first beginnings, or threatenings rather, of this evil habit date a good way back—from the time, indeed, when three-year-old colts became the most important members of the stud in place of older horses, but the mischief then was partial only, and not irreparable. We might think it of doubtful advantage to pick out Selim and Rubens, rather than Quiz, as the fashionable representatives of the Woodpecker line; but, still, Selim and Rubens were fine horses, and there was plenty of stoutness and soundness to be found by those who elected to hunt about for them. Now, however, Diogenes may well look about with his lantern for an honest horse, as he looked of old for an honest man. As we come near our own time, Velocipede and Voltaire are the only scions of Blacklock really followed—wonderful gallopers both—but infirm from the beginning. Whilst Malek,² Laurel, Brownlook, either go abroad, or are left un-

(1) I think, properly understood, that Demosthenes's formula might still be the better one of the two even at Newmarket.

(2) Malek was own brother to Velocipede, and though by no means his equal as a runner, much sounder and more powerful. Even in point of racing he might, I think, have come nearer to him if he had been only moderately well trained, but the sort of

noticed in a corner ; Rowton, again, the gamest horse I ever saw run, is pounced upon by the Americans ; Château Margaux, Longwaist, Granby, all belonging to the old school, found no patrons ; Reveller also, and Fleur-de-lis, the best male and female representatives of the enduring Matchem line, go abroad, or otherwise disappear ; whilst Prince Charlie is left to roar in luxury at home. Horses even more faulty than he become the popular favourites, whilst, as to our finest mares, they keep reminding us of their existence in the shapes of Gladiateur and Rayon d'Or. And these reminders, I fear, will increase in number till the mischief is past mending.

The remedies are simple enough, if only there were a chance of getting them adopted. The one true remedy is that men of high rank and large fortunes should cease to be racing tradesmen, and, reverting to the practice of their ancestors, should breed in the hope of rearing the finest horses, and not merely with a view to grasp the largest stakes. For the Duke of Devonshire, who owned Flying Childers, for the Duke of Rutland, who bred Bonny Black, and others like them, the race was mainly valued as a test of merit. They had their faults, I dare say ; but, on the Turf, it was the victory, not the money prizes, that they coveted. Let their example, then, be imitated ; nay, even supposing it desirable that an ordinary stud should still be maintained, a certain number of the foals each year, bred carefully for higher ends, might be kept apart, allowed to develop themselves, and brought out at six or seven years old, to run matches against one another, or contest the Alexandra Plate, &c., without having been first ruined in colthood. I should have thought that persons might be found to regard such experiments as more interesting than to cultivate the herd-book, and exhibit short-horns—clumsy, characterless brutes—that give neither good beef, like the Scotch, nor good milk, like the Alderney, but possess only the ignominious privilege of fattening easily in early youth, like the Tichborne claimant.

Another remedy, or rather palliative, is of a different kind. I pointed out to Mr. Gladstone some years ago that the Queen's Plates were perfectly useless in effecting what they were intended to effect, and that their conditions should be altered. Since then a step in the right direction has been taken, but it does not go far enough. The fact, however, of such a change having been acquiesced in, renders further improvements easier. According to the proposed scheme there should be three Queen's Plates of £1,000 apiece, and three only, *for English* management he had to encounter at the hands of his owner—an easy-going and somewhat indifferent old squire—may be judged of from the following anecdote :—Just before the St. Leger of 1827 his jockey was galloping him up and down before the Stand somewhat freely to exhibit his form and his graces. "Really," said one eager voice, "that is a very fine horse of Sir William's, and very fine action too." "True," replied his more experienced companion, "he is a very fine horse, and he has very fine action ; but it is a pity, isn't it, that they should have put off *beginning to train him* till now ?"

horses alone (it is not our business to help on the studs of Germany and France); one of these plates—a two-mile race—should be for four-year-old colts, carrying a certain specified weight; the other two, as arranged, for older horses and a longer distance. But in order to secure the required object, it should be enacted that, unless each race is completed within a given time, half the money is to be retained, and used to increase the same plate for the following year. Thus, unless the two-mile race is finished off under 3 m. and 30 s., the three-miles under 5 m. 15 s., and the Beacon Course under 8 m., any horse winning, but not fulfilling these conditions, will have to leave £500 behind him for some stouter animal hereafter. By this method we should have a good chance of gradually accumulating large stakes, and getting the right sort of horse to compete for them. If, when the sum has mounted to £7,000 or £8,000, Mr. Blunt can carry it off with one of his enlarged and developed Arabians, so much the better, though I own I should like to see a Barb “drinker of the wind,” developed in a like degree, entered against him. Few things would give me, in my old age, a keener pleasure of its kind, than to hear at the close of a gallantly contested four-mile struggle—contested according to the traditional pace of Matchem or Flying Childers—the shouts (and if there is to be a real shout we must have the race in Yorkshire) of “Maharbal wins!”

One word about the portraits of celebrated horses, which, if we examine and compare with one another, may help us to institute a comparison between the past and the present; and I have no more to say. These portraits differ much in character; but I think that great allowance must be made for the varying skill of the artists: the famous Eleanor, for instance, disappoints me, but I should doubt much whether that is her fault; somebody else may have been the poor creature, and not Eleanor.¹ To begin at the beginning, Childers, as might be expected from my Cantley legend, is neither a very tall nor a bulky horse, but every inch of him looks thoroughbred, and, to adopt old Stephen Davis’s account of a renowned stroke *car* at Oxford, “He is all brass wire.” Of Eclipse I have seen four sketches; of these I need particularly mention only two—one in Hamilton Smith’s book, where he is standing by himself without saddle or bridle, and reminding me somewhat of Stockwell, but that Stockwell was coarser and less blood-like; and another, in which he is represented at the fullest of all possible gallops—his style of going with his head low is that of a greyhound, and you at once feel disposed to accept M. de St. Bel’s statement that he could cover twenty-five feet in his stride. Hambletonian is odd-looking, with many excellent points, but not particularly handsome; his head and neck being high in air after the manner of a giraffe. Diamond, though

(1) I have seen another portrait of her since in her own home at Barton, which is much more racing-like.

smaller, as we know, is very compact, strong, and effective. Sir Peter Teazle looks like carrying sixteen stone to hounds, with mighty arms recalling those of the Flying Dutchman; but his power does not interfere with his quality, which is first-class. Highflyer and Beningbrough, especially the latter, belong to the very noblest type of race-horses. If anybody can look at them and retain his confidence in our modern superiority, he and I see with different eyes.

There is still one more of the great departed to whom I would call particular attention—Dorimant, by Otho (dam, by Babfaham, of the Godolphin Arabian line); he was the best, or nearly the best, racer of his day; better than Shark, or Potatoes, or Dictator, and capable, I think, of disputing the primacy with Highflyer. Highflyer, no doubt, beat him the only time they met; but it was Dorimant's last appearance in public after a career that had lasted much longer, and been filled up with much harder work, than that of his unconquerable antagonist. His pedigree, moreover, is a singularly interesting one, and the cross ought to have been of great value among our somewhat restricted and continually narrowing alliances. He came down from the Darley Arabian through a separate and somewhat peculiar line of ancestors—a line apart from the Childerses altogether. His failure to influence our blood stock permanently I have always deeply regretted; he was the sire of several good horses, but his owner, Lord Ossory, seems to have kept him entirely for his own stud; his opportunities, therefore, of making a lasting impression were few, and the family has died out. His portrait represents, I think, absolutely the most powerful blood horse I have ever seen, and he is galloping seemingly with great resolution. I should not say, judging from his appearance, that speed had been his forte; but if the late Daniel Lambert had wanted a hunter, there was the horse for him. Oddly enough, of all the portraits I have looked up, the eminent, or rather pre-eminent Waxy presents the meanest figure. I should have pronounced him, if he had been shown to me without a name, to be a cleverish cover-hack; but again it is impossible to decide whether he has been fairly treated by the artist.

I may say, in conclusion, that if any Croesus at the Antipodes were anxious to try a new and interesting experiment, there are the zebras ready to his hand; the Congo daw, or *Hippotigris antiquorum*, possesses, as far as I can judge, the raw materials of a racer in a far higher degree than any of the true wild horses. The quagga, again, possesses more strength, and I dare say there are a dozen other varieties scattered over the vast African continent, with special gifts and energies, valuable for future combinations. Thus an Austral horse, in time and with good fortune, might be developed out of the striped equidæ, which should put the original achievement of the first shepherd king, as an *ἵππóδαμος*, to shame.

FRANCIS H. DOYLE.

THE VISIONS OF SANE PERSONS.

IN the course of some recent inquiries into visual memory, I was greatly struck by the frequency of the replies in which my informants described themselves as subject to "visions." Those of whom I speak were sane and healthy, but were subject notwithstanding to visual presentations, for which they could not often account, and which in a few cases reached the level of hallucinations. This unexpected prevalence of a visionary tendency among persons who form a part of ordinary society seems to me suggestive and worthy of being put on record. In a previous article¹ I spoke of the faculty of summoning scenes at will, with more or less distinctness, before the visual memory; in this I shall speak of the tendency among sane and healthy persons to see images flash unaccountably into existence.

Many of my facts are derived from personal friends of whose accuracy I have no doubt. Another group comes from correspondents who have written at length with much painstaking, and whose letters appear to me to bear internal marks of scrupulous truthfulness. A third part has been collected for me by many kind friends in many countries, each of whom has made himself or herself an independent centre of inquiry; and the last, and much the most numerous portion, consists of brief replies by strangers to a series of questions contained in a circular that I drew up. I have gone over all this matter with great care, and have cross-tested it in many ways whilst it was accumulating, just as any conscientious statistician would, before I began to form conclusions. I was soon convinced of its substantial trustworthiness, and that conviction has in no way been shaken by subsequent experience. In short, the evidence of the four groups I have just mentioned is quite as consistent as could have been reasonably desired.

The lowest order of phenomena that admit of being classed as visions, are the "Number forms" to which I have drawn attention on more than one occasion, but to which I must again very briefly allude. They are an abiding mental peculiarity in a certain proportion of persons (say 5 per cent.), who are unable as adults, and who have been ever unable as far back as they can recollect, to think of any number without referring it to its own particular habitat in their mental field of view. It there lies latent but is instantly evoked by the thought or mention of it, or by any mental operation in which it is concerned. The thought of a series of consecutive numbers is therefore attended by a vision of them arranged

(1) See a previous article on "Mental Imagery," September, 1880.

in a perfectly defined and constant position, and this I have called a "Number form." Its origin can rarely be referred to any nursery diagram, to the clock-face, or to any incident of childhood. Nay, the form is frequently unlike anything the child could possibly have seen, reaching in long vistas and perspectives, and in curves of double curvature. I have even had to get wire models made by some of my informants in explanation of what they wished to convey. The only feature that all the forms have in common is their dependence in some way or other upon the method of verbal counting, as shown by their angles and other divisions occurring at such points as those where the 'teens begin, at the twenty's, thirty's, and so on. The forms are in each case absolutely unchangeable except through a gradual development in complexity. Their diversity is endless, and the Number forms of different men are mutually unintelligible.

These strange "visions," which are extremely vivid in some cases, are almost incredible to the vast majority of mankind, who would set them down as fantastic nonsense, but they are familiar parts of the mental furniture of the rest, where they have grown naturally and where they remain unmodified and unmodifiable by teaching. I have received many touching accounts of their childish experiences from persons who see the Number forms, and the other curious visions of which I shall speak. As is the case with the colour blind, so with these seers. They imagined at first that everybody else had the same way of regarding things as themselves. Then they betrayed their peculiarities by some chance remark which called forth a stare of surprise, followed by ridicule and a sharp scolding for their silliness, so that the poor little things shrunk back into themselves, and never ventured again to allude to their inner world. I will quote just one of many similar letters as a sample. I received this, together with much interesting information, immediately after a lecture I gave last autumn to the British Association at Swansea¹ in which I had occasion to speak of the Number forms. The writer says—

"I had no idea for many years, that every one did not imagine numbers in the same positions as those in which they appear to me. One unfortunate day I spoke of it, and was sharply rebuked for my absurdity. Being a very sensitive child I felt this acutely, but nothing ever shook my belief that, absurd or not, I always saw numbers in this particular way. I began to be ashamed of what I considered a peculiarity, and to imagine myself, from this and various other mental beliefs and states, as somewhat isolated and peculiar. At your lecture the other night, though I am now over twenty-nine, the memory of my childish misery at the dread of being peculiar came over me so strongly, that I felt I must thank you for proving that, in this particular at any rate, my case is most common."

The next form of vision of which I will speak is the instant association of colour with sound, which characterizes a small per-

(1) See *Fortnightly Review*, September, 1880.

centage of adults, but appears to be rather common, though in an ill-developed degree, among children. I can here appeal not only to my own collection of facts, but to those of others, for the subject has latterly excited some interest in Germany. The first widely known case was that of the brothers Nussbaumer, published in 1873 by Professor Bruhl, of Vienna, of which the English reader will find an account in the last volume of Lewis's *Problems of Life and Mind* (p. 280). Since then many occasional notices of similar associations have appeared, but I was not aware that it had been inquired into on a large scale by any one but myself. However, I was gratified by meeting with a pamphlet a few weeks ago, just published in Leipsic by two Swiss investigators, Messrs. Bleuler and Lehmann. Their collection of cases is fully as large as my own, and their results in the more important matters are similar to mine. One of the two authors had the faculty very strongly, and the other had not; so they worked conjointly with advantage. As my present object is to subordinate details to the general impression that I wish to convey of the visionary tendency of certain minds, I will simply remark, first, that the persistence of the colour association with sounds is fully as remarkable as that of the Number form with numbers. Secondly, that the vowel sounds chiefly evoke them. Thirdly, that the seers are invariably most minute in their description of the precise tint and hue of the colour. They are never satisfied, for instance, with saying "blue," but will take a great deal of trouble to express or to match the particular blue they mean. Lastly, no two people agree, or hardly ever do so, as to the colour they associate with the same sound. I have one of the most extraordinary diagrams of these colour associations that has, I suppose, ever been produced. It has been drawn by Mr. J. Key, of Graham's Town, South Africa. He sent me in the first instance a communication on the subject, which led to further correspondence, and eventually to the production of this diagram of colours in connection with letters and words. I have no reason to doubt its trustworthiness, and am bound to say that, strange as it looks, and elaborate as it is, I have other written accounts that almost match it.

A third curious and abiding fantasy of certain persons is invariably to connect visualised pictures with words, the same picture to the same word. I have collected many cases of this, and am much indebted to the authoress, Mrs. Haweis, who sees these pictures, for her kindness in sketching some of them for me, and her permission to use her name in guarantee of their genuineness. She says:—

"Printed words have always had faces to me; they had definite expressions, and certain faces made me think of certain words. The words had no connection with these except sometimes by accident. The instances I give are few

and ridiculous. When I think of the word *Beast*, it has a face something like a gargoyle. The word *Green* has also a gargoyle face, with the addition of big teeth. The word *Blue* blinks and looks silly, and turns to the right. The word *Attention* has the eyes greatly turned to the left. It is difficult to draw them properly because like 'Alice's' 'Cheshire cat,' which at times became a grin without a cat, these faces have expression without features. The expression of course " [note the *naïve* phrase "of course."—F. G.] "depends greatly on those of the letters, which have likewise their faces and figures. All the little a's turn their eyes to the left, this determines the eyes of *Attention*. *Ant*, however, looks a little down. Of course these faces are godless as words are, and it makes my head ache to retain them long enough to draw."

Some of the figures are very quaint. Thus the interrogation "what?" always excites the idea of a fat man cracking a long whip. They are not the capricious creations of the fancy of the moment, but are the regular concomitants of the words, and have been so as far back as the memory is able to recall.

When in perfect darkness, if the field of view be carefully watched, many persons will find a perpetual series of changes to be going on automatically and wastefully in it. I have much evidence of this. I will give my own experience the first, which is striking to me, because I am very unimpressible in these matters. I visualize with effort; I am peculiarly inapt to see "after-images," "phosphenes," "light-dust," and other phenomena due to weak sight or sensitiveness; and, again, before I thought of carefully trying, I should have emphatically declared that my field of view in the dark was essentially of a uniform black, subject to an occasional light-purple cloudiness and other small variations. Now, however, after habituating myself to examine it with the same sort of strain that one tries to decipher a sign-post in the dark, I have found out that this is by no means the case, but that a kaleidoscopic change of patterns and forms is continually going on, but they are too fugitive and elaborate for me to draw with any approach to truth. My deficiencies, however, are well supplied by other drawings in my possession. They are by the Rev. George Henslow, whose visions are far more vivid than mine. His experiences are not unlike those of Goethe, who said, in an often-quoted passage, that whenever he bent his head and closed his eyes and thought of a rose, a sort of rosette made its appearance, which would not keep its shape steady for a moment, but unfolded from within, throwing out a succession of petals, mostly red but sometimes green, and that it continued to do so without change in brightness and without causing him any fatigue so long as he cared to watch it. Mr. Henslow, when he shuts his eyes and waits, is sure in a short time to see before him the clear image of some object or other, but usually not quite natural in its shape. It then begins to change from one object to another, in his case also for as long a time as he cares to watch it. Mr. Henslow has zealously made repeated experiments on himself, and has drawn what he sees. He has also tried how far

he is able to mould the visions according to his will. In one case, after much effort, he contrived to bring the imagery back to its starting point, and thereby to form what he terms a "visual cycle." The following account is extracted and condensed from his very interesting letter.

The first image that spontaneously presented itself was a cross-bow; this was immediately provided with an arrow, remarkable for its pronounced barb and superabundance of feathering. Some person, but too indistinct to recognise much more of him than the hands, appeared to shoot the arrow from the bow. The single arrow was then accompanied by a flight of arrows from right to left, which completely occupied the field of vision. These changed into falling stars, then into flakes of a heavy snow-storm; the ground gradually appeared as a sheet of snow where previously there had been vacant space. Then a well-known rectory, fish-ponds, walls, &c., all covered with snow, came into view most vividly and clearly defined. This somehow suggested another view, impressed on his mind in childhood, of a spring morning, brilliant sun, and a bed of red tulips: the tulips gradually vanished except one, which appeared now to be isolated and to stand in the usual point of sight. It was a single tulip, but became double. The petals then fell off rapidly in a continuous series until there was nothing left but the pistil, but (as is almost invariably the case with his objects) that part was greatly exaggerated. The stigmas then changed into three branching brown horns; then into a knob, while the stalk changed into a stick. A slight bend in it seems to have suggested a centre-bit; this passed into a sort of pin passing through a metal plate; this, again into a lock, and afterwards into a nondescript shape, distantly suggestive of the original cross-bow. Here Mr. Henslow endeavoured to force his will upon the visions, and to reproduce the cross-bow, but the first attempt was an utter failure. The figure changed into a leather strap with loops, but while he still endeavoured to change it into a bow the strap broke, the two ends were separated, but it happened that an imaginary string connected them. This was the first concession of his automatic chain of thoughts to his will. By a continued effort the bow came, and then no difficulty was felt in converting it into the cross-bow and thus returning to the starting point.

I have a sufficient variety of cases to prove the continuity between all the forms of visualisation, beginning with an almost total absence of it, and ending with a complete hallucination. The continuity is, however, not simply that of varying degrees of intensity, but of variations in the character of the process itself, so that it is by no means uncommon to find two very different forms of it concurrent in the same person. There are some who visualise well and who also are seers of visions, who declare that the vision is not a vivid visualisation, but altogether a different phenomenon. In short, if we please to call all sensations due to external impressions "*direct*," and all others "*induced*," then there are many channels through which the induction may take place, and the channel of ordinary visualisation in the persons just mentioned is very different from that through which their visions arise.

The following is a good instance of this condition. A friend writes:—

"These visions often appear with startling vividness, and so far from depending on any voluntary effort of the mind, they remain when I often wish them

very much to depart, and no effort of the imagination can call them up. I lately saw a framed portrait of a face which seemed more lovely than any painting I have ever seen, and again I often see fine landscapes which bear no resemblance to any scenery I have ever looked upon. I find it difficult to define the difference between a waking vision and a mental image, although the difference is very apparent to myself. I think I can do it best in this way. If you go into a theatre and look at a scene, say of a forest by moonlight, at the back part of the stage, you see every object distinctly and sufficiently illuminated (being thus unlike a mere act of memory), but it is nevertheless vague and shadowy, and you might have difficulty in telling afterwards all the objects you have seen. This resembles a mental image in point of clearness. The waking vision is like what one sees in the open street in broad daylight, when every object is distinctly impressed on the memory. The two kinds of imagery differ also as regards voluntariness, the image being entirely subservient to the will, the visions entirely independent of it. They differ also in point of suddenness, the images being formed comparatively slowly as memory recalls each detail, and fading slowly as the mental effort to retain them is relaxed; the visions appearing and vanishing in an instant. The waking visions seem quite close, filling as it were the whole head, while the mental image seems further away in some far off recess of the mind."

The number of persons who see visions no less distinctly than this correspondent is much greater than I had any idea of when I began this inquiry. I have in my possession the sketch of one, prefaced by a description of it by Mrs. Haweis. She says:—

"All my life long I have had one very constantly recurring vision, a sight which came whenever it was dark or darkish, in bed or otherwise. It is a flight of pink roses floating in a mass from left to right, and this cloud or mass of roses is presently effaced by a flight of 'sparks' or gold speckles across them. The sparks totter or vibrate from left to right, but they fly distinctly upwards: they are like tiny blocks, half gold, half black, rather symmetrically placed behind each other, and they are always in a hurry to efface the roses: sometimes they have come at my call, sometimes by surprise, but they are always equally pleasing. What interests me most is that when a child under nine the flight of roses was light, slow, soft, close to my eyes, roses so large and brilliant and palpable that I tried to touch them: the scent was overpowering, the petals perfect, with leaves peeping here and there, texture and motion all natural. They would stay a long time before the sparks came, and they occupied a large area in black space. Then the sparks came slowly flying, and generally, not always, effaced the roses at once, and every effort to retain the roses failed. Since an early age the flight of roses has annually grown smaller, swifter, and farther off, till by the time I was grown up my vision had become a speck, so instantaneous that I had hardly time to realise that it was there before the fading sparks showed that it was past. This is how they still come. The pleasure of them is past, and it always depresses me to speak of them, though I do not now, as I did when a child, connect the vision with any elevated spiritual state. But when I read Tennyson's "Holy Grail," I wondered whether anybody else had had my vision,—*"Rose-red, with beatings in it."* I may add, I was a London child who never was in the country but once, and I connect no particular flowers with that visit. I may almost say that I had never seen a rose, certainly not a quantity of them together."

A common form of vision is a phantasmagoria, or the appearance of a crowd of phantoms, perhaps hurrying past like men in a street. It is occasionally seen in broad daylight, much more often in the dark ;

it may be at the instant of putting out the candle, but it generally comes on when the person is in bed, preparing to sleep, but is by no means yet asleep. I know no less than three men, eminent in the scientific world, who have these phantasmagoria in one form or another. A near relative of my own had them in a marked degree. She was eminently sane, and of such good constitution that her faculties were hardly impaired until near her death at ninety. She frequently described them to me. It gave her amusement during an idle hour to watch these faces, for their expression was always pleasing, though never strikingly so. No two faces were ever alike, and they never resembled that of any acquaintance. When she was not well the faces usually came nearer to her, sometimes almost suffocatingly close. She never mistook them for reality, although they were very distinct. This is quite a typical case, similar in most respects to many others that I have.

A notable proportion of sane persons have had not only visions, but actual hallucinations of sight, sound, or other sense, at one or more periods of their lives. I have a considerable packet of instances contributed by my personal friends, besides a large number communicated to me by other correspondents. One lady, a distinguished authoress, who was at the time a little fidgeted, but in no way overwrought or ill, said that she saw the principal character of one of her novels glide through the door straight up to her. It was about the size of a large doll, and it disappeared as suddenly as it came. Another lady, the daughter of an eminent musician, often imagines she hears her father playing. The day she told me of it the incident had again occurred. She was sitting in a room with her maid, and she asked the maid to open the door that she might hear the music better. The moment the maid got up the hallucination disappeared. Again, another lady, apparently in vigorous health, and belonging to a vigorous family, told me that during some past months she had been plagued by voices. The words were at first simple nonsense; then the word "pray" was frequently repeated; this was followed by some more or less coherent sentences of little import, and finally the voices left her. In short, the familiar hallucinations of the insane are to be met with far more frequently than is commonly supposed, among people moving in society and in normal health.

I have now nearly done with my summary of facts; it remains to make a few comments on them.

The weirdness of visions lies in their sudden appearance, in their vividness while present, and in their sudden departure. An incident in the Zoological Gardens struck me as a helpful simile. I happened to walk to the seal-pond at a moment when a sheen rested on the unbroken surface of the water. After waiting a while I

became suddenly aware of the head of a seal, black, conspicuous, and motionless, just as though it had always been there, at a spot on which my eye had rested a moment previously and seen nothing. Again, after awhile my eye wandered, and on its returning to the spot, the seal was gone. The water had closed in silence over its head without leaving a ripple, and the sheen on the surface of the pond was as unbroken as when I first reached it. Where did the seal come from, and whither did it go? This could easily have been answered if the glare had not obstructed the view of the movements of the animal under water. As it was, a solitary link in a continuous chain of actions stood isolated from all the rest. So it is with the visions; a single stage in a series of mental processes emerges into the domain of consciousness. All that precedes and follows lies outside of it, and its character can only be inferred. We see in a general way, that a condition of the presentation of visions lies in the over-sensitiveness of certain tracks or domains of brain action, and the under-sensitiveness of others; certain stages in a mental process being vividly represented in consciousness while the other stages are unfelt. It is also well known that a condition of partial hyperæsthesia and partial anæsthesia is a frequent functional disorder, markedly so among the hysterical and hypnotic, and an organic disorder among the insane. The abundant facts that I have collected show that it may also coexist with all the appearances of good health and sober judgment.

A convenient distinction is made between hallucinations and illusions. Hallucinations are defined as appearances wholly due to fancy; illusions, as misrepresentations of objects actually seen. There is, however, a hybrid case which deserves to be specifically classed, and arising in this way. Vision, or any other sensation, may, as already stated, be a "direct" sensation excited in the ordinary way through the sense organs, or it may be an "induced" sensation excited from within. We have, therefore, direct vision and induced vision, and either of these may be the ground of an illusion. So we have three cases to consider, and not two. There is simple hallucination, which depends on induced vision justly observed; there is simple illusion, which depends on direct vision fancifully observed; and there is the hybrid case of which I spoke, which depends on induced vision fancifully observed. The problems we have to consider are, on the one hand, those connected with induced vision, and, on the other hand, those connected with the interpretation of vision, whether the vision be direct or induced.

It is probable that much of what passes for hallucination proper belongs in reality to the hybrid case, being an illusive interpretation of some induced visual cloud or blur. I spoke of the ever-varying patterns in the field of view; these, under some slight functional

change, might easily become more consciously present, and be interpreted into fantasmal appearances. Many cases, if space allowed, could be adduced to support this view.

I will begin, then, with illusions. What is the process by which they are established? There is no simpler way of understanding it than by trying, as children often do, to see "faces in the fire," and to carefully watch the way in which they are first caught. Let us call to mind at the same time the experience of past illnesses, when the listless gaze wandered over the patterns on the wall-paper and the shadows of the bed-curtains, and slowly evoked faces and figures that were not easily laid again. The process of making the faces is so rapid in health that it is difficult to analyze it without the recollection of what took place more slowly when we were weakened by illness. The first essential element in their construction is, I believe, the smallness of the area upon which the attention is directed at any instant, so that the eye has to move much before it has travelled over every part of the object towards which it is directed. It is as with a plough, that must travel many miles before the whole of a small field can be tilled, but with this important difference—the plough travels methodically up and down in parallel furrows, the eye wanders in devious curves, with abrupt bends, and the direction of its course at any instant depends on four causes: on the most convenient muscular motion in a general sense, on idiosyncrasy, on the mood, and on the associations current at the moment. The effect of idiosyncrasy is excellently illustrated by the "Number forms," where we saw that a very special sharply defined track of mental vision was preferred by each individual who sees them. The influence of the mood of the moment is shown in the curves that characterize the various emotions, as the lank drooping lines of grief, which make the weeping willow so fit an emblem of it. In constructing fire-faces it seems to me that the eye in its wanderings follows a favourite course, and notices the points in the pictures at large that coincide with its course. It feels its way, easily diverted by associations based on what has just been noticed, and so by the unconscious practice of a system of "trial and error," at last finds a track that will suit—one that is easy to follow and that also makes a complete picture. The process is essentially the same as that of getting a clear idea from out of a confused multitude of facts. The fancy picture is dwelt upon, all that is incongruous with it becomes disregarded, while all deficiencies in it are supplied by the fantasy. These latest stages are easily represented after the fashion of a diorama. Three lanterns are made to converge on the same screen. The first throws an image of what the imagination will discard, the second of that which it will retain, the third of that which it will supply. Turn

on the first and second, and the picture on the screen will be identical with that which fell on the retina. Shut off the first and turn on the third, and the picture will be identical with the illusion.

Visions, like dreams, are often mere patchworks built up of bits of recollections. The following is one of these:—

“When passing a shop in Tottenham Court Road, I went in to order a Dutch cheese, and the proprietor (a bullet-headed man whom I had never seen before) rolled a cheese on the marble slab of his counter, asking me if that one would do. I answered ‘yes,’ left the shop and thought no more of the incident. The following evening, on closing my eyes, I saw a head detached from the body rolling about slightly on a white surface. I recognised the face but could not remember where I had seen it, and it was only after thinking about it for some time that I identified it as that of the cheesemonger who had sold me the cheese on the previous day. I may mention that I have often seen the man since, and that I found the vision I saw was exactly like him, although if I had been asked to describe the man before I saw the vision I should have been unable to do so.”

Recollections need not be joined like mosaic-work; they may be blended, on the principle I described two years ago, of making composite portraits. I showed that if two lanterns were converged upon the same screen, and the portrait of one person was put into one and that of another person into the other, the portraits being taken under similar aspects and states of light and shade, then on adjusting the two images eye to eye and mouth to mouth, and so superposing them as exactly as the conditions admitted, a new face will spring into existence. It will have a striking appearance of individuality, and will bear a family likeness to each of its constituents. I also showed that these composite portraits admitted of being made photographically¹ from a large number of components. I suspect that the phantasmagoria may be due to blended memories; the number of possible combinations would be practically endless, and each combination would give a new face. There would thus be no limit to the dies in the coinage of the brain.

I have tried a modification of this process with but small success, which will at least illustrate a cause of the tendency in many cases to visualise grotesque forms. My object was to efface from a portrait that which was common among persons of the same race, and therefore too familiar to attract attention, and to leave whatever was peculiar in it. I proceeded on the following principle:—We all know that the photographic negative is the converse (or nearly so) of the photographic positive, the one showing whites where the other shows blacks, and *vice versa*. Hence the superposition of a negative upon a positive transparency of the same portrait tends to create a uniform smudge. By superposing a negative transparency of a composite portrait on a positive of any one of the *individual* faces from which it was composed, all that is common to the group ought

(1) I have latterly much improved the process and hope shortly to describe it elsewhere.

to be smudged out, and all that is personal and peculiar to that face ought to remain.

I have found that the peculiarities of visualisation, such as the tendency to see Number-forms, and the still rarer tendency to associate colour with sound, is strongly hereditary, and I should infer, what facts seem to confirm, that the tendency to be a seer of visions is equally so. Under these circumstances we should expect that it would be unequally developed in different races, and that a large natural gift of the visionary faculty might become characteristic not only of certain families, as among the second-sight seers of Scotland, but of certain races, as that of the Gipsies.

It happens that the mere acts of fasting, of want of sleep, and of solitary musing, are severally conducive to visions. I have myself been told of cases in which persons accidentally long deprived of food became subject to them. One was of a pleasure-party driven out to sea, and not being able to reach the coast till nightfall, at a place where they got shelter but nothing to eat. They were mentally at ease and conscious of safety, but they were all troubled with visions, half dreams and half hallucinations. The cases of visions following protracted wakefulness are well known, and I also have collected a few. As regards the effect of solitariness, it may be sufficient to allude to the recognised advantages of social amusements in the treatment of the insane. It follows that the spiritual discipline undergone for purposes of self-control and self-mortification have also the incidental effect of producing visions. It is to be expected that these should often bear a close relation to the prevalent subjects of thought, and although they may be really no more than the products of one portion of the brain, which another portion of the same brain is engaged in contemplating, they often, through error, receive a religious sanction. This is notably the case among half-civilised races.

The number of great men who have been once, twice, or more frequently subject to hallucinations is considerable. A list, to which it would be easy to make large additions, is given by Brierre de Boismont (*Hallucinations, &c.*, 1862), from whom I translate the following account of the star of the first Napoleon, which he heard, second-hand, from General Rapp:—

“In 1806 General Rapp, on his return from the siege of Dantzic, having occasion to speak to the Emperor, entered his study without being announced. He found him so absorbed that his entry was unperceived. The General seeing the Emperor continue motionless, thought he might be ill and purposely made a noise. Napoleon immediately roused himself, and without any preamble, seizing Rapp by the arm, said to him, pointing to the sky, ‘Look there, up there.’ The General remained silent, but on being asked a second time, he answered that he perceived nothing. ‘What!’ replied the Emperor, ‘you do not see it? It is my star, it is before you, brilliant;’ then animating by degrees, he cried out, ‘it has never abandoned me, I see it on all great occasions, it commands me to go forward, and it is a constant sign of good fortune to me.’”

It appears that stars of this kind, so frequently spoken of in history, and so well known as a metaphor in language, are a common hallucination of the insane. Brierre de Boismont has a chapter on the stars of great men. I cannot doubt that fantasies of this description were in some cases the basis of that firm belief in astrology, which not a few persons of eminence formerly entertained.

The hallucinations of great men may be accounted for in part by their sharing a tendency which we have seen to be not uncommon in the human race, and which, if it happens to be natural to them, is liable to be developed in their over-wrought brains by the isolation of their lives. A man in the position of the first Napoleon could have no intimate associates; a great philosopher who explores ways of thought far ahead of his contemporaries must have an inner world in which he passes long and solitary hours. Great men are also apt to have touches of madness; the ideas by which they are haunted, and to whose pursuit they devote themselves, and by which they rise to eminence, has much in common with the monomania of insanity. Striking instances of great visionaries may be mentioned, who had almost beyond doubt those very nervous seizures with which the tendency to hallucinations is intimately connected. To take a single instance, Socrates, whose *daimon* was an audible not a visual appearance, was subject to what admits of hardly any other interpretation than cataleptic seizure, standing all night through in a rigid attitude.

It is remarkable how largely the visionary temperament has manifested itself in certain periods of history and epochs of national life. My interpretation of the matter, to a certain extent, is this—That the visionary tendency is much more common among sane people than is generally suspected. In early life, it seems to be a hard lesson to an imaginative child to distinguish between the real and visionary world. If the fantasies are habitually laughed at, the power of distinguishing them becomes at length learnt; any incongruity or nonconformity is noted, the vision is found out and discredited, and is no further attended to. In this way the tendency to see them is blunted by repression. Therefore, when popular opinion is of a matter-of-fact kind, the seers of visions keep quiet; they do not like to be thought fanciful or mad, and they hide their experiences, which only come to light through inquiries such as these that I have been making. But let the tide of opinion change and grow favourable to supernaturalism, then the seers of visions come to the front. It is not that a faculty previously non-existent has been suddenly evoked, but one that had been long smothered is suddenly allowed expression and to develop, without safeguards, under the free exercise of it.

FRANCIS GALTON.

A CONSERVATIVE VIEW OF THE IRISH LAND BILL.

BEFORE proceeding to analyse some of the details of the Bill, it will be well, I think, in the first instance, to lay down a few general principles, which should always be steadily kept in view, and afterwards to examine how far the present Bill is in accordance with those principles.

Since the report of the Bessborough Commission, and more especially since Mr. Gladstone's speech on April 7th, in which he endorses the opinion expressed by that Commission, it may, I think, be taken for granted that the great majority of the landlords of Ireland are not the rapacious monsters which they have been generally described to be at Land League meetings during the last two years. The Premier's words are "they have stood their trial as a rule, and they have been acquitted," and the words of the Report, supported by overwhelming evidence, are still more explicit; they are as follows :-

"Though the amount of rent was always at the discretion of the landlord, and the tenant had in reality no voice in regulating what he had to pay, nevertheless it was unusual to exact what in England would have been considered as a full or fair commercial rent."

and further on:—

"The credit is, indeed, due to Irish landlords as a class, of not exacting all that they were by law entitled to exact. But their forbearance has been the result, not merely of kindness of disposition, but also of common honesty, which forbade them to appropriate the results of their tenant's labour in improving the soil."

On the other hand, however, it must be admitted, that a certain class of Irish landlords have acted harshly and arbitrarily towards their tenants, so as to justify the following words of Mr. Gladstone; "A strong and conclusive reason for this legislation is, that a limited class of Irish landlords have been distinguished by conduct which has not been the characteristic of the preponderating number of landlords, and their conduct has been described as arbitrary, and many of their proceedings as harsh and cruel."

The first principle, therefore, which, in my opinion, should be laid down, as an inference from these two facts, is this, that the changes to be made in the law should be such as may be necessary to coerce the latter class of landlords to do what it is now admitted that the great majority have hitherto done, and that the former class of landlords should not be punished for the sins of their brethren, at least in a pecuniary point of view; that if it be necessary, as I con-

ceive it is now necessary, that they shall surrender certain rights and privileges which they have hitherto never enforced, but which others have abused, they shall not at the same time be deprived of their property, so far as its money value is concerned, without due compensation for their interests.

The second general principle should, I think, be, that any court or commission; which is to have the ultimate decision of these many important issues, should be above all impeachment as to its impartiality, and, particularly, that the persons who are to compose it, should in no way be viewed by the country as purely party men, or as having the least interest as to their future, in accommodating themselves either to the views of any political party on the one hand, or to the dictates of mob law or popular pressure on the other. The third general principle, I conceive, should be, that there should be some prospect of finality in legislation on this matter, and that the measure should be such, that, if all parties honestly combine to solve the question, once for all, as a great social question, the platform gained as the result of concessions made on public grounds by those whose private interests are undoubtedly invaded, should not be immediately made the basis of operations for a new agitation.

The fourth and last principle for which I wish to contend is, that the principles of political economy, though necessarily laid aside to a certain extent, in a great crisis of public affairs, should be so far kept in view, that their inevitable results in the long run should be foreseen, and care taken lest the same evils, on account of which such large present sacrifices have to be made, shall again recur, perhaps in a still more aggravated form than at present.

It will be my endeavour, on the present occasion, to submit the Bill to the test of these four principles with an earnest desire to do it complete justice.

In applying the first of these principles, let us examine into those circumstances which serve to distinguish the one class of landlords from the other. What are the reasons which render the tenants on some estates, and mostly on the Ulster estates, prosperous, contented, and happy, while on others they continue in poverty, discontent, and misery? There are, no doubt, many causes which combine to occasion these results; much may be put down to difference of race, and much to over-population in certain districts; but I do not propose to discuss these causes at present; it is rather the differences of tenure and of the relations between landlord and tenant to which I wish to call attention. I shall take a well-managed estate in Ulster as the typical case. What causes the difference in its favour? It is not the existence of the three F's upon it, but it is undoubtedly the existence of a modified form of the three F's. There is not Fixity of Tenure, but there is Security of Tenure. There is a valuable

right of Sale, Fair Sale, though not necessarily Free Sale, but above all, there is undoubtedly Fair Rent. It is the last of the F's, Fair Rent, which is in reality the most important. In those cases where tenancies have been handed down through generations from father to son (and I maintain that these form the bulk of the holdings in Ireland in spite of all outcry to the contrary) the other two F's have never come into play. Where evictions have not taken place, and where tenants have not sold out and taken their departure, the question of Fair Rent has been the factor, so far as the mere relation of landlord and tenant is concerned, on which the prosperity of the tenant has mainly depended. It therefore becomes at once the interest of all those landlords who have asked for nothing but fair rents to see that this F at least is made universal. This class of landlords have now been declared, on the highest authority, to form the majority of their class, and I feel confident that on full consideration they will be ready to say, "We are anxious to see that nothing but Fair Rents shall be asked, only show us an impartial tribunal to which such a question may be referred."

It is curious to observe the different order in which the three F's are taken under different aspects of this question. The Bessborough Commission start with Fixity of Tenure, placing it first, on the grounds that

"Occupiers have, as a general rule, acquired rights to continuous occupancy, which, in the interests of the community, it is desirable legally to recognise."

Fair Rent they place second on the ground that

"Fixity of Tenure, without Fair Rent, is an absurdity."

And the third F, Free Sale, they deduce as a logical consequence of the recognition of the other two. They say:—

"We consider that the tenant upon whom has been conferred fixity of tenure, at a Fair Rent, will be in a position differing little from that of a legal owner of property in the soil; and that he ought not to be deprived of any of the ordinary incidents of property. Therefore he should be at liberty to sell his interest; that is to say, his right of continuous occupancy, the improvements made by himself or his predecessors in title, and all the title he has in the land, in any way he wishes."

On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone, in his Land Bill, places the right of Free Sale first, Fair Rents next, and Fixity of Tenure he makes the third, as the result of the intervention of the Court in respect of the other two.

To my mind, the all-important question is that of Fair Rent, and it should be always placed first, because every tenant who wishes to remain where he is can only do so if his rent be such as to allow him a fair margin to live upon, and every landlord who is satisfied that the rent he receives is a fair rent, cannot wish either to disturb his

tenant for merely arbitrary reasons or to object to his sale of his interest, provided no reasonable objection can be taken to the successor he proposes to substitute.

In the application of the first general principle which I have laid down, the question of Fair Rent is therefore the cardinal one by which the Bill should be tested. The next inquiry then must be, does the Bill secure the adjustment of a Fair Rent—that is, fair to the landlord as well as fair to the tenant? for, of course, if the rent be not fair to both parties, it is only a misnomer to call it a fair rent at all. Another important question intimately connected with this one is, does the Bill act impartially between landlord and tenant in the endeavour to secure a Fair Rent? The following is the definition of a Fair Rent in the Bill:—

“A Fair Rent means such a rent as in the opinion of the Court, after hearing the parties and considering all the circumstances of the case, holding, and district, a solvent tenant would undertake to pay one year with another: provided that the Court, in fixing such rent, shall have regard to the tenant's interest in the holding.”

And it is further directed that the tenant's interest shall be estimated either with reference to the Ulster custom, or to the scale of compensation for disturbance in districts where the Ulster or any corresponding custom does not exist. Assuming for the present that an impartial tribunal has been secured to determine this question, I say that this definition, so far as I have quoted it, is a good definition of Fair Rent—a just description of it. When the advocates of Free Sale have hitherto attempted to define the value of tenant-right, they have used almost identical language, they have generally described it as “such sum as a solvent person would give to an outgoing tenant for his interest, subject to the rent which the tenant has paid, or such reasonable rent as may be substituted therefor.” But I have to remark at this point, in relation to the second question which I have asked above, that the Bill is not impartial between landlord and tenant. It allows the tenant by himself to apply to the Court to fix what the fair rent is, and it allows the tenant and landlord conjointly to do so, but it does not allow the landlord by himself alone to do so. But why should the landlord not have an equal right with the tenant in this respect? No reason can fairly be assigned for such an omission. By the Bill, the only way in which the landlord can apply to the Court, if the tenant refuses to co-operate with him, is by raising the rent, and so forcing the tenant into the Court; that is, by taking a step which immediately causes bad blood, when in reality he is only anxious to get ordinary justice, and is perfectly ready to leave the decision of the question to an impartial tribunal. Moreover, the moment the landlord takes such a step, which he may have been obliged to take

contrary to his wishes, he becomes liable to be mulcted in a fine equal to ten times the excess of the rent which he proposed in order to raise the question, over what the Court may eventually decide to be a Fair Rent. Now it is not impartial justice to allow the tenant to appeal to a Court, not being liable to any fine in case the Court does not take his view, but to subject the landlord to a special fine, under exactly similar circumstances, in case he applies to the Court in the only way left open to him by the Bill. It seems clear that Clause 7 (Secs. 1 & 2) should be amended on this point. To place the landlord in this position is to repeat that mistake of the Land Act of 1870, though in another way, which has been so well pointed out in the Report of the Bessborough Commission. Under that Act no machinery was provided by which a landlord could have a Fair Rent determined by authority, so that in case of a dispute, he is obliged to commence by an eviction, and the tenant has to look for compensation after he has lost his holding, a result which probably neither party wished for.

Impartial justice between landlord and tenant also requires that this Court shall be a Court of Arbitration, in every case, as to the value of the tenant's interest as well as of that of the landlord. This principle is partly, but not fully, admitted in the Bill; I must therefore enlarge a little upon it. The fact is, that the total value of the holding at any period consists of the sum of two values, one represented by the landlord's rent, and the other by the tenant's interest. It is impossible that any Court can decide upon the value of one portion without practically deciding upon the value of the other at the same time. This is admitted in the definition of a Fair Rent, which I have stated to be a good definition for this reason. The value of the tenant's interest, whether under the Ulster custom or under the scale of compensation for disturbance, has to be estimated before the Court can arrive at the value of the landlord's interest as estimated by a Fair Rent. The entire difficulty in the working of the Court will consist in the unravelling of these two factors. But why should the Court not then declare the value of the tenant's interest, so that the landlord might know the amount he would have to pay for pre-emption in case of a sale during the statutory term? It is in relation particularly to this question that the interests of the community at large, as represented by the third and fourth principles I have laid down, come into play. It is contrary to the public weal that the occupying tenants at any time should be ground down by excessive payments for the land they occupy, and so far as the general community is concerned, it makes no difference whether these excessive payments are made to the landlord in the shape of excessive rent, or to an outgoing tenant in the way of excessive tenant-right under free sale. If there be one point on which we may agree

with the programme of the Land League, it is this, that that land hunger, that excessive craving for land at any price, which is a characteristic of the Irish people, should be kept under some sort of control, but if it be right, as the leaders of that association contend, that no man should take a farm from which another has been evicted for non-payment of an excessive rent, we may, I think, fairly demand, in a correlative manner, that no man should take a farm for which an excessive tenant-right is demanded under the pressure of Free Sale. Many of the differences which have arisen between landlord and tenant have been caused by the struggle to see which of them is to get the benefit of the land hunger which exists in the country. To an Ulster landlord it seemed natural enough, in many cases, to think that he was asking too low a rent, when he saw fabulous sums offered for tenant-right, sums which he knew to be far beyond the value of the tenant's interest; and in other parts of Ireland where tenant-right was not acknowledged, many landlords have no doubt been tempted to raise their rents when they found persons, not in occupation, ready to offer any rent to obtain that occupation. The typical Ulster estate to which I have referred, and on which the greatest prosperity exists, is one on which the Ulster custom has not been subject to abuse on the part of either landlord or tenant. Where the landlord has not gradually raised his rent so as to confiscate a part of the tenant's interest, and where the tenants in occupation have either been there for successive generations, or have purchased the tenant-right of their holdings at reasonable figures, there you will find the greatest amount of prosperity and contentment.

It is on this account that I have objected to the words "Free Sale," and have proposed to substitute for them the words "Fair Sale." The object of all such sales should be, that the outgoing tenant should get the full and fair value of his interest, including under these words not only the value of his improvements, but that of his occupancy right. In the interest, however, of the landlord, of the incoming tenant, and of the community at large, the value of this interest should be left to the arbitration of the same Court as that which fixes the fair rent due to the landlord. If this be not done by the Bill, impartial justice will not be meted out. I think it was the intention of the framers of the Bill to secure the carrying out of this principle, and if the first clause stood alone it would be carried out, because it provides that

"The tenant for the time being of every tenancy to which this Act applies may sell his tenancy for the best price that can be got for the same," subject, amongst other regulations, to this one: "On receiving [such] notice the landlord may purchase the tenancy for such sum as may be agreed upon, or, in the event of disagreement, may be settled by the Court to be the value thereof."

This section, however, can be defeated, so far as Ulster landlords

are concerned, by the powers conferred upon the tenant under Clause 7. The tenant who is going to sell (as under Clause 1) may first apply to the Court (under Clause 7) to fix the "judicial rent" of his holding, and then he may proceed to sell. The Ulster landlord, who, under those circumstances, applies to the Court to have the tenant-right valued for the purpose of pre-emption, finds himself excluded by Sec. 9 of Clause 7, from having that value fixed, though every other landlord can have it done.¹

This matter can only be corrected, and the two parts of the Bill brought into harmony, by the omission of the exception in Sec. 9 of Clause 7. Subject to these corrections, I am satisfied that the Bill carries out the first principle for which I have contended, always, however, on the assumption that the arbitrating tribunal is above all suspicion as to its impartiality.

This brings me naturally to the second general principle with which I commenced, and a consequent examination into the constitution of the Court, with which so much responsibility will rest. It matters not so much about the Courts of First Instance, as about the ultimate tribunal, the Land Commission. There will be no more difficult problem to solve in connection with this whole matter than to secure a commission in which both landlord and tenant will have confidence. Its first constitution will be of the greatest importance, for future commissions will be largely guided by the principles laid down, and the precedents created, by the decisions of the first commission. Unless the persons named in the Bill are persons whose names will command universal respect, one or other portion of the agricultural community will think that they are going to be robbed, and there will be a consequent outcry, of which one most likely result will be immediate danger to the Bill in one or other House of Parliament. For the purposes of Part V. of the Bill, viz. the acquisition of land by tenants, the purchase of landlords' estates, and emigration, the duties of the Land Commission will be principally executive or administrative, so that the question of impartiality will scarcely arise in that connection. It is in the matter of determining what is a Fair Rent that that quality will be tried to the utmost. The objection which may be urged against the settlement of rent by authority, such as that of the proposed Land Commission, is stated so well in the Report of the Bessborough Commission, and bears

(1) Sec. 9 Clause 7 is as follows: "On the occasion of any application being made to the Court under this section [clause] to fix a judicial rent in respect of any holding which is not subject to the Ulster tenant-right custom. . . . the Court may fix on the application of either landlord or tenant a specified value for the holding; and where such value has been fixed, then if at any time during the continuance of the statutory term the tenant gives notice to the landlord of his intention to sell the tenancy, the landlord may resume the holding on payment to the tenant of the amount of the value so fixed, together with the value of any improvements made by the tenant since the time at which such value was fixed."

so forcibly on the difficulties which will surround this tribunal, that it is worth being quoted :—

“It will be said that the principles on which the tribunal proceeds in deciding what, in each case, is a fair rent, will be open to criticism, will invite objection, and will be the mark in future times of political agitators; that a new movement will speedily be begun to modify these principles in a popular sense; that elections will turn upon it, and a league be formed to promote an alteration of the law; in a word, that no final settlement can be effected which depends upon the acquiescence of Irish tenants possessing political power in the decisions of constituted authority.”

It will therefore require a very strong, a very just, and a very independent tribunal to be established, if the working out of the Bill is to be a success. Should it fail in these respects any amount of confiscation of the property of the landlords may ensue. The responsibility under this head will lie altogether with the Government.

The application of the third and fourth principles which I laid down at the commencement of this article has reference chiefly to the latter part of the Bill, viz. that dealing with the creation of peasant proprietors. Though there are, no doubt, many economic difficulties in the way of a large scheme for this purpose, still there can be no doubt that the social and political advantages which would arise from increasing the number of owners of land, as so many extra barriers against revolution, are sufficient, to a large extent, to outweigh the more theoretical objections of political economy; but if there is to be provision made against a recurrence of the present state of affairs at regular intervals, so far as that state is connected with bad seasons and times of distress, care must be taken that there be not created a race of pauper proprietors, under the high-sounding title of peasant proprietors. It is for this reason that it appears to be so necessary to require that the tenant who wishes to become a proprietor shall be able to pay down one-fourth of his purchase-money. Under the Bill no provision is made to prevent the tenant from borrowing this fourth from the money-lender. Either such a provision should be introduced, or the State should advance the whole sum. As far as the question of actual security is concerned, I am satisfied that the State might advance the entire purchase-money, because such sum would not in reality be much more than two-thirds of the entire value of the holding, when the tenant's interest is added to that of the landlord; but the reasons for requiring the payment of one-fourth from the tenant purchaser are chiefly of a moral nature, viz. to serve as a sort of hostage for industry, an indication that the tenant had been previously a person of such thrift, as to give fair promise that for the future he would be a successful peasant proprietor. And if this be really the reason, then security should be taken in the Bill that the tenant before becoming a peasant proprietor should show that he really had the one-fourth

in his possession without having to go to the money-lender. The remarks of one of the Ulster members at the time of the introduction of the Bill on this matter were very much to the point. He said, "if the tenant could pay three-fourths of the purchase-money by instalments to the Government, and the other fourth to the money-lender, he would be better able to pay the whole amount if it were advanced by Government." And he might have added, that if the tenant were unable to do either, he must fail as a specimen of the new peasant proprietor. A strong objection has been brought against advancing such large sums to Irish tenants, viz. that in bad times it may become a premium on revolution, because that there will then be the danger of the periodical agitators pointing out to the people that the simplest remedy for all their grievances, and the simplest mode of escaping from their debts to an alien Government, will be to throw off the yoke of that Government and strike for independence at once. There is no doubt that this is a possible danger in the future, and the British taxpayer must look it straight in the face. It is, however, a danger which would only be formidable should the times closely follow the period of purchase, but it will diminish from year to year as time passes on. The security of the Government would be enormously increased in ten years, and as the period of thirty-five years approached its close, "honesty might then be the best policy," as it would be scarcely worth the tenants' while to run any risk of losing all for the sake of the small outstanding balance.

Our experience in relation to the class of peasant proprietors in Ireland is, of course, very limited; still, a good many of them have existed, and do still exist, in Ulster. Sometimes they have been most successful, and sometimes equally unsuccessful. As far as my own experience goes, those who seem to me to have succeeded best are those who have held perpetuity leases in their families for several successive generations, *i.e.* paying low rents, with practical fixity of tenure, but not with an absolute right of free sale. I have before me now one of these old leases (of 1763), in which provision was made, that if the tenant, his heirs or assigns, should at any time hereafter alien or demise all or any part of the premises to any person or persons, *other than a child or grand-child of the person* so aliening or demising, without the landlord's consent, a further penal rent should become immediately chargeable; in fact, the rent was to become about double what it was. The object of such a clause as this seems to have been to keep the lands in the occupation of the same families, and so to prevent *alienation* or *sub-letting*. These are the two rocks upon which all schemes of peasant proprietorship run a chance of being shipwrecked, and the framers of these old leases did their best to steer clear of them. The Bill now

under discussion only provides to a very partial extent against the *future dangers of sub-letting*. So long as any charge remains due to the Land Commission, sub-letting is forbidden; but what is to become of the country after that? "*Après moi le deluge*" may be the answer; but in virtue of the third and fourth principles which I have laid down, it is the duty of the State now, in inaugurating a new state of affairs, to protect this country in the future from the return, in an aggravated form, of the evils we are endeavouring now to combat. These peasant proprietors, if they want to part with possession, should be forced to sell, but not allowed to sub-let. Otherwise the country will have to face a state much worse than the present, in which labourers will have become tenants at exorbitant rents, and the present landlords will be replaced by a class under the same name, but devoid of the education or culture which they possess, and certainly much less amenable to public opinion than they are. A change of occupancy should be accompanied by a complete sale of the fee-simple. There cannot be the least doubt that one of the greatest causes of the calamities which befel the people in the famine years was the state of poverty and multiplication at which they had arrived owing to the sub-letting which took place by a class of middle-men who arose in the country during the time of the great French war. The O'Connor Don, however, ably combats this view in his Supplementary Report as a member of the Bessborough Commission. He says:—

"I cannot justify the principle that a man should either keep land in his own possession or part with its occupancy for ever. This, in practice, would be found intolerable the public would not long bear a law which prevented two men from making a bargain, just in itself, useful to the public, and profitable to both parties. . . . The scheme of Fixity of Tenure and valued rents must be applied only to existing tenancies. Its application to them may be necessary and justifiable; but with this its existence must cease, and once it has established a large number of the occupiers in secure occupation of their farms, it must give place again to freedom of contract."

Now, with every respect to such high authority, it seems to me rather hard upon the present race of landlords to say that the principles of political economy are to be laid aside in this case (though it is admitted on the highest authority that the great majority of them have not abused their position), but that once they have been disposed of, the principles of political economy, in relation to the very same subject, are again to reign supreme. The argument, as stated above, in favour of freedom of contract for the future, entirely destroys all the argument in favour of disturbing existing contracts.

To complete any scheme of land legislation for the creation of peasant proprietors, it will be necessary to provide that the legal charges in ordinary transactions relating to land shall be immensely

curtailed, and be brought into some reasonable relation to the total value of the property in question, as well as to the amount of work done in the transaction. Lawsuits about wills and rights of way at present drag many of the small proprietors or perpetuity tenants into hopeless bankruptcy, and many a successful plaintiff in an action has been obliged to hand over the greater part of the value of his holding to his lawyers and attorneys, whose costs eat up everything. The only way in which it appears possible to enable one of these men to raise money upon the security of his farm, without the enormous costs of mortgages, is to create debentures to the value of a certain proportion of the land, say one half or three-fourths, all of equal value, like so many bank notes, and transferable from hand to hand, and to force a sale whenever the owner endeavoured to encumber the holding beyond the value of these debentures. Such sale would then require no searches, and thus the ruinous cost of ultimate transfer would be saved.

I have no doubt that many of the outrages which occur at all times in Ireland, in the way of family feuds, arise from the fact that the peasantry, when disputing with each other about land (quite irrespective of any question with the landlords) prefer to take the law into their own hands, in a rough and ready way, and trust to force and violence, rather than ruin themselves pecuniarily by going into law courts with their attorneys.

In connection with this subject of peasant proprietors, I would suggest that either in the present, or in some supplementary Bill, some law should be introduced against weeds. One badly managed farm, in the hands of a man over whom there is no control, may ruin many surrounding farms, or at any rate put their owners to serious expence. Though this may at first sight appear to be but a small matter, it is one of very great importance to Ireland, because at present we have no law against weeds, such as they have in Scotland. Year after year the Registrar-General has called attention to the great loss sustained by this country from weeds, and hitherto on well-managed estates, where the tenants are amenable, at least to moral influences, the growth and spread of weeds has been checked; but without some law upon the subject a large increase in the number of independent proprietors will certainly be accompanied by a large increase in the growth of weeds on the farms of the less industrious. A few years ago a case came within my knowledge where a fine farm of 500 acres was sown, year after year, with weeds, because a small holder in perpetuity who lived adjacent, persistently refused to cut down the weeds on his farm before they seeded. One year the large farmer offered, if allowed, to send his own men to cut down or pull up the weeds, but the peasant proprietor declined their services, and it cost the other £50 in the following year to remove the weeds,

which a few days', or even hours', work would have sufficed to destroy at the proper time. This peasant proprietor seemed to consider it to be an appendage to his proprietary rights that he should be at liberty to decide absolutely what should grow upon his own land without the slightest regard to that of his neighbours.

In the enlargement in the present Bill of what are known as the Bright's Clauses of the Land Act of 1870, in this matter of sale to the tenants, much practical improvement has been made, especially on two points, viz. (1) in charging the tenant a lump sum or percentage for expenses, instead of leaving him to the chances of an unknown wilderness of costs; and (2) in guaranteeing the title to the new purchaser, so that no incumbrances of the former owner can at any time come against him. I know of one case where the Board of Works refused to advance the purchase-money to the tenants of an estate because a head-rent over the whole estate was larger than the value of the rental of any individual holding upon it. The present Bill prevents the recurrence of any case of that kind. But there was another cause of failure in the working of the Bright's Clauses of the Act of 1870, and no provision has been made to meet it in the present Bill. It is therefore worthy of attention for a moment.

The Board of Works have hitherto required as strict proof of the title of the tenant as of the title of the landlord, for which stringency, to my mind, there is not the slightest necessity. I gave full details of a case of this kind in my evidence before Mr. Shaw Lefevre's committee, in which the Board of Works refused to advance the proportion of the purchase-money because some of the children of the tenant were minors, and because the farm, which was held under a lease, had been dealt with by will. Now, it is of course obvious that great care is necessary in requiring proof of the landlord's title when he is selling, because the purchase-money is to go into his pocket; and every care must be taken that it is not paid to the wrong person, as the mistake would be irremediable. But the same necessity does not exist for proof of the tenant's title, nor should it be necessary to go into all the family arrangements made under tenants' wills (many of which are acted upon without being ever proved), because, if the purchase-money advanced be made chargeable upon the farm, it matters little who the next occupier is. If the wrong person should chance to be named as the peasant proprietor, the rightful owner of the tenancy can go to law to establish his rights, and if after such private lawsuit one occupier is ousted by another, this latter will immediately succeed to the privilege of becoming liable to the State for the instalments due on account of money advanced for the purchase. All such money can easily be made a charge against the holding, no matter who the occupier may be. Great care will therefore be necessary in amending the Bill on this point to secure, in the first instance, that the charge shall be

rather against the holding itself, and the occupier of it at any time, than against an individual; and, in the second place, that in guaranteeing the title to the tenant as against the incumbrances of the landlord an indefeasible title be not thereby granted to the wrong tenant. For example, here is a case which might easily occur. Just at the time at which the landlord's interest was being sold one of the tenants might die, and his rightful heir, either under a will or in a case of intestacy, might be away, perhaps in America. Some other relative might temporarily obtain the occupancy, and might appear before the Court as the tenant claiming the right to purchase. There being no dispute at that time he might easily be accepted by the Court amongst a large number of other tenants, and a conveyance might be made out to him and an indefeasible title thereby created, when shortly afterwards the right owner might turn up. This difficulty is a practical one, because it has already occurred, and the Court can only deal with such cases in either of two ways, either by requiring absolute proof of the title of the tenant who claims, as the Board of Works have hitherto done, or by acting as I have suggested, by having a certain amount of elasticity in the conveyance, making the charge certain as against the holding, but leaving it open to the Commission at any time to substitute the name of any person whom any other court of law may determine to have been the proper tenant at the time of purchase. If the first alternative be adopted a perfect flood-gate of legal costs against the tenant will be opened, not perhaps on the part of the Court, which may compound for all costs as proposed in the Bill, but from the tenant's own legal advisers who are to make out his title for the satisfaction of the Court.

As it has happened that many tenants who applied for advances under the Bright's Clauses of the Act of 1870 were refused, and had to borrow the total purchase-money elsewhere, some provision should, in all fairness to them, be introduced into the present Bill, to enable their cases to be reconsidered, so that even now they might be able to commence the system of instalments, and so gradually free themselves from what may at present be heavy incumbrances.

I shall conclude my criticisms of this Bill by a few remarks on some minor matters in it, which, in my opinion, need correction..

(a.) Amongst the statutory conditions (Clause 4) to which a tenant is to be bound there is the following:—"The tenant shall not do any act whereby his holding becomes vested in a judgment creditor or assignee in bankruptcy." This only forbids the tenant to commit any act of bankruptcy, which, however, he may be compelled by circumstances to do; but there is no penalty attached for not complying with this condition. The creditor or assignee might still get into possession, whereas the clause should have been drafted to prevent this latter occurrence. As the clause stands, if the tenant

were to lose his holding, it would go to the creditor, instead of reverting to the landlord, which latter was obviously intended.

(b.) A curious, and apparently unnecessary, distinction is made between a statutory term in a tenancy consequent on an increase of rent, and a statutory term in a tenancy consequent on the first determination of a judicial rent by the Court, viz. that in the former case, but *not in the latter*, a landlord may apply to the Court to resume the holding for some purpose having relation to the good of the holding or of the estate, or for the benefit of the labourers upon it. If any distinction were to have been made, one would have expected the apparent bonus not to have been given to the landlord in the case where he increased his rent, but in the other case, where the Court may have reduced his rent. There is no reason why the landlord should not be at liberty to apply to the Court in either case, on grounds entirely beneficial to the entire community, rather than to himself, and the Court should be free to decide on such applications according to the merits of each case.

(c.) When security of tenure is obtained for the tenant for one holding, viz. that on which he lives, freedom of contract might fairly enough be allowed in respect of other holdings held by the same tenant, if the landlord can show a separate contract for such extra holdings.

(d.) Clause 15 provides that, "If in the case of any holding the immediate landlord for the time being is deprived of his estate by title paramount, effluxion of time, or otherwise, during the continuance of any tenancy, the next superior landlord for the time being shall, for the purposes of this Act, during the continuance of such tenancy stand in relation of immediate landlord to the tenant of the tenancy, and have the rights and be subject to the obligations of an immediate landlord."

This clause provides well against such a contingency, as once happened, when the landlord died during an appeal on a land claim before the Superior Courts in Dublin, and the tenant's case consequently fell through; but it entails this great hardship on a landlord and on an estate, that on the fall of a lease, where sub-letting has gone on during the lease, though contrary to the express terms of the lease, and where, nevertheless, the landlord has found it impossible during the lease to enforce his rights against sub-letting (owing, perhaps, to the want of any penalty being attached to the condition, or for some other cause), the landlord may have to accept a greatly depreciated position of his property without any compensation being provided for him.

I have only to add, in conclusion, that under Clause 23, dealing with public bodies, ample opportunity will probably be given to the Land Commission to test the working of the Act. It will be much better for corporate bodies or charitable trustees no longer to have their funds

locked up in such insecure investments as Irish rents from occupying tenants have recently proved to be. It is obvious that when funds belonging to charities are not available, much distress amongst the deserving poor must ensue; and, as a Fellow of Trinity College and a member of the corporate body of that institution, I am satisfied that it is highly injurious to the educational interests of the country to have any uncertainty attending receipts from collegiate property, and that it is extremely desirable that the Government or the Land Commission shall take over all property in which the College is in direct contact with the occupying tenants, securing to us the full income which we have hitherto received, and recouping to us our large outlay on improvements, from which we anticipated in the future an ample return. As to the London Companies, who own so much property in Ulster, though they have been amongst the best of landlords and have contributed largely towards every improvement on their estates, we must, I think, all agree that at the present day they occupy altogether an anomalous position, and as the tenantry on their estates are generally most prosperous and industrious, owing to the long existence of Fair Rents, they will probably afford the best examples of success in the working out of a scheme of peasant proprietary.

One advantage of allowing the Land Commission to exercise this branch of its duties at as early a period as possible will be this, that in the routine of doing so they will be indirectly laying the basis for deciding, in relation to their other sphere of duty, what is a Fair Rent. When they purchase estates, or advance tenants *three-fourths* of the purchase-money of their holdings, they will *indirectly* be guided by the consideration of what a fair rent is, as the purchase-money will eventually come to be estimated at so many years' purchase of it, and when they advance *one-half* of the fine payable to a landlord when a tenancy is about to become a fee farm grant in perpetuity, they will *directly* have to decide this very question, for the proviso in Clause 19, Sec. (1 b.) on this point is, "Provided that no advance shall be made by the Land Commission under this section on a holding subject to a fee farm rent, where the amount of such fee farm rent exceeds seventy-five per cent. of the rent which, in the opinion of the Land Commission, *a solvent tenant would pay for the holding.*"

On a complete review of the Bill, we may now, I think, arrive at the following conclusions:—

1st. Fair Sale, rather than Free Sale, of his tenant-right is secured to the tenant by Clause 1, and if Sec. 3 be retained and made applicable universally, the landlord is reasonably protected. Mr. Gladstone himself is plainly pledged to the distinction involved in this statement, by the words of his opening speech, "We do not propose to introduce unregulated tenant-right. We have made provision in our Bill for preventing tenant-right passing into extravagance, and

for protecting the just rights of the landlords by bringing into fair competition the right of the tenant to assign, and the right of the landlord to get what the land is really worth."

2nd. Fair Rents ought certainly to be secured by Clause 7, if only the Court which is to have the power to determine them can be guaranteed to be an impartial tribunal; and if the clause be amended so as to secure to the landlord the same right of appeal as it gives to the tenant, and also so as to secure that the Court shall decide, on appeal, the value of the tenant's interest as well as the value of the landlord's fair rent, the landlord cannot, I think, complain.

3rd. Security of Tenure, rather than Fixity of Tenure, is also the principle which pervades the Bill, and to keep this so, it will be essential that Clause 4, which fixes the statutory conditions of tenure, shall be preserved in its integrity. On the one hand, then, the slothful, disinproving, or unprosperous tenant will *not be fixed* in the holding—he will soon be sold out—while, on the other hand, the industrious, improving, and prosperous tenant will be amply *secured* against arbitrary eviction.

4th. If Sec. 1 of Clause 28 be strictly enforced by the Land Commission, so that they take care that tenant purchasers will afterwards "be in a position to work their holdings profitably," the purchase of estates by the Commissioners will not entail loss upon the public funds; and if the same guarantee can be given in the cases of direct sale from landlords to tenants, there will be every prospect of the creation of a peasant rather than of a pauper proprietary; and if the purchasers are prevented from sub-letting in the future a recurrence of the present evils will be avoided.

5th. Very great importance will attach to the successful working of Clause 26. A proper scheme of emigration is the only remedy for the congested state of the population along the west coast of Ireland, where, it is now well known, such overcrowding exists upon holdings of such wretched size that the people could not exist upon their lands even were their rents abolished altogether. Unless the hat is to be periodically sent round the world on the occurrence of bad seasons, and our country thereby degraded, this blot upon our civilisation should be rapidly removed.

6th. Finally, it is evident from all these considerations that everything will depend upon the constitution of the Land Commission. Should the members of it approach their work with the foregone conclusion that popular demands are to be satisfied at the cost of the landlords, and that the Liberal party is to make large political capital out of the result of the Act, then, indeed, is the look-out of the landlords a poor one; but if, on the other hand, those persons add courage and independence to strict justice and impartiality, it may be reasonably hoped that the Act which created them will be a success.

ANTHONY TRAILL.

THE EMIGRATION AND WASTE-LAND CLAUSES. .

THE Government in the new Land Bill proposes to deal with emigration and with the waste lands of Ireland, but does not attempt the solution of the pressing labourer's question. These three points are, however, mutually dependent and should be considered together, for that which benefits, or the reverse, the whole country population must affect closely the interests of the poorest section thereof.

There is probably no point in the Bill to which English opinion will prove so favourable as that providing for an extended emigration, properly conducted and assisted by Government. On the other hand, there is no point in the Bill to which Ireland at large, represented by the Land League delegates and Roman Catholic hierarchy, takes so much exception. Whence comes this difference of opinion, when we may suppose both parties desire the good of Ireland? Perhaps it may be that the one nation speaks from abstract theory, the other nation from practical experience. England looks at the individual alone, to whom emigration may be the means of giving a home and comfort; it also has been long fed on principles of political economy and the talk of surplus population; it does not stop to ask if there can be really a surplus population in one of the most thinly-peopled countries of Europe. It has its specific ready, and insists on applying it whether suitable to the case or not, as it has done before and as it will do again. Over and above these motives is another and the strongest, namely, that England sees in emigration the simplest means of evading a solution of our present political entanglement. Irishmen regard the question in a closer, more practical, I may say more scientific light; besides that, they are moved by the patriotic feeling that every man who is forced to leave the country is a loss to the national strength and unity; they consider the welfare of Ireland and of the home-abiding portion of the Irish nation.

In truth, if philanthropy were the only motive to cause the removal of the western population, it is little likely any Government would undertake it. Another motive, a more pressing one, lies behind. Ireland is at last sufficiently strong and united to cry aloud; it will no longer consent to drop down on the road of life, a resultant of bad laws, as it did after the famine. Ireland, through the Land League, has brought England to face the fact that an enormous proportion of her people are bankrupt, that they cannot live under the present system, and that they will not die peaceably as hitherto. What then is to be done? What more easy and more simple than that out of the superfluity of her wealth, also urged by

the prompting of an uneasy conscience, 'England should put her hand in her purse and get rid of her poor relation to her benefit and to his? But, lo! a new factor has appeared on the scene, a new entity hitherto unknown, the Irish nation. It, too, has something to say on the question. I will try to put into words what we as a nation feel. First, we appeal to our experience, and we ask, Is it not the fact that in 1879, after all the emigration of the last thirty-two years, we were very near a widespread famine? Is it not a fact that land has become actually waste which has once been cultivated; that the area under tillage has very largely decreased; that cattle, sheep, pigs, goats, horses, and fowl are fewer than years ago? Is it not a fact that while the nations of Europe with their large populations increase in wealth, Ireland with her ever-decreasing population barely holds her own? This makes us ask if mere depletion is to save us, and then we are brought to face the further fact that from a population of about five millions, last year nearly ninety-six thousand people left our shores. Now to us who stay at home the hundred thousand men and women who it is believed will leave Ireland this year are not ciphers. We see them grow up amongst us, and we know almost from childhood who will go and who will stay. Is it the delicate, the weak in body and mind, the old, the diseased, the drunken, the exhausted who go? Is it the listless, the idle, the feckless who labour early and late to earn the passage-money, who refuse to drink because drink means in America utter ruin? No; if there is a young man better than his neighbours, more steady, stronger in bone and sinew and self-help, that is the man who is reared for eighteen years of his life at the expense of the poorest country in Europe, only to end by taking away with him all he may have saved in his early youth, and all the strength and capacity that he as a unit of a nation might bring to his country. It is the same with the young women. We are so accustomed to emigration that we have to open our eyes wide, to force ourselves to stand still and look, or we forget what must be the mere physical degeneration resulting from a drain like this; what must be the weakness it will engender in a nation from which perpetually bleeds away its strongest, best, and soberest youth.

This is true enough, answers the Englishman, but if people cannot find work at home they must go; the laws of political economy are stern as the laws of nature, and where the demand is there surely will the supply go, granted that no extraneous cause interferes. It is true. No one in the present state of Ireland would directly stop it, but that is a different matter from Government assistance. Is a Government ever wise in exiling its people? Was the French Government wise when it drove forth its Protestant craftsmen? yet they were undoubtedly an element dangerous to the then established order, doubly dangerous as inspired by the infectious disease, religious

enthusiasm. Governments now do not drive their people away in the crude manner of those days, but they do it more effectually by allowing law to choke the natural courses and vents through which a nation expands, and by thus driving the full current into a channel too narrow to hold it. This Germany appears to be about, by breaking the course of each young man's life through her military system; England also, even as regards England alone, by maintaining an antiquated system of land prejudicial to agricultural interests. Ireland having felt the ill effects of the same more than has England, having also tried emigration and found it a quack medicine, now contends that though no immediate change can check natural emigration, it is not right to encourage it, but that in place of this, which has been tried and has failed, a change is required to give room for internal growth. She does not want a siphon to draw away her fertilising streams, but rather that the dams should be broken down, the weeds and sodden earth removed, that the river of her life should have room to pass, growing and swelling into a clearer and a nobler course each day.

Again they say, That too may be true, but here in the west are men, women, and children ready to die, or ready to commit murder rather than die, ready to fling themselves on the bayonets of the police, to see their women falling wounded and their men taken to prison untried, rather than give up little plots of stones and rush-covered bog. What is to be done with so desperate a disease? It is well to ask; it is a question that lies down with us at night and renews itself in the morning. It is certain that a large proportion of the population of the north-west of Ireland is absolutely in this condition—penniless, liable at any moment to become homeless, so deeply in debt that it is hard to understand how they can extricate themselves. It is also true that this distressed population was the source of the agitation; among them it took its rise, among them it has appeared in its most formidable shape, and for their cause in the abstract the nation is still fighting. They too were little to be blamed for their misfortunes. They were the labourers of England and Scotland, working there three-fourths of the year, paying fancy rents on worthless land, or the worth of which had been created by themselves. English wages failed for years consecutively, the rents were not paid from the land, but from wages, and what little the land could in itself pay in good years fell to nothing in the lean years. This class now in this extremity is opposed to another class in almost as great difficulties, the landlords and their hangers-on, creditors, relations, agents, clergy, and others, who desire to live as well as the poor. They cannot afford to lose at a stroke the rental of great districts, no matter how poor the people are; it made no difference to them whether their rents were paid out of wages or from the land, for

rent is in Ireland often more the price of a home than an agricultural product. Such as it was it has gone the way of all landlord property, eaten up by mortgages and settlements, insurance payments and dowries; any cessation of income means bankruptcy to the immediate receiver, who is responsible to all the others. Thus then stand the two classes who at this moment are holding one another by the throat, an absolutely bankrupt industrial class and a class living in apparent ease, yet wholly dependent on the earnings that the poor are not able to provide. Government steps in and says to the people, "Let go your hold, we will give you help, put you on board ship and give you a fresh start." It is a very simple, very effectual means of producing a lull, but may it not be done at too great a cost?

First, will or can the Government so control the emigration that it shall affect only these distinctly diseased parts? But the disease is not local, it exists in patches from north to south, if not from east to west. Can the Government say, From such a spot in Mayo, Donegal, or Kerry, we will take families who are owners of land in that overcrowded district? Suppose this is done, that families coming from a certain barony are assisted at a heavy cost, whereas those on the other side of the boundary are bidden to do for themselves; will not this be a sheer injustice, and one of those attempts at limiting a charity which, as a matter of course, draw applicants for the charity within the bounds of the district? Such a limited emigration would, however, be less harmful to the country than what the Government seem to have in view—an emigration more or less extending over the whole of Ireland. Now the certain result of this, in the part of the country with which I am best acquainted, would be the loss to us of an immense number of our best family men, and with them the best of our young blood. In those parts of Ireland where emigration has taken a strong hold already, as in Limerick, I really doubt if any young labourers' families would be left in a few years, supposing Government gave free or nearly free passages. Even as it is, though from their dependent position the labourers are underpaid and miserable throughout the year, there is often great difficulty in getting men and women enough for the harvesting. The merry days when the haymaking brought together troops of girls and boys are passed away; twenty years ago the fields were bright with young life, now a few old men or plodding workers go wearily through the day's toil without laughter and without jest.

The hope of the new Land Bill is that it will induce industry by giving birth to security; but industry must have hands, and if the farmers are deprived of their best labourers by the Government, a new difficulty will replace the old. Without doubt it is the best who will go, the men in the prime of life. They stay now because they can't go, but why should they then stay? Their relations are

in America, and every one of them has as many friends there as in Ireland. They do not now fear the sea, and above all, if they stay at home, they know that they must look forward to parting with child after child, and to being left alone to go down with sorrow to the grave. The old and delicate may remain, for the climate in Canada is trying; but the younger men who through early marriage have lost the chance of emigration, and who now begin to feel the pinch at home, will flock away in numbers far exceeding the expectations of the Government. Then again, if the Government take up State-aided emigration, is there not great reason to expect that the self-supporting emigration will be suddenly checked? If the Government refuse to help the single, what will be the result? Now the young abstain from marriage in order to emigrate and make a free start in America, then a premium will be put on the recklessness of mere boys and girls. It has been lately shown that Ireland is now a country in which early marriage is infrequent, and it must be remembered that owing to the immense numbers who emigrate single, the real proportion of what we may call our people (that is, including those who have but lately left our shores) who marry is still smaller than statistics show, but without doubt anything which should make marriage a step to Government-assisted emigration would break the bit in the mouth of the natural affections which has been placed there by desire of success abroad.

If the Government once begin, can they limit their operations? If a thousand persons want to go now, shall the Government select a hundred? Will they again put a premium on poverty, drink, and dirt? If so, plenty will be ready to qualify themselves. If otherwise, if help is to be given to those who have been able to earn part of the passage money, to the more prosperous, the more industrious, then we come back to the first objection, that we as a nation are to lose our best blood, and with it, though a matter of infinitely less cost, the sum of money they take with them. Putting the sum of money a head that each Irishman takes with him at half what the Germans are known to take, £10 for the German, £5 for the Irishman, see what a tax on a poor country that comes to on the natural emigration for this year alone,—five hundred thousand pounds. Add to this, say half the price of tickets, clothes, &c., the other half coming from abroad, and then conceive the emigration stimulated by the Government as I have supposed. What sum would it all amount to? Even as it is, without any artificial loss of population, the country is losing the first elements of life at an almost unprecedented rate: should we desire to add fuel to the flame? I look out on this fair and beautiful land, now, unconscious of its suffering and warring population, blooming into the eternal loveliness of spring, and I see in it the likeness of a watershed on the mountain top; from it flow

away two great streams, leaving their birthplace desolate and bare—the stream of wealth, education, and intellect which goes towards England with our absentee classes, and that other noblest stream, the strength and manhood that our nation in its poverty has reared, and which flows from us never to return.

Now, what class of the population benefits by this loss to the nation? Those who are left behind, is the ready answer. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright have boldly affirmed that the wages of the labourers are double what they were before the famine. Their authority is high, yet I venture to doubt it. Women's wages are double, and more than double, what they were in the dairy country, and for a few years of life, from sixteen to thirty, a woman may earn well here if she is strong enough for very hard, rough work, often going on from four o'clock in the morning till late at night. Dairy-farming is lazy work for the men, but tremendously hard work for the women employed, who, however, gladly earn good wages, with which they usually go to America when about three-and-twenty. If they stay at home they marry, children come, and their earnings are over, so we must turn to the men, whose wages must after all be the main thing. From 8d. to 1s. 2d. a day seems to have been the rate of wages before the famine, now we may say from 1s. 2d. to 2s. Surely man could not live on the wages then, so we must admit some improvement; but do not the people actually feel their poverty almost if not quite as much? Like Adam they have tasted of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, they cannot now go naked unashamed, they cannot now feed on dog's food and be satisfied. We have of late heard a great deal of the prices of farm produce, and how its value has risen: what has this done for the labourer but to make his little purse lighter than before? His children go to school on the whole wonderfully neat, if we remember what money can be spared to their clothes; he himself must now always wear shoes, his wife also if she counts herself a "very decent woman." All this has to be provided; the man is now to a certain extent a civilised being, not a savage; but having provided all this, does anything more than formerly remain for the actual food supply? Conceive rearing seven children, a wife, and yourself, sending the young to school, and keeping all clothed on 8s. a week, and you will perhaps understand that food is not more plentiful than it was in the old days, when good potatoes were 2d. a stone, and when neat clothes and schools were almost equally unknown.

Before the famine Ireland had gone so low, not through over-population, but through the stifling effects of all kinds of evil laws, that without emigration it is hard to see how she could have righted herself, and even now a serious check to it would be most harmful. But as far as the labourers and very small farmers are concerned, I

believe any artificial increase of the exodus would only further tend to lower their status by the encouragement of grazing at the expense of tillage. The next class that would be affected by an increased emigration are the artisans. Now, it is impossible for artisans to prosper in a wilderness of cattle, for they live by administering to the wants and civilisation of the population. Their own numbers are kept at too high a level by the trade rules, which admit sons and relations of tradesmen into the father's craft at an easy rate. If a man gets work as a mason he will earn four to five shillings, where the labourer earns one or two; therefore artisans will always put their sons to their trade though uncertain, in preference to a more certain though lower calling. The supply therefore of artisans will not be in proportion to the demand, but to other causes, and as emigration is not nearly so sure a resource to the artisan as to the labourer, they must trust mainly to home employment. To them therefore every family at home means houses to be built and repaired, and gear of every kind to be made, and they should therefore vote against emigration. So also should merchants, wholesale and retail, and so should the great manufacturers, English and Irish, and the men dependent on them. One hundred thousand mouths to be fed, one hundred thousand bodies to be clothed, going away yearly from Ireland: how great a loss does this mean to business of all kinds!

It stands to reason that trade must suffer if the people who support trade go, therefore the tradesman should vote against emigration; and what should the farmers, the main body of the people, think on this matter? Have they no interest in considering the home markets, and are they to see with equanimity the very Government that proposes to help them, taking with one hand what it gives with the other, giving them security to cultivate their lands while taking from them the men who are to do the work? It has been made plain that they do not wish to see Ireland emptied of its people, and have learnt to understand that they and the labourers are mutually dependent. With the interests of all these classes are bound up the interests of railway owners and others engaged in like business, for population is the first thing essential to their success, and even if the country were no richer than it is at present, supposing a thicker population inhabited it, more money would go into their pockets. Again, we have the priests, a class large in numbers and large in influence, out of all proportion to their numbers. The archbishops have expressed their feeling on the matter, a feeling more fervently alive in the hearts of the rural clergy, who are bound to their people by interest, by love, and by a sense of responsibility for their moral welfare.

One class only may benefit by clearing the land, that is the landlords. It is so where land is good enough to throw into pasture;

there "wealth accumulates and men decay." Where, however, the land is too worthless for this, I should suppose they will run the risk of seeing their land falling back into waste, thereby losing permanently whatever value the small tenements may have created on their tenancies. But if this question touches other than very limited districts it will affect the whole labour market of Ireland. At present the labourers are a sore in the landlord's side, for he does not see his way to bettering their state even if he is a man who cares about these things, yet there the people are, a living shame and blot on his property. Even if he should lose a little money by expatriating him the poor rates are relieved and his conscience is relieved. He has little or no pecuniary interest in keeping the people on the land, and naturally forgets that others have; he is therefore free to take the philanthropic view, saying, "Poor fellow, you starve here, go and do well elsewhere."

The Government and the English public have another thing to consider. When they have, against the expressed wish of a large proportion, I may say the main body of the Irish nation, spent a great sum of money in a sort of charitable investment, they will look to see that it is not a total loss. "Such loans shall be made repayable within the periods and at the rate of interest within and at which advances by the Board of Works" are repayable. Who then is to repay these loans? The emigrants, I suppose. But if these emigrants, as others have done before them, dislike the cold climate, the mosquitoes, and other inconveniences of Manitoba; if they remember that across the borders are their brothers, sisters, and friends; if, as is sure to happen in some cases, they have merely represented themselves as emigrants for Canada in order to get put across the water; if they then some morning leave the key in the door and disappear, and many will doubtless do so, what is to happen about the repayment of the loans? Land is a drug there; it is no security as it is here; the people are the valuable articles, but are unfortunately like quicksilver, hard to have and to hold, unless the place commends itself. Of course many would stay, but equally of course many would pass on to the States, and the whole of their expenses will be a dead loss to England and Canada. Again, another point should be considered by England: every Irish settlement in Canada will be a central point from which the desire to separate from England and unite with the States will spread, for the Irish love the States as they dislike England.

Now let us turn to the second point, the reclamation of waste lands. It appears, the Government propose to work this through companies, not in any way directly. Now, will the companies, to begin with, come on the scene? It shows great trust in their own success in quieting the country, that the Government appear to look

forward to a time when individuals will be found ready to risk money in Ireland in the creation of "future tenancies," and in searching out old titles for waste bogs. But granted the companies do appear, in what are they certain to benefit Ireland sufficiently to warrant the expenditure of public money? By the employment of labour? But the Government is going to emigrate the labourers from the very parts where the waste lands lie. Also it often happens that the ordinary backward agricultural labourer is unfit for navy's work, and that, in fact, the companies would bring in their own men. Even if they do employ the home labourers what will be the result? The districts, always poor districts, will draw to themselves numbers of men (and whisky shops) who, flush of money for awhile, will be thrown off at the end of the time with no more hope than before. When reclamation is done, instead of a few companies as landlords we shall have many; we had hoped to get rid of our present companies, and behold! they are to be increased indefinitely. They will be able to dispose of their land in "future tenancies" at a fancy rent, and will very likely revive all over the country many of the evils which have caused the Land League. Must we, however, object to the reclamation of the waste lands? Certainly not; on the contrary, we have looked on them as one source from which we may gain help for the labourers.

We must reject the Government plan if we are to help them in the long-run, and look for another. My view is that far the best, most feasible, and most popular plan would be this. Where a landlord would not undertake himself to reclaim land within a short space of time, Government, through the Board of Works, should step in, buy up the land compulsorily at an estimated value, then proceed to arterially drain it, and do such work on it as could not be done by individual peasants. The land being still quite in the rough, it should be divided into many various-sized lots and sold under the clauses of the Act for encouraging peasant proprietorship. The men who were employed on the reclamation could then each look forward to a time when his industry and saving should give him a chance of buying a piece of land at a low price; he would rejoice in the thought of the little fields which should replace the swampy bog in which he is wading; he would have his eye on a pet corner for his cabin, he would picture to himself the liming and manuring, the first crop of marshy potatoes which should gradually give place to champions of floury glory; his heart would be in his work and hope before him; his earnings would be saved, the whisky shop would be left empty, and the first day he entered his shieling as a peasant proprietor would find him a contented man. The day reclamation is finished under the companies will mean a relapse into misery of the men employed, who, however, will have had a taste of Government

money and will clamour for more, even as they are doing now after the relief money; the day reclamation is finished under the other plan might mean a new and higher start to the best men employed.

This, I believe, is one means by which the labour question might be met. Another point has been put before me by one who knows the people thoroughly—a priest. He says that this above all is the moment to seize to buy ground for the labourers in order to provide them with independent plots. This moment, and for this reason. In the great difficulty of settlement between farmers and their creditors, landlords and others, any small sum of money would be an especial boon to the farmers, who, to retain their hold on the land, would willingly part to the Government with an acre here and there, sufficient to meet the labourers' wants. The Government might buy out entirely from the landlord or become a middle man, probably the simplest plan as avoiding difficulties of title, &c. The whole gist of the labourer's question lies in this, that he is dependent on the farmer for the roof over his head, and for the quarter of land on which he grows his potatoes; supposing he (as is the case with all the married men) is too poor to emigrate, he must hold to these or go to the workhouse. For this reason he cannot fight for proper wages, his home is a lien on him, it holds him down to poverty. What the labourer requires now in order to get a fair chance is a home held from an impartial landlord, then he could stand out for wages, now he cannot.

These three questions, emigration, waste lands, and the labourer's cause, are bound up in one. Cannot the Government, instead of injuring the nation and the rest of the country by helping the labourer to emigrate, help the rest of the country by keeping the man in it and giving him a chance to live? No one living in Ireland but must see that on every second field much employment might be found if only work could be set on foot. Our difficulty is not overpopulation, but ill-distribution of the people; indolence which the Government cannot directly cure; above all, want of hope. Peasant proprietorship means a new start, freedom, hope, and industry. We are like a crowd of men shut up in a room, we are suffocating one another, not because the room is too small, but because every window is nailed up. The nails are, settlements, entails, lawyers' fees, rights of way, want of registration of titles, double interests in the land. I do not see that the Government is drawing out the nails; it is trying to empty the room, it is whirling its great and intricate fan of Land Tenure round and round, and will stir up any amount of dust to the benefit of the lawyers, but except the two small openings toward peasant proprietorship, and fining down of rents, it has not really given us the fresh air.

CHARLOTTE G. O'BRIEN.

HINDU HOUSEHOLDS.

THERE is perhaps no point of contrast between the domestic life of England and that of the Hindus, more striking than the concentration of households amongst the latter. Father and sons, with the sons' wives and children, all congregate together under the one roof. That roof is enlarged to meet the enlarged requirements, but the establishment of separate homesteads appears to be opposed to national instincts, custom, and religion. But the enlargement is not always possible or convenient. The evils of overcrowding are plain, and yet they are submitted to, rather than cause a violation of custom, for custom and duty are convertible terms. When a Hindu can say of his opponent's argument, with truth, that it is a "new saying," or a "novel idea," it is looked upon as a crushing refutation.

None like to take upon themselves the responsibility of change, whatever the inconveniences experienced, none dare abruptly propose a separation. May we not in part account for the Hindu's dislike of travel by this feeling, the offspring of time-honoured custom? He has yet to learn that some customs are more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

I was talking to a tehsildar, or native collector of revenue in Oudh. He had recently been moved from Fyzabad to Utrowla, from the right to the left bank of the river Goomtee, one of the large tributaries of the Ganges. He had been compelled to leave the family homestead, and was inconsolable.

"What makes you so sad, Gunga Persand?" I asked him.

"Protector of the poor!" was his answer, "you are my father and my mother! The Commissioner, Sahib transferred me from Fyzabad to Utrowla. I am sad because I have been obliged to leave my native land, and to dwell amongst strangers and foreigners."

"But you are still in Oudh," I suggested. "Fyzabad is not so far away. It is only at the other side of the river, and a little farther south."

"To me this is a different country, O lord of great might! and I am disconsolate."

"But look at us English, Babu," I urged. "We are ordered thousands of miles away from our homes, and we go without a murmur."

"It is true, mighty one," said Gunga Persand; "but you, Sahibs, drink English water (soda-water), and the strength of it enables you to bear up under all fatigues and sorrows."

His idea was that the effervescing force of the soda-water, which drove out the cork so violently, gave strength to the drinker of it. And I found on inquiry this idea was prevalent amongst both Hindus and Mohammedans.

In the town, or in the country, the senior of the family is the common father of all its members, and in this respect there has probably been little change for some thousands of years. No legal act is signed, no important business negotiated, no new connection formed, no family ceremony connected with birth, marriage, or death permitted, until the head of the family has been consulted in the first instance. Nor is this merely an idle ceremony. His voice is supreme, and all the members of the household so regard it. The head of the family looks for this attention on the part of all its members, and, in well-constituted households, he regards their interests as his own. Of course there are instances of favouritism and neglect; undue affection for one and enmity to another are sometimes exhibited. Nay, there are instances of a stranger's interest and welfare being preferred to those of the members of the household, but not commonly—nay, very rarely.

In a well-ordered household, several advantages arise from this system of domestic life. The interest of one is the interest of all. The relatives do not shrink from holding out a helping hand to the poor struggler, well-nigh overcome by the waves of adversity. Nor are complaints made if they are put to inconvenience thereby. They will sacrifice their own comfort, they will voluntarily retrench in their own expenditure, that the needy members of their household may not want. They feel a satisfaction in administering to the wants of their brethren, and this satisfaction is founded upon social and religious feelings of duty. There are such households, thousands of them, amongst the Hindus. I am not describing an ideal condition of things. But there are also many others in which strife and enmity reign supreme, and in addition to physical evils, the result of overcrowding, there are also envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. This sometimes results from the wiles of the female members of the household, who, quarrelling amongst themselves, endeavour to inveigle the male members of the family into their quarrels. When separation or litigation occurs between the members of the Hindu household, woman is generally at the bottom of it. "The younger sons, with their wives and families, shall be maintained by the eldest son if he inherits the estate of his deceased father," says Manu, and Gautama similarly, "Whether the eldest son take the whole or only his share, the younger sons and their families shall be maintained by him as their father." Rather hard this on the eldest son if he only gets a share of the paternal estate!

There have been instances of young men using all the weapons of

the law against the head of their house, the patriarch of the homestead, and that unsuccessfully. Such men have been received again, penitent and repentant, with all the enthusiasm of the prodigal son's reception on his return. Such conduct is more than amiable, it is magnanimous; yet such conduct is to be met with frequently in the large towns and village communities of Bengal.

Another point, worthy of all commendation, is the impartiality with which rich and poor members of the community are invited to the festivities. Neighbours, living in the same village circle, are similarly treated, although not tie but a common residence in the same little republic binds them together. For, in truth, each village community is a little republic, with its own laws and regulations, its own municipal and departmental officers. The heads of the households form the local parliament. The headman, *lumberdar* or *malguzar*, is the president; the kanoongo is the justiciary; and the village chowkeedar, or constable, is the representative of the police authorities.

When the property of the different families united in the homestead is separate and their table common, dissensions will sometimes occur relative to the share of expenditure to be paid by each. Some of the members may be in no condition to pay their quota. In such cases mutual forbearance is necessary. Nor is economy forgotten. Luxuries that can be dispensed with are discontinued, and frugality reigns till peace and harmony are re-established.

On the death of the head of one of these households without leaving a will, confusion worse confounded is too often the result. It is like an ant-hill whose stores have been pillaged, a bee-hive that has lost its queen bee. There is much running to and fro; loud altercations mingle with wailings; every one is on the alert, and yet no one knows exactly what to do. The leaving behind of a formal will is of importance to all households wherever they are, in America, in Europe, or in Asia. But in the Hindu family homestead it is of double importance; without it altercation, litigation, and often ruin. A household of this kind ought to be as a fortress, and its inmates always armed against external aggression. But this cannot be the case when dissensions arise, the result of disputes as to property, or of the confusion incident on the death of the senior without a will.

In the daily distribution of food the younger members of a family are helped first, and the mistress of the household seldom attends to other matters until this important portion of the day's duty is complete. On occasions of festivity the male head of the household and its mistress are enjoined, both by social law and practice, to fast till the last guest has been served. Even then the mistress will not take her meal until her husband has finished eating; but this is a practice of self-denial familiar to the female members of Hindu

households. Festival days are very numerous in India, and well-constituted families pride themselves on a rigid attention to punctilious observances during such times.

The mistress of the family is usually content with the food left by the male members of the household. It is unusual for any particular food to be prepared for her especially when in good health. The thought of her being the head of the household is supposed to be sufficient to make her despise all deprivations. She does not seek personal comfort. She would have all the members of the household live happily and contentedly together. Brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, domestics and slaves are treated alike with consideration by the intelligent and devoted head of the family.

There is a certain simplicity in the domestic life of the well-regulated Hindu household that is very charming. For instance, at a feast or festival, all the members of the household consider themselves bound in honour to attend chiefly to the comfort and enjoyment of the guests. They never think of their own wants in comparison. It is only when the guests have been abundantly supplied and attended to that they think of themselves. Amongst the higher castes the food consists chiefly of wheat and maize, flour, grain, pulse, clarified butter or ghce, milk, and sweets. Fish and meats, particularly mutton and fowls, are not objected to by the lower castes if they can procure them, but beef is an abomination as coming from a sacred animal, and pork is abhorred as vile, and as containing the germs of disease. Only outcast Hindus partake of these last.

Like the Buddhists, the higher castes of Hindus reverence the sanctity of life. They are warned by their religious writings against shedding of blood, against the infliction of pain, against the taking of life. They hold every living animal as sacred as a human being; in Bengal, however, fish is very generally used as an article of diet by all classes in contradiction to their religious tenets. Nor does this abstinence from animal food impair the physical strength or warlike vigour of the best classes of Upper India. The Mahratta cavalry have been praised for endurance and courage by all our writers, and the Gurkas and Tilingas are admitted to make first-rate soldiers—wiry, obedient to discipline, ready to endure fatigue and hardship, and by no means deficient in energy or courage.

The household expenses are usually defrayed by the senior member or head of the family, who is supplied with funds by all the residents in the household possessed of separate incomes. It is not usual for any interference to be caused by the other members as to the details of the daily expenditure, nor is any attempt usually made to apportion those expenses ratably. The whole is done in a spirit of mutual conciliation and family affection; nor are quarrels

as to the nature of the provisions supplied matters of frequent occurrence. Living under the same roof and partaking of the same food constitute the chief ingredients of domestic concord and amity amongst the Hindus. Their system of caste renders the family circle much more exclusive than in Europe, and prevents much of that indiscriminate entertainment in which some European households apparently find their principal happiness.

In many respects the Hindu life resembles that of Ancient Greece. In both we find the same reverence for the family homestead, the same comparative freedom of women in the management of the households, and the same embodiment of mythological legends in the ancient history of the country. "The divine myths, the matter of their religion," says the great historian of Greece, "constituted also the matter of their earliest history. These myths harmonized with each other only in their general types, but differed invariably in respect of particular incidents. These divine myths served as primitive matter of history to the early Greek, and they were the only narratives, at once publicly accredited and interesting, which he possessed."¹ All this is equally true of the Hindu. And, again, "The family relations, as we might expect, are set forth, in our pictures of the legendary world of Greece, as the grand sources of lasting union and devoted attachment. The paternal authority is highly revered; the son who lives to years of maturity repays by affection to his parents the charge of his maintenance in infancy, which the language denotes by a single word, whilst, on the other hand, the Erinnys, whose avenging hand is put in motion by the curse of a father or mother, is an object of deep dread." "Not only brothers, but also cousins and the more distant blood relations and clansmen, appeared connected together by a strong feeling of attachment, sharing amongst them universally the obligation of mutual self-defence and revenge in the event of injury to any individual of the race."²

All this is as descriptive of the Hindu household as of the ancient Greek. In culture and civilisation the Bengalis are the Athenians of India. In one respect they are beginning to differ materially from the Athenians. They have no national costume. In ancient times doubtless the Hindus bedecked their clothing gorgeously with precious stones, pearls, laces, and embroidery. The turban and the robe were elaborately ornamented. But the Mohammedans put a stop to that. Their rapacity made the Hindus affect a simplicity in attire foreign to their habits and nature. That simplicity has now become a habit, and habit is religion.

Among the middle class a plain *dhuti* and *chudder* have been long in fashion, the *dhuti* wrapped round the loins and between the legs, with one tail pendent behind and two in front. A gown or outer

(1) Grote's *History of Greece*, vol. i. pp. 45, 46.

(2) *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 475.

robe, or *chudder*, hid the *dhuti* from view; but the *chudder* is now almost exclusively worn by the female sex and the orthodox Hindus. In the Hindu college of old the appearance of the students with their white muslin robes always reminded me of the students of Athens as described by Gaius and Polybius.

The want of a national dress is fatal to the picturesque in Bengali assemblies. In such a climate the very poor cannot be expected to put on clothes for ornament. They wear as little as possible. But, of the upper classes, the habiliments are various and wonderfully made. The turban is usually shunned as being inconveniently hot. An English hat, an Egyptian fez, a cap of nondescript parentage, velvet, or cloth, or silk, or muslin, takes the place of the good old turban. The orthodox Hindus are very severe on the vagaries in dress of the modern Bengali. "Scan him from top to toe," writes K—— in the *Indian Mirror*, "and you will see a mixture of Moghul, Burmese, Chinese, Jew, and Turk;" the modern European might have been added—for some of the worst features of our dress young Bengal patronises. "Not to be outbid in fashion, collars, neckties, and coats have lately come into vogue. In those that have the modesty not wholly to despise their national costume, you may see a frock or jacket peeping out from underneath the *dhuti* and *chudder*." "It is an outrage on decency and good manners," observes K—— indignantly, "when young men in these mongrel gala dresses obtrude themselves upon their elders and their betters." And again, waxing wroth, he exclaims indignantly, "The modern Hindu of Lower Bengal is a hybrid mixture, referable to no recognised standard. The best skill of the tailor makes him, at best a harlequin on the stage, or Jacko perched on a goat in martial attire—a curious mixture of odds and ends." This is very severe, but it can do nobody any harm, and it is amusing as an instance of the orthodox Hindu's indignation at the novelties and frivolities of young Bengal.

The direct charity of Hindu householders is too often indiscriminate. But it is in accordance with habits long cherished, and with the precepts of religion. The late Babu Mutty Lall Seal established an *attishala*, or almshouse, not far from Calcutta, on the Barrackpore road, where from four to five hundred travellers are daily fed. He used to seat himself in the verandah of his home there, and watch the poor being fed. In his later days this constituted one of his principal pleasures. He was a man of great wealth, a friend of Europeans, and yet a man of the simplest tastes. On one particular Sunday, while seated with some friends near the avenue where the poor were being fed, he observed one of them most greedily devouring the food, utterly unmindful of all that was passing around. The benefactor earnestly watched the progress of the poor hungry man's meal, as he feasted on the rice and curry gratuitously bestowed on

him. When that was concluded the Babu asked him whether he had been in want of food. "I left Barrackpore for Calcutta yesterday morning," said he, "and have had no food for forty-eight hours. I am feeble and lame and travel slowly." The benevolent Babu could hardly restrain his tears as he remarked to his friends around him that he was amply compensated for all that his charity cost him by that one case. Nor did the poor wayfarer leave without substantial marks of the benevolent rich man's favour.

On another occasion Babu Mutty Lall Seal was told by a neighbour, that before he began to distribute his charity the poor could hardly get two meals a day, but since the opening of his almshouse they were able to purchase ornaments from their savings. Here was the effect of that very indiscriminate charity so much decried in Europe, and not without reason. "I gain a double object by my charity," was the benevolent Babu's reply. "I not only feed them now, but contribute to their support in the future." The ornaments are often the only savings-bank known to the people of India. Direct charity is more practised and appreciated by the Hindus, notwithstanding the abuses that often flow from it, in consequence of the pleasure experienced in witnessing the happiness conferred before their eyes. The pleasure is immediate and considerable, whilst the evil effects are remote, hidden, and uncertain. There is scarcely a *thakur bari*, or shrine, an *attitshala*, or almshouse, where paupers are not seen daily in numbers being supplied with cooked food, and such religious and charitable endowments are scattered plentifully over the land. Feeding the poor seems to constitute one of the principal means of worshipping the gods.

Of Western scholars who have studied the ancient literature and religion of the Hindus, few have been more successful than Professor Max Müller. In his Hibbert Lectures he gives us the following account of the Hindu family. "There are still Brahmanic families in which the son learns by heart the ancient hymns, and the father performs day by day his sacred duties and sacrifices; whilst the grandfather, even though remaining in the village, looks upon all ceremonies and sacrifices as vanity, sees even in the Vedic gods nothing but names of what he knows to be beyond all names, and seeks rest in the highest knowledge only, which has become to him the highest religion, viz., the so-called Vedanta, the end and fulfilment of the whole Veda. The three generations have learned to live together in peace. The grandfather, though more enlightened, does not look down with contempt on his son or grandson, least of all does he suspect them of hypocrisy. He knows that the time of their deliverance will come, and he does not wish that they should anticipate it. Nor does the son, though bound fast by the formulas of his faith, and strictly performing the minutest rules of the old

ritual, speak unkindly of his father. He knows he has passed through the narrower path, and he does not grudge him his freedom and the wider horizon of his views."

There may be something ideal and theoretical in this sketch of the Hindu household, but it is that which a study of the sacred books would lead us to anticipate. Certainly in old age the practice of charity is held to be far superior to the outward observances of sacrifice and ritualism. It is at the period of the Doorgah Poojah that this practice of charity is seen in its fullest play in Bengal. Men, women, and children, the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, the proud Brahman and the despised Chandul, all welcome the approach of this festival with the greatest delight. The husbandman lays aside his plough, the merchant his account-books, the artisan his tools, the landed proprietor his agricultural cares. All partake of the general mirth.

The goddess Doorgah is the female principle by whose influence the universe was created. She is the wife of the somewhat dissolute Shiva, and is said in olden times to have destroyed a giant called Mohesa, who had been a persecutor of the gods, as well as of men. Possessed of ten arms, which grasp different kinds of weapons, the goddess supports her right leg on a lion, and her left on the shoulder of a giant whom she has conquered—Mohesa, perhaps—and into whose heart a serpent from one of her arms strikes its deadly fangs. Over her head is a painted arch on which are exhibited her numerous attendants in the battle-field, and the carnage caused by the depredations of the giant. On her two sides stand, in graceful positions, her two daughters, the goddess of prosperity and the goddess of wisdom, whilst close to them are placed Ganesha and Kartica, Ganesha with a head like that of an elephant, and the fair Kartica riding on a peacock.

The worship of Doorgah lasts three days. The image is usually made of straw and clay, decorated profusely. On the fourth day it is thrown into some sacred river or lake. The preparatory rites and ceremonies in the household are numerous—ablutions, prayers, preparation of particular kinds of bread, and ritual observances. Then on the first great day of the feast the image is supposed to be animated with the spirit of Doorgah, and to that spirit the religious adorations are rendered. Not the goddess only, but her attendants also, to the right and left, all receive their share of homage and worship. On the second day the whole household attends the bathing of the image, which is done with great solemnity and devotion. The widows fast altogether on this day, in the hope of getting peculiar blessings from Doorgah, and freeing themselves from the stain of earthly desire. On the third day sacrifices and rejoicings are celebrated with loud and noisy demonstration. Kids, sheep,

and buffaloes are the animals sacrificed, according to the means of the households. The Brahmans are daily feasted with sweetmeats, fruits, and curds. And doubtless much of the benefit to be derived from the celebration depends upon the way in which the Brahmans are treated.

The fourth and concluding day of the feast is the most important. Sacrifices are again offered, and after going through a round of religious adorations, the officiating priest dismisses the goddess and implores her to return next year. The dismissing ceremony being complete, the females of the household pour out their lamentations at the near prospect of the departure of so beneficent a deity. The goddess is then presented with gifts, and the dust of her feet is rubbed on the foreheads of her votaries.

Nothing now remains but to consign the image, from which the divine spirit is supposed to have departed, to the waters. Borne on the shoulders of stout porters, the idol is paraded through the streets with great pomp. The neighbourhood resounds with music and singing. The acclamations of the worshippers are heard above the din. At length arrived at the water, the image, with all its trappings and tinsel ornaments, is cast into the waters, the poor subsequently vying with one another in rifling the goddess of her decorations. On returning from the immersion the priest sprinkles the votaries with holy water, and offers them his benedictions. They embrace each other with enthusiasm, and usually wind up the festivities with draughts of a solution of hemp leaves, which produces a slight intoxication. Sweetmeats are liberally distributed at the same time. What the feast of Purim was to the Jews, what the Beiram is to the Mohammedans after their long annual fast, what the Christmas festivities are to the Christians, that the annual worship of Doorgah is to the households of Bengal. There is hardly a Hindu family in the country which does not provide new clothes for the festival. For months before, all classes are eager to lay by something for the great ceremonial, tradesmen, merchants, shopkeepers, artisans, and the agricultural population, differing as they may in other respects, agreeing in this.

• W. KNIGHTON.

MEN AND WOMEN.

A SEQUEL.

IN the paper which appeared some time ago¹ in this Review under the first part of the above title, I endeavoured to show the substantial similarity between men and women as human beings, and to found upon their common participation in all the fundamental characteristics of human nature the justice of women's claim to an equal participation in all social and political rights derived from it. An able man-friend, after reading it, said, "I entirely agree with you, and yet I cannot help feeling that when the women have got all they ask for they will find it dust and ashes in their mouth." Others, both men and women, expressed the same feeling in other words; and even where the justice of the women's claim was admitted to be unanswerable, there was an instinctive recoil from accepting the establishment of their equality and independence as the last word on the relations between men and women. The writer, certainly, never considered it as such. It was the word that seemed most needful to be spoken at the time to help the solution of the practical questions at issue, and I tried to speak it as clearly and impartially as might be. But it dealt, and could deal only with one side of the relations between men and women—that which is created by law, custom, or public opinion—and therefore depending on conditions of time and place and more or less largely modified by them. To complete the subject, we must deal with the other side and the relation established by nature, which is unchangeable, independent of time and place, and which must, therefore, ultimately govern all the others. This is what I purpose attempting now, and by bringing out the fundamental differences between men and women on which that relation rests, as I before brought out their fundamental similarity, to show how equally unfounded are the fears and hopes of the two parties who look to the emancipation of women from the restraints hitherto imposed upon them, as likely to revolutionize society and radically change the old relations of the sexes.

Frederic Robertson has said somewhere that difference of sex interpenetrates the whole moral and mental as well as physical constitution; and that every thought, feeling, and act of life takes its tinge from the manhood of the man and the womanhood of the woman. This is an exaggerated statement, for there are, undoubtedly, many thoughts, feelings, and actions into which the influence of sex does not enter at all; but it is true that the life of men and women in all their relations to each other is permeated and

(1) "Men and Women," *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1879.

governed by difference of sex. No removal of artificial differences will remove or alter this. No increase in the freedom of intercourse, the *camaraderie* tending to establish itself now between the young of both sexes, will efface their consciousness of the difference, or make men and women stand towards each other as men towards men and women towards women. They will always wish to be pleasant in each other's eyes, and will, consciously or unconsciously, fall into what a clever friend of the writer's calls "peacocking." Where there is not attraction there will be repulsion, but never indifference, except as the result of exclusive love for one, who then becomes the only one of the sex to the lover, man or woman, to whom all others are henceforth indifferent. The more absolute the freedom allowed by human laws, the more clearly will the natural law assert itself, keeping men and women distinct and never interchangeable notes in the music of humanity, their very distinctness creating its harmony.

Even in the closest family relationships the difference of sex makes itself felt. The feeling of the father for his daughter, of the brother for his sister, of the mother for her son, of the sister for her brother, differs in some essential quality from that of the parent for the child of the same sex, of brother for brother, or sister for sister. And the reason is, that difference of sex introduces the element of the unknown—the sense of a mystery which can never be altogether fathomed. In the vulgar mind, the unknown—which is yet too near and in too familiar contact to be an object of terror—is apt to inspire dislike as alien, or contempt as a foolish riddle not worth reading. Here we find the origin of much of men's common contempt for women; and, let me add, of the almost equally common contempt of women for men. Mrs. Poyser is by no means the only one of her sex who believes that if women are fools, God Almighty made them so to match the men. In finer minds, the unknown excites the imagination, becomes the source of the ideal, and touches every feeling into which it enters with "the light that never shone on land or sea." Hence the chivalrous worship of women by men—the heroic idealisation of men by women, and all the poetry of love in both—love, the mystery of mysteries, the transfiguration of the physical impulse man shares in common with the lowest of the brutes, into the most divinely human of all passions.

On this attraction of sex rests the whole fabric of society, for it is the basis of the family, and the permanent moral character it assumes in marriage is the primary element of civilisation in its strict sense—the fitness of man to live in organized, law-governed communities. In my former essay, I said that marriage, in the sense of a permanent union between man and woman under special social sanctions, was as distinctively human as articulate speech. It

is the first step by which man is raised above the condition of the beasts of the field into a member of an organized body—the family, tribe, or state—all derived from the blood-relationships created and defined by marriage; and it will be found that the position of woman under the law of marriage, and the view taken of marriage itself in any society, gives the truest measure of its moral health and the character of its civilisation.

To prove this position by the history of marriage would require almost as many volumes as I have pages to dispose of, and, as before, I must rest my case on certain broad, undisputed facts which govern the rest. The conditions of marriage involving the condition of women as a sex may be broadly divided into three. 1. Marriage as the possession of the woman by the man, won and held by the strong hand, or bought from her father or male relations, whose property she is till made over to the husband. Under this form of marriage the woman is entirely passive. She is simply a chattel, with no more voice in the matter than the cattle for which she is often exchanged; with no rights, properly so called, whatever, and, of course, can suffer no dishonour if a stronger than her husband carries her off to be his possession in turn so long as he can hold her. 2. Marriage as a legal contract for the perpetuation of the family, determined by social considerations alone, without reference to individual inclinations on either side. Under this form of marriage the woman is almost as passive as under the former. She is simply the necessary instrument in the constitution of the family, and her rights are derived solely from the position she holds in it. 3. Marriage as the free choice of the individual man and woman, binding their lives together in the closest union possible to humanity. In this, the highest form of marriage, the woman holds the higher, though often the harder position, for she is free to accept or reject the man who sues her. She must be wooed, and not unwooed be won; and the physical strength of the man bows down in homage before the spiritual power of the woman. The history of these three forms of marriage is coeval with the history of civilisation, but their limits cannot be assigned by fixed dates. They overlap each other at their border-lines, and all that can be marked with tolerable distinctness are the periods during which one becomes predominant, and gives the general rule under which the others occur only as exceptions. As all three forms have their roots in the constitution of man as an individual and social being, with physical and moral wants, all three will be found existing together, the predominance of one or the other being governed by the predominance of one or the other element under special conditions of life, the higher appearing sporadically, as it were, under the reign of the lower, and the lower holding its ground under the general predominance of the higher.

A very cursory glance at the different stages of society in which each of these forms of marriage has attained predominance, will suffice to show that they correspond with different and well-marked degrees of human development. The first form of marriage prevails among all savage and semi-barbarous populations. It is, virtually, that of all polygamous communities, whatever in other respects their stage of civilisation, although the second is closely mixed up with it from a very early period, owing to the importance attached to blood-relationships. It is only a form of the right of the strongest; and submission to that right is the whole duty of women under it. The husband is disgraced if, through defeat in war, his wives become the spoil of the conqueror; but if he can, in his turn, spoil the spoiler and take back his wives, they suffer no loss in his estimation for this transfer of possession. Even among the Greeks of the Homeric age we find queens and princesses passing into the possession of the victors in war without any loss of personal honour, and Menelaus takes back Helen, and reinstates her as wife and mistress in his household, apparently none the worse in his estimation for her ten years' sojourn in Troy with Paris.

We see the second form of marriage predominating wherever the family obtains a high importance, and it may be looked upon as marking a decided advance in civilisation, the establishment of organized communities, with a settled law and order to which physical force is subordinated. The woman has yet no rights as an individual human being under it, but no more has the man. The community is all in all, and the individual is regarded simply as a member of it, having only the rights inherent to his position, in the family, tribe, or state. Under conditions favourable to public virtue, this form of marriage may be compatible with a high tone of social morals, and in the best days of republican Rome the wife and mother held a place almost as high as in England to-day. But this is an exceptional phase, and we find it perishing in Rome so soon as the one moral bond which embraced and held together all the others—patriotism—was relaxed and lost in the greed of conquest and the strife of individual ambitions. Even the virtuous Cato exchanges wives with his friend without apparent loss of reputation to any of the parties concerned.

In fact, that which we may call the tribal form of marriage contains within itself the germ of moral corruption, by subordinating moral to material interests. Its ruling principle is the security of the family and family inheritance through legitimacy of descent, and the consequence is at once a moral inequality between the wife and the husband. The faithfulness of the wife is the indispensable condition for the attainment of its purpose, and is, therefore, enforced upon her by every sanction society can devise. The faithfulness of

the husband does not affect it, and if he chooses to compensate himself for the matrimonial fetters imposed upon him in the interests of his family or his order by unlimited license in other directions, society looks on with indifference, if not with complacency. This is the form of marriage which substantially prevails still in France and all the countries of Latin race, with what effect upon morality there is no need to dwell upon here.

The third form of marriage, as the free choice of the individual man and woman, voluntarily binding their lives under a common obligation to leave all others and hold to each other only until death, can become predominant only in free societies, where the rights of the individual are recognised and protected by law. Christianity, which first asserted the rights of the individual human being in virtue of his humanity, contained in principle this form of marriage. Its fundamental doctrine, the divine origin and destiny of every human soul, which makes of every child of man a child of God and heir of eternal life, is antagonistic in its very essence to every form not only of slavery but of privilege founded on race, caste, or sex. It is the Magna Charta of human freedom, and, from the very first, women were included under its provisions. Their possession of souls, endowed with the same rights and privileges as the souls of men, was, happily, never contested, and this spiritual equality involved equality in all the rights that belong to the human being as such—to a person as distinguished from a thing. One of its first and most important effects was the change it wrought upon the view of marriage. Christ laid down no law of monogamy—though it is virtually contained in the command to the man to cleave to his wife so that they twain shall be one flesh—but, by making the man and the woman moral and spiritual equals, he virtually excluded polygamy, which rests on the inferiority of women. His followers, by symbolising the union of Christ and his Church under the form of marriage, gave to the latter the highest sanctity, and stamped it as a spiritual no less than bodily union.

Had I space, it would be worth while to show how the monastic spirit in the early centuries of Christianity, and the celibacy of the priesthood enforced by the Church of Rome, has lowered the Christian ideal of marriage by changing it from the highest union of body and soul into a necessary concession to human weakness and worldly interests. But in spite of all, the element brought into human life by Christianity could never again be wholly eradicated. It was the leaven which sooner or later leavened the whole mass.

A learned German writer so fully recognises this influence of Christianity on the relations between the sexes, that he writes an elaborate preface to one of his novels,¹ to justify himself for having

(1) *Eine Egyptische Königstochter*, Georg Ebers.

introduced a love-scene in the modern sense between personages of the sixth century B.C., and quotes sundry passages from Greek and Roman writers in support of his view that such love belongs to human nature, and has existed in all times, though only as an exception before the great revolution in thought and feeling produced by Christianity. He need not have gone so far for learned authorities in the matter. The oldest love-story in the world, which has remained the type of true love ever since, Jacob serving seven years for Rachel, "and they seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her," tells the same truth to the most unlearned. And not only in the Bible, but in the legends of almost every tribe of the human race, in every stage of barbarism or civilisation, we find some tale of true love, stronger than all opposing forces, woven like a thread of pure gold through the rough and ugly web of common life, and proving it an original and undying element of human nature.

The union springing from such love as this is at once the perfect type and the complete realisation of the union in human nature of flesh and spirit, the human with the divine. There is no perfect love which does not embrace both. The so-called Platonic love, the love of souls only, is not true love; it is scarcely true friendship, for even friendship requires that human and corporeal touch of hand, and voice, and eye, through which alone in this life heart can speak to heart. Still less is fleshly passion without the love of the soul, true love. It is but animal impulse, only so much higher than the impulse of the brute as it is stimulated by the beauty of the object desired and not by sex only. True love finds its only completion in true marriage, because it must fill and reign over flesh and spirit, mind and body alike. Two human beings must be fused into one through all their powers, and their united life must be the life of their whole humanity, lived through its full compass of sense and affection, will and conscience, faith and hope—and a belief in its immortality is a part of its very essence. Love is in truth life raised to its highest power, for

"Love

Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power
Above their functions and their offices."¹

And not only does love exalt the human, it interprets the divine. Dante's Beatrice, the one true love of his earthly life, becoming his guide and interpreter to the highest heaven, is not a cold allegory, but the embodiment of a living truth—that love is the purifying flame, cleansing and bearing upward the earth-stained soul. Its first touch in the human heart, vibrating through every sense,

(1) *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 3.

will awaken, if never awakened before, faith in that which transcends all sense, the intuition of the Divine. The life of man and woman to whom it remains unknown, or its full fruition is denied, remains imperfect, and falls short of its full capacities of being and happiness.

This may seem a hard saying, seeing to how few is this perfect love given. But is it saying more than the poets, philosophers, and moralists, of all times and countries, have gone on saying from the beginning, that perfect happiness is for the few only, and that the multitude must put up with such shreds and shadows of it as they can get? None the less is it of inestimable value to all to have an ideal which shall preserve us from taking the shadows for the reality, the shreds for a sufficient garment, and keep alive in us that "divine discontent" which is the spring and strength of all higher aspirations.

Let me not be supposed, however, to mean that there is no true marriage but such as follows this unique and perfect love. That would be too narrow, hopelessly, the number of lawful marriages; for alas, such love is as rare as all other supremely beautiful things, and multitudes of men and women, by no means inferior, often very superior in other respects to the average, seem to be incapable of it. Whether they are really incapable admits of doubt, as I am inclined to believe that this apparent incapacity is really due to the absence of the right touch to wake it into life. Mrs. Oliphant, in one of her novels,² with her usual keen insight into human nature, brings a commonplace, sensual, hardened man of the world under this mysterious touch from a beautiful woman entirely destitute of worldly advantages, and his whole nature is at once metamorphosed by it. He of all men, the one who would have seemed to himself and to others most incapable of this all-absorbing, all-transfiguring love, becomes suddenly possessed by it, and his grossness is shamed into purity, his cynicism into reverence, his selfishness is lost in self-forgetfulness. The fanciful idea that we are all but half souls, and that our other half exists somewhere and must be found to make our life complete, may have some truth in it for all the ridicule it has provoked. It has, at least, enough truth to warn those who marry for worldly considerations alone, of the very real danger they run of finding after marriage their capability of love awakened by some other than the husband or wife to whom they are bound.

But there is a marriage without love, in the sense of passion, which is second only to the perfect marriage of supreme and perfect love. It is the marriage which follows a true and fast friendship between man and woman; their union being determined by conscious and deliberate choice on definite grounds of esteem and

(1) *For Love and Life.*

suitability, instead of that mysterious, involuntary, inexplicable attraction which is the essence of love, and which has no reason to give for itself except that it is. Such a marriage is the highest form of friendship, in which tenderness takes the place of passion, and yet gains through the difference of sex an exquisite charm, a glow and warmth transfiguring friendship into a reflection of love. Such marriages stand on indefinitely higher ground than the common run even of so-called love matches, made on the impulse of momentary passion, fancy bred, which having no deeper root dies as rapidly as it was born. No question is more difficult to determine, when an attachment springs up between young people, than this, whether it be of the true or spurious kind, and whether, when the ferment has worked off, it will leave wine or vinegar on the lees; nor how far the interference of parents to put an end to it is justifiable. There can be no doubt that, in the case of the very young, it is not only the parents' right, but duty, to insist that the attachment shall be submitted to the only possible tests—time and absence, or absolutely interdicted when the bad character of one or other of the parties is ascertained; but if the love so tried is not found wanting, then it will have proved its right to prevail. Every true love story is but the repetition of the primeval legend—God bringing the man and the woman together in a Paradise peopled by them alone—and what God hath joined together let not man put asunder.

One word here on friendship pure and simple between men and women, the possibility of which is so often doubted or denied. I venture to affirm that friendship, frank, loyal, and absolutely free from any conscious thought of sex, is not only possible, but frequent, between men and women of healthy, well-conditioned minds. It is the affection of brother and sister, springing from the affinities of the moral nature, not of blood, and like that of brother and sister may continue to subsist, though the parties to it each love and marry in another direction. But a friendship so tender and intimate as this, springing up *after* the marriage of one or both, will stand on different and far more delicate ground. In a true marriage, the husband and wife ought to find in each other all that the affection of a person of the other sex can give them; but in the happiest marriage there is room besides for the friendship of man with man and woman with woman. Just because life is so intimately bound up with a person of another sex, the want arises for communion with one of your own, one who shares your masculine or feminine nature, and with whom therefore you have that freemasonry which is impossible between those of different sexes. It is common to find husbands objecting to their wives' female friends, and wives looking with jealous eyes on their husbands' male friends, a proceeding as foolish as it is unworthy, for such friendships are the natural satisfaction of a legitimate want; but

an intimate and tender friendship formed with a person of the other sex after marriage, may well be looked upon with disquiet by the one of the married couple left out of it. It could scarcely arise if the marriage were really happy; and if unhappy, if any rifts of disappointment or disillusion mar its perfect union, such a one-sided friendship, be it ever so pure and frank in its beginnings, will always be perilous, and no wise husband or wife will risk its insidious charm. This does not apply, of course, to the friendship which is felt and shared by husband and wife alike, and in which they really stand as one to the friend, who loves and is loved equally by both; nor to the friendship between a married woman no longer young and a much younger man, which is one of the most beautiful of relations, having always a maternal character on the one side and a filial one on the other, seldom if ever mingled with any other influence of sex. This can scarcely be so safely said of the friendship between an elderly man and a young girl. The paternal feeling is by no means so generally strong in men as the maternal in women, and the sensual feeling is much stronger, while the difference of years is to them rather a charm than a barrier, appealing as it does to their special masculine instinct to protect, and at the same time to rule, the object of their affection.

I cannot leave the subject of marriage without one word on the question which so vitally affects its character, the possibility of divorce. It is of the very essence of marriage in its highest form that it should be indissoluble. The Church of Rome at once recognised and gave the highest sanctity to the indelible character of the marriage vow by placing it among the sacraments; and the law of civil marriage in all non-Protestant countries has equally maintained its indissolubility; its permanence, in fact, makes it what it is. Take that away, reduce marriage to a legal partnership which may be dissolved at the will of the parties who entered into it, and society loses its fixed basis in the family, which becomes as it were fluid, composed and decomposed at the pleasure of individuals. Ought then divorce never to be permitted? I think our English law has hit the right mean by permitting it only where the breach of the marriage vow by one of the parties has virtually dissolved it already, thus releasing the other from a bond which has become a pollution; but no grosser insult was ever offered to women than the inequality in the grounds of divorce established between the man and the woman by that law, nor a more insidious attack directed against the morality of their relations. The infidelity of the wife is sufficient to release the husband; but the infidelity of the husband is not sufficient to release the wife unless he has added to it personal ill-usage. As well might her case have been included under the law against cruelty to animals. She may be set free if her husband has ill-treated

her as he might his horse, or his dog, but if he only outrages her in that which is dearest and most sacred to her womanhood, she must remain bound in a union become the most degrading of slaveries. Against this monstrous inequality of men and women before the law, and also against the inequality of the social punishment awarded to each for the same crime, I would protest and urge my fellow-women to protest with all the force of moral indignation that is in me.

The same class of considerations must force us once more to look at the darkest side of the relations between men and women where that inequality between them prevails in its fullest and most destructive force. The evil has been well called *the social evil*, for it is the poison working at the very sources of life, the worm secretly gnawing at the root of organized society. That root, as we have seen, is marriage, and every illicit connection outside marriage tends to social disorganization and disintegration. It is a true instinct that has led the extreme revolutionists of the continent to include marriage, with God and property, in their list of proscriptions, for marriage means law as opposed to lawlessness, stability as opposed to instability, order as opposed to anarchy in human relations. Its deadliest foe is the licence which takes its rights and refuses its duties. Is it not strange that all the legislation directed to restrain and minimise the licence rests upon the assumption that it is a necessary evil, an unalterable condition, and aims only at securing as far as possible impunity to the man by throwing the whole penalty on the woman guilty of it?

I am not blind to the frightful difficulties surrounding this subject—those we have inherited from the past, besides those created by social and political conditions in the present. Much, however, would be gained if moralists, and especially educators, would face the problem, instead of, as now, systematically evading it, and if legislators could be brought to recognise that they indefinitely increase its difficulties by laws which confuse the moral sense of the people, and break down the surest safeguard of morals, respect for women. I do not believe in morality by Act of Parliament, or that a people will be forced into purity any more than sobriety by legislative enactments. The history of this miserable subject but too clearly proves how vain would be the attempt to put down licentiousness by law. The hope of real and large improvement lies in improved moral education for both sexes, and the changes in public opinion which would follow from it. All that law can do is to use its educational power, so continually forgotten, on the right side instead of the wrong. If school first taught the boy, and the law in later life taught the man, that this form of lawlessness is as intolerable in civilised society as any other, and to be punished alike in both parties to it, we might look hopefully for a vital change in the

moral estimates of society. Licentiousness would not be put an end to, but it would come to be seen and judged for what it is, the irreconcilable enemy of civilised society; and the social brand stamped equally upon the men and the women guilty of it would infallibly confine it in time to the class of social outlaws. One generation has seen the fall of duelling and the extinction of habitual drunkenness amongst gentlemen. If how many may we hope to see the fall of our present one-sided morality, and purity of life become as essential to the man as to the woman who would hold an honoured place in society?

Virtuous women, little as they think it, have much to answer for in this matter. In their just horror of the sin they are pitilessly hard upon the sinner of their own sex, but by no means so hard, perhaps not hard at all, on the sinner of the other. And while visiting the full penalty of the sin upon the woman who has fallen, they seldom ask themselves what they have done to save her from falling. Too many mistresses of households and workshops are criminally careless in the arrangements they make for the young women in their employment as servants or work-women.¹ The motherly counsel and help that every young girl wants and should get from the older woman placed in authority over her, is too often replaced by sharp admonitions unsoftened by a grain of womanly sympathy or kindly advice, and care for their moral conduct is summed up in a general prohibition against "followers." Again, the power to help is seriously curtailed by real or assumed ignorance of all that frightful side of human life lying beneath the cleanly, decent surface of society. The mothers of sons whose health of body, mind, and soul is imperilled by it—of daughters who, though too carefully guarded, perhaps, to suffer directly, must, as women, suffer indirectly in their dearest interests from it—must avert their faces and close their eyes and ears lest their feminine delicacy should be shocked by these nauseous realities. The heroic women who have descended into this terrible arena to fight the battle of womanhood and rescue their sisters from a worse than Egyptian slavery, are mentioned, if mentioned at all, with bated breath and uplifted eyes, as something too shockingly unfeminine in their audacity. Yet let me speak it in deepest earnestness and solemnity, it is here that lie the issues of moral life or death, freedom or slavery for women. No political, no educational, no professional equality will avail her till she obtains moral equality with man in the primal relation between man and woman.

(1) It was discovered by a lady belonging to the Society for Befriending Young Servant Girls, that in a great London thoroughfare, the smaller shopkeepers having only one servant, were in the habit of turning her into the street, that the family might have the house to themselves during the convivial hour of supper. }

Let us go back now to the happier aspects of that relation. Marriage, which gives it its permanent and human character, gives also the permanent and fundamental divisions of labour between the sexes. The man becomes the father, the woman the mother, and the work of both is marked out by their respective functions. Society is, in fact, the family on a large scale. Looked at as a whole the work of each generation is to bring the next into the world; to provide for and train it till it is ready to take up the work in its turn, and to transmit to it the inheritance received from its predecessors, not only undiminished but enlarged and improved. The fathers' share in this work falls necessarily to the men, the mothers' to the women. That many men and women do not marry or become parents, does not affect the general result, for they can reckon only as exceptions. The rule is marriage followed by offspring, and the normal relation will govern the individuals who remain outside of it. The father's work is to protect and provide for his family, and, as a necessary consequence, to rule it in its relations to the world without. He is responsible for it to the society of which he is a member, and power must go with responsibility. The mother has to bear the long pains and cares of motherhood; to cherish, guide, and help her offspring through the many helpless years of infancy and childhood; to rule over the internal arrangements of the household, and be the manager and dispenser of the resources provided by the man. The qualities and aptitudes essential to each for the performance of the work thus allotted to them by nature, will be found on examination to be those which are specially characteristic of sex, and make up what we call manliness and womanliness, as distinguished from their common human nature. Strength and active courage, the power and desire to protect and work for, and to rule while protecting, the objects of his affection, which are indispensable to the father, are the special characteristics of the man's manliness. Patient tenderness, the strength and courage of endurance rather than action, love of order and aptitude for the organization of details, the quick insight and sympathy which give influence, these are the indispensable requisites for the mother, and these are the special characteristics of the woman's womanliness. And as in the man's affection there is always something of the protecting, overruling tenderness of the father, so in the woman's there is always something of the cherishing, influencing tenderness of the mother. The love of each for the other unconsciously recognises this difference. The woman is invested in the eyes of the man who truly loves her with something of the sacredness which belongs to the mother, and his love for her is tinged with reverence. The man, on the other hand, is invested in the eyes of the woman with something of the authority that belongs to the father, and her love for him has an element of submissiveness, of willing self-sur-

render to his protecting strength. So true is this that the genuineness of the love on either side may be safely tested by it. The woman who feels that there is no reverence for her in her lover; the man who feels that there is no submission, no self-surrender towards him in the woman who professes to love him, may rest assured that true love is not there. There may be passion on the man's side, and affection on the woman's, but not love.

Each sex again has the defects of its qualities, to use a French expression. Strength and the desire to rule become arrogance and tyranny in the man; tenderness and the desire for influence sink into weakness and cunning in the woman. But although these defects may make us feel the man to be hateful, the woman despicable, they do not give us the sense of discord, which jars upon us when we meet the faults of the man in the woman, and *vice versa*. A weak man—I am speaking of moral weakness—or a hard woman, does not strike us only as imperfect, but unnatural. You may love the man in spite of his weakness, and respect the woman in spite of her hardness, but you will scarcely love the woman or respect the man.

These differences are as unalterable as the difference of sex, from which they spring; no change in law, custom, or public opinion will affect them, and they will to the end of time govern the general relations and the division of labour between men and women. If every profession and social position were thrown open to women to-morrow, as I trust they will be in course of time, we might feel sure that whatever temporary disturbance might be caused by the suddenness of the change, in the long-run, and as a rule, women would obtain permanent hold only of those which are compatible with their primary function of motherhood. Those whose disposition and abilities will lead them to throw themselves into and succeed in the work generally done by men, will always remain exceptions, and the world will be the richer for not having fettered them by law in the exercise of their exceptional powers. Let us remember in England that if the law had forbidden a woman to mount the throne, we should have had Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, instead of Queen Victoria, to reign over us. And who cannot recall instances where an ancient family would have been saved from ruin and disgrace if the headship of it had fallen to its daughters instead of its sons?

The women who rebel against these limits imposed by sex may take comfort from the thought that a vast quantity of the best work of the world is of no sex. It is the work of preserving and enlarging the general inheritance of mankind, of, to use the now stereotyped expression, leaving the world better than we found it. Moral progress, knowledge in all its branches, art in all its forms, literature, culture,—these offer inexhaustible fields in which every advance will reveal a new horizon, every conquest new worlds to

conquer, and in which there will be no question of men or women, but only of the human powers each individual can bring to the common stock of humanity.

But before men and women can think of the next generation they have to provide for their own lives in the present, and so, after all, the first question to both is the bread-winning one. For the immense majority of the race the question is not what work they would choose or are most fitted to do, but by doing what they can earn their daily bread. This question is really at the bottom of the women's-rights movement. The first right they claim is the right to live and to make the best they can of their lives. The problem of due provision for women was, as I showed in my former paper, solved in various ages and states of society by taking care that the number of women at large in the community should not exceed the demand of men who would undertake to provide for them. According to the age or country, female infanticide, polygamy, slavery, conventual institutions were the means by which this relation between demand and supply was maintained; but in our time and country, at all events, all these means have long been out of date, and the result is a large excess of women over men, and these women, with the exception of the infinitesimally small number of well-provided gentlemen's daughters, must provide for themselves or starve. Hence they naturally demand that, since society allows them to live, and live at large, it shall also allow them to find the means of living wherever they can, and not send them to fight the battle of life in a closed field and with their hands and feet tied. The intrinsic reasonableness of this demand is beginning to force itself on men's minds. One barrier after another is being thrown down, and the fall of the remainder is only a question of time. This is all the more certain, that the emancipation of women from artificially imposed shackles is a necessary part of the great movement of emancipation going on throughout the world, under the impulse of one of those ruling ideas which are the ultimate governing forces in human history—the idea of humanity, with its inalienable right of moral freedom. It is, as we have seen, the fundamental idea of Christianity, deposited by it in the human conscience, but doomed to be latent there till—the time being ripe and the soil prepared—towards the end of the last century it forced its way to the light and became an element of practical politics. Before it serfdom, caste, and slavery have been gradually disappearing from the civilised world. The divine right of kings over their people, of one set of human beings to make serfs or slaves of another, of one social class to pre-eminence above the rest, is being merged in the divine right of the human being over himself, his faculties, his work, and its products. This is the right the woman claims to share equally with the man.

The first result, however, as regards the labour question is and must be additional pressure in all the employments hitherto closed to women which they can possibly undertake and in which they see a chance of bettering their condition. They have been forcibly kept out of the running and been practically told, when they urged their claim, that unless their lives were in some way useful to men, the men saw no necessity for their living. They can scarcely be expected to remain satisfied with the answer, or to refrain from pressing in where the gates are open to them, at last, because it causes the men inconvenience; but if they and the friends who wish to serve them are wise, they will direct their labour as much as possible into new channels—into the new kinds of work created by new discoveries and applications of science, of which men have not actual or prescriptive possession.

One point must be touched upon here before leaving this subject, *i.e.* the much-disputed question of the justice or expediency of regulating by law the labour of adult women. At first sight it seems entirely right and just to the women to protect them, as the weaker side, against the exactions of the stronger, whether employers or, as too frequently happens, their own natural protectors, fathers and husbands. Nor can any one, having real regard for the higher interests of society, not wish that mothers of families might be saved from all labour which forces them to abandon their homes, and which fatally interferes with their proper mothers' work: the bearing, rearing, and training of children healthy in body and mind, in a home made happy and orderly by the mother's care and government. But, alas! here again comes in the terrible question of bread. The adult woman, married or not, may answer: It is better to live hardly than not to live at all. The mother may say: It is better for my children, since I have them, to get bread and shelter in ever so miserable and unmothered a home, than to get neither, or have to seek them in the workhouse; and thus it appears that the laws¹ intended to protect women would really increase their disadvantages.

One of the great fears of men from the independence of women is lest it should make them indifferent to marriage; but the disinterested well-wishers of women will, instead of regretting their comparative independence of marriage, do all in their power to encourage them *not* to marry till they meet with the man who compels their love or highest friendship, and is, therefore, the only man they ought to marry. Many a woman, who would not have yielded to worldly inducements only, has been beguiled into marriage without love by this legitimate craving to escape from the aimless vacuity, the hopeless narrowness of a life without one large interest, one outlet

(1) This does not apply to the laws prohibiting the labour of women in mines, which was directly destructive of decency and morality.

for activity. Let us hope that this state of things is passing away. It cannot pass too soon for the dignity of women and the happiness of married life. The single woman, standing in honourable and honoured independence, whether inherited or earned, freely choosing and following her own path in life, is the product of a higher civilisation—one in which might has ceased to be right, and the idea of human freedom has prevailed over that of caste and privilege. Such women will add indefinitely to the moral forces of society, but none the less will they be women, with the woman's desire for the love of man, as men desire the love of woman, to round their lives into the perfect fulness of life neither can have without the other.

And none the less will these women, whether that life be theirs or not, be compelled by the force of natural law to take their share in the woman's, that is the mother's, work in the world. Let us look more closely at what that work is, apart, of course, from purely physical functions. The woman, in virtue of her motherhood, is the natural educator of the race, the natural helper and comforter of the helpless and comfortless, and therefore the natural guardian of the poor and minister of charity. She is the natural physician of her own sex and nurse of both; the natural counsellor of the combatants in the active struggles of life, which, being withdrawn from them by the conditions of her motherhood, she can survey with the calmer, clearer vision of a looker-on. She is, above all, the natural ally and upholder of law and order, as against lawlessness and anarchy; of the ideal, as against the material; of moral, as against physical force; the natural priestess of all the pieties and sanctities of life, and therefore of religion, the supreme piety, the holy of holies. Surely no woman need complain that her woman's work is not large enough and noble enough to satisfy her ambition.

And yet, I fear, not a few women will read the above passage with a smile very like a sneer, and pronounce it the old twaddle about women's mission in a new dress. They will above all scorn the idea that women have any special duty or interest in connection with religion, which, because of the too frequent alliance between spiritual and temporal despotism in the past, they will—following the tendency of the times—denounce as the natural enemy of human progress and freedom, and look to the overthrow of its power over men and women's minds as the necessary beginning of an era of liberty, equality, and fraternity. This is not the place to discuss the abstract truth or falsehood of any system of religious belief, but I may be permitted to point out the monstrous fallacy involved in the latter assumption. If there be no God, if there be nothing in the universe but the motion of blind, unconscious forces, if man is but the more cunning of the beasts, able through the fuller development of his brain and hand to master the rest, then he can have no rights,

no dignity as man. There can be no rights in such an universe but the right of the strongest; no dignity but that conferred by the slavishness of the weak. The battle of life must be fought out to the bitter end, as pitilessly among the human as among the other races of organized life, animal or vegetable. To talk of the sacredness of human life would be an absurdity, for there can be nothing sacred where there is nothing divine. Philanthropy under such a system becomes a mischievous interference with the survival of the fittest, self-sacrifice a reprehensible folly; for what such a society will want is, not to help those who cannot help themselves, but to weed them out or keep them enslaved for its lower uses. Woe to the conquered in that battle, for the conquerors will give no quarter! Woe to the women who are and ever must be through their function of motherhood on the physically weaker side! They will have no appeal to a higher law; no equal birthright as free human souls on which to ground equal human rights. Their only power will be, as it has always been in corrupt and lawless societies, their power over the passions of men; their only strength men's moral weakness. Those among them who have not the instruments of this power, beauty and cunning, or who would disdain to use them—the good, the pure, the noble—must go hopelessly to the wall. This is the logical outcome of Atheism and Materialism, supposing it possible that they should so possess themselves of men's minds as to drive out not only religious faith, but all the traditional habits of thought and feeling which have grown up under it, and which unconsciously govern conduct long after all conscious hold on the belief itself has been lost. So much for the "liberty, equality, and fraternity" to be hoped for in a world without God, among men without souls.

There is one more possible relation between men and women to which I would devote my few remaining words. I mean the relation of school-fellows and fellow-students. It is the growing conviction of those whose opinion is entitled to most authority on the subject, that the best education for both sexes is education in common—a conviction I fully share. This may seem inconsistent with what I have said of the unalterable division of labour between them, which may seem to demand a different preparation for each, but the contradiction is only apparent. As society is the reproduction of the family on a large scale, so the school should be its reproduction on a small one. The monastic system which has hitherto prevailed, unnaturally separating the sexes, estranging them from each other, and sacrificing the natural healthy action and reaction of the one upon the other through childhood and early youth, has been one, and by no means the least prolific, cause of the vitiation of their relations in later life. Among boys and girls

their ignorance of each other leads them to tolerably mutual contempt and an exaggerated appreciation of the qualities belonging to their sex. Among young men and women it produces morbid excitement and curiosity, and an equally exaggerated estimate of the sex which is not their own. All this would disappear if boys and girls were brought up together from infancy, through school and college, till they took their respective places in the world. The intimacy between them, where it existed, would be the pure and natural one of brother and sister. Love does not flourish, as a rule, in that dry light of daily familiarity. It requires something of the mysterious atmosphere which turns light into a golden halo, and the common earth into a Paradise. Flirtation is the fruit of idleness; there is no time for it when boy and girl, young man and young woman, are each determined not to be left behind in the race they are running together. As to the grosser forms of vice, he must have a base nature indeed, and will therefore be an exception, who can deliberately plan the ruin of the school- and play-fellow of his boyhood. That this is not a mere theory or Utopian dream has been proved by long practical experience, both in Scotland, where mixed education has gone on in the parochial schools since their first institution, and in the United States, where it has been fully tried not only in schools but in colleges, and by the success of the system of mixed classes wherever tried in this country and elsewhere. At the latest educational congress, that held at Brussels last summer, which from its international and representative character had a special weight and importance, there was a remarkable consensus of testimony in favour of it from the most various and unexpected quarters.

If any fears are felt lest this early familiarity between the sexes should unduly diminish their legitimate attraction for each other, and lessen the inclination for marriage, let us once more remember that nature is stronger than any of our arrangements, and also that all boys and girls will not go to the same school or college. The Eton girls will marry the Harrow boys, the Oxford men, the Cambridge women, and *vice versa*, and both parties will be the better for each having learned to know something of the other's sex in a different relation. Here and there a couple may be found in whom love has grown from the cradle, whose inborn fitness for each other is so woven into their very nature that the closer, the more familiar their intercourse, the more conscious do they become of their oneness in heart, mind, and soul. For them no illusion is needed to create their Paradise, for it is the sober certainty of waking bliss. The marriage which crowns such love as this is the ideal marriage, beyond which earth has nothing to give to man or woman.

MARIA G. GREY.

ON THE POLICY OF COMMERCIAL TREATIES.

Now that we are on the eve of negotiations for another Commercial Treaty with France, it is worth while to look back to some of the considerations which were present in men's minds when Mr. Cobden devised his memorable treaty twenty years ago. Under a different form that treaty must still be regarded as an extension of the same principles which had inspired Mr. Cobden's first great effort. It was one more move in the direction of free exchange. By many prominent men, indeed, at the time, and by many more afterwards, the Treaty was regarded as an infraction of sound economic principles. Some came to this opinion from lack of accuracy, but more from a failure in copiousness of thought. One or two of those who had been with Mr. Cobden in the van of the assault on the Corn Laws, now looked askance on a transaction which savoured of the fallacy of reciprocity. Those rigid adherents of economics who insist, in Mill's phrase, on treating their science as if it were a thing not to guide our judgment, but to stand in its place, denounced the doctrine of treaties as a new-fangled heresy. Even the old Protectionists professed a virtuous alarm at an innovation on the principles of Free Trade.

The discussion of 1860 did little more than reproduce a discussion that had taken place seventeen years before. When Sir Robert Peel entered office, he found four sets of negotiations pending for commercial treaties, between England and France, Portugal, Spain, and Brazil. Those with France were obviously the most important. Affairs in Syria had interrupted them, but Peel resumed the negotiations. He was most anxious for a Tariff Treaty. "I should not," he said, as Pitt had said before him, and as Cobden and Mr. Gladstone said after him, "estimate the advantage of an extended commercial intercourse with France merely in respect to the amount of pecuniary gain; but I value that intercourse on account of the effect it is calculated to produce in promoting the feelings of amity and goodwill between two great nations. I should regard that mutual intercourse in commercial affairs as giving an additional security for the permanent maintenance of peace."¹ Unfortunately, the negotiations fell through. Guizot said that he could not pass any such measure through the Chambers. Nor was there better success in other quarters.

In 1843, Mr. J. L. Ricardo had introduced a resolution in the House of Commons, declaring the inexpediency of postponing remissions of duty with a view of making such remissions a basis of commercial negotiations. This was a reply from the pure economic

(1) April 25. 1843.

party to a statement which Sir Robert Peel had made, that he did not reduce the wine duties because he hoped to make them the instruments of treaties with foreign countries. Ricardo prefaced his resolution by a speech, which was very able, but which pressed for Free Trade without delay, restriction, or qualification. The only process to which they need resort against hostile tariffs was to open the ports. Mr. Gladstone answered Ricardo by the same arguments that were afterwards used to defend his own policy in 1860. Mr. Disraeli, not at all disclaiming Free Trade as a general policy, supported Mr. Gladstone against the ultra-Free-Traders in a speech remarkable to this day for its large and comprehensive survey of the whole field of our commerce, and for its discernment of the channels in which it would expand. On the immediate question, Mr. Disraeli gave a definite opinion in support of the Minister. "In forming connections with the states of Europe," he said, "it was obvious that we could only proceed by negotiations. Diplomacy stepped in to weigh and adjust contending interests, to obtain mutual advantages, and ascertain reciprocal equivalents. Our commerce with Europe could only be maintained and extended by treaties."¹

Cobden supported Ricardo's motion, not on the rather abstract grounds of the mover and others, but because it was a way of preventing a Government "which was the creature of monopoly, from meddling with any of our commercial arrangements." The envoy to Brazil, he said, had been sent out to obtain the best terms for the West Indian sugar monopolists, and he quoted the description by a Brazilian senator, of the people of Great Britain as the slaves of a corn, sugar, coffee, and timber oligarchy.

Was it fit, Cobden asked, that the executive government should be allowed to go all over the world to seek for impediments to Free Trade abroad, in order to excuse them in resisting the removal of impediments at home? It might be very well to talk of a commercial treaty with Portugal, but abolish the monopolies of sugar, corn, and coffee, and the vast continents of North and South America would be opened to the manufacturers of Great Britain. Characteristically enough, he kept close to the immediate and particular bearings of the discussion, and nothing was said by him in 1843 that was inconsistent with his position in 1860. Ricardo, again, in 1844 brought forward a resolution to the effect that our commercial intercourse with foreign nations would be best promoted by regulating our own customs duties as might be best suited to our own interests, without reference to the amount of duties which foreign powers might think expedient to levy on British goods. The discussion was very meagre, and the House was counted out.

(1) Feb. 14, 1843. "Sign the Treaty of Commerce with France," Mr. Disraeli cried, "that will give present relief."

To return to the Treaty of 1860. Cobden, unable to be present to defend his measure in the House of Commons, took up the points of the case against it in a letter to Mr. Bright:—

“I observe that some of the recent converts to Free Trade, who gave you and me so much trouble to convert *them*, are concerned at our doing anything so unsound as to enter into a Commercial Treaty. I will undertake that there is not a syllable on our side of the Treaty that is inconsistent with the soundest principles of Free Trade. We do not propose to reduce a duty which, on its own merits, ought not to have been dealt with long ago. We give no concessions to France which do not apply to all other nations. We leave ourselves free to lay on any amount of internal duties, and to put on an equal tax on foreign articles of the same kind at the Custom House. It is true we bind ourselves, for ten years, not otherwise to raise such of our customs as affect the French trade, or put on fresh ones; and this, I think, no true Free Trader will regret.

“And here I may suggest, that if you observe the members on the Opposition side averse to parting with the power of putting on higher customs duties on these articles of French origin, it may be well to read them a lesson on the impossibility of their being able to lay any further burdens on commerce in future, and to remind them that if they sanction higher expenditure, they must expect to pay it in a direct income tax. Public opinion, without any French Treaty, is daily tending to this result.

“There being no objection on the ground of principle, there are, and will be, many specious arguments resorted to by those who really at heart have no sympathy for a cordial union between the two nations, for defeating or marring the projected Treaty. Of course these fallacies you will easily deal with. I observe they often answer themselves. For instance, in the same breath, we are told that we have emptied our budget and given everything to France *already*, and then that we are going *now* to give everything and receive nothing. Then we are told that it is very wrong to reduce the duties on French wines, *because* France is going to lower the duties on British iron; and in the same breath are reproached for including Spain and Portugal in our ‘concessions,’ without obtaining anything in return! I am really half inclined to share your suspicions that there are influences at work, hostile to any policy which shall put an end to the present state of armed hostility and suspicion between France and England. God forgive me if I do any body of men the injustice of attributing to them wrongfully such an infernal policy. It is, perhaps, hardly consciously that anybody would pursue such a course.

“But surely, if people wished to see the relations of the two countries improved, they would never attempt to impede the only sure means of attaining that end by such frivolous objections. These

people seem to think that Free Trade in France can be carried by a logical, orderly, methodical process, without resorting to stratagem, or anything like an indirect proceeding. They forget the political plots and contrivances, and the fearful adjuncts of starvation, which were necessary for carrying similar measures in England. They forget how Free Trade was wrested from the reluctant majorities of both our Houses of Parliament. Surely Louis Napoleon has as good a right, and may plead as strong motives of duty, for cheating (if I may use the word) the majorities of his Senate into an honest policy, as Peel had in dealing with the House of Lords. The Emperor of the French was elected by the whole people, not only to administer their laws, but to *legislate* for them. They do not expect, as we do in England, to initiate reforms. They look for amelioration from above. When speaking with the Emperor, he observed to me that the protected interests were organized, and the general public was not; and, therefore, the contest was as unequal as between a disciplined regiment and a mob. The answer was obvious: 'Your Majesty is the organization of the masses.' And I am earnestly of opinion that he is now acting under this impulse and conviction."

The direct effects of the Treaty upon the exchange of products between England and France have been too palpable to be denied. In 1858 the total exports from England to France amounted to no more than nine million pounds, and the imports from France to thirteen millions. Nineteen years later, in 1877, the British exports and re-exports had risen from nine to twenty-five million pounds, and the imports from France to forty-five millions.

The indirect effects of the Treaty were less plainly visible, but they cannot be left out of account if we seek to view the Treaty policy as a whole. England cleared her tariff of protection, and reduced the duties which were retained for purposes of revenue on the two French staples of wine and brandy. France, on her part, replaced prohibition by a system of moderate duties. If this had been all, it might have been fair to talk about reciprocity, though even then, when it is a reciprocity in lowering and not in raising duties, the word ceases altogether to be a term of reproach. But the matter did not end here. The Treaty with France was not like the famous Methuen Treaty with Portugal (1703), an exclusive bargain, to the specified disadvantage of a nation outside of the compact. In 1703 we bound ourselves to keep our duties on French wines one-third higher than the duty on the wines of Portugal. This was the type of treaty which Adam Smith had in his mind when he wrote his chapter on the subject. Pitt's Treaty with France (1786) was of a different and better kind; and his motive in making it was not diplomatic or political, as had been the case in the old-fashioned treaties of commerce, but truly economical and social. He wished to legalize the commerce which was carried on illegally, and

to an immense extent, by smuggling—always the spontaneous substitute for Free Trade; and he boldly accepted, moreover, the seeming paradox that reduction of duties may lead to increase of revenue.¹ Neither party stipulated for any peculiar advantages. Still, the benefits of the treaty were confined to the two nations who made it. In 1860 England lowered her duties, not only in favour of French products, but in favour of the same products from all other countries. The reforms which France and England now made in favour of one another, in the case of England actually were, and in the case of France were to be, extended to other nations as well. This was not reciprocity of monopoly, but reciprocity of freedom, or partial freedom. England had given up the system of differential duties, and France knew that the products of every other country would receive at the English ports exactly the same measure and treatment as her own. France, on the other hand, openly intended to take her treaty with England as a model for treaties with the rest of Europe, and to concede by treaty with as many Governments as might wish, a tariff just as favourable as that which had been arranged with England. As a matter of fact, within five years after the negotiations of 1860, France had made treaties with Belgium, the Zollverein, Italy, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, and Austria.

In these, and in the treaty made afterwards by England with Austria, Sir Louis Mallet reminded its opponents in later years that each of them had a double operation. Not only does each treaty open the market of another country to foreign industry; it immediately affects the markets that are already opened. For every recent treaty recognised the "most favoured nation" principle, the sheet-anchor of Free Trade, as it has been called. By means of this principle, each new point gained in any one negotiation becomes a part of the common commercial system of the European confederation. "By means of this network," it has been excellently said by a distinguished member of the English diplomatic service, "of which few Englishmen seem to be aware, while fewer still know to whom they owe it, all the great trading and industrial communities of Europe, *i.e.* England, France, Holland, Belgium, the Zollverein (1870), Austria, and Italy, constitute a compact international body, from which the principle of monopoly and exclusive privilege has once for all been eliminated, and not one member of which can take off a single duty without all the other members at once partaking in the increased trading facilities thereby created. By the self-registering action of the most favoured nation clause, common to this network of treaties, the tariff level of the whole body is being

(1) "Only 600,000 gallons of French brandy were legally imported in a year, while no less than 4,000,000 of gallons were believed to be every year imported into England. And since there was a total prohibition of French cambrics, every yard of them sold in England must have come in by illicit means."—LORD STANHOPE'S *Life of Pitt*, i. 316, 317.

continually lowered, and the road being paved towards the final embodiment of the Free Trade principle in the international engagement to abolish all duties other than those levied for revenue purposes."

In face of unquestioned facts of this kind, nothing can be less statesmanlike than to deny that the treaties since 1860 have helped forward the great process of liberating the exchange of the products of their industry among the nations of the world. It is amazing to find able men so overmastered by a mistaken conception of what it is that economic generalization can do for us, as to believe that they nullify the substantial service thus rendered by commercial treaties of Cobden's type to the beneficent end of international co-operation, by the mere utterance of some formula of economic incantation. If the practical effect of the commercial treaties after 1860, as conceived and inspired by Cobden, has been, without any drawback worth considering, to lead Europe by a considerable stride towards the end proposed by the partisans of Free Trade, then it is absurd to quarrel with the treaties because they do not sound in tune with the verbal jingle of an abstract dogma. It is beside the mark to meet the advantages gained by the international action of commercial treaties, by the formula, "Take care of your imports, and the exports will take care of themselves." The decisive consideration is that we can only procure imports from other countries on the cheapest possible terms, on condition that producers in those countries are able to receive our exports on the cheapest possible terms. Foreign producers can only do this, on condition that their governments can be induced to lower hostile tariffs; and foreign governments are only able, or choose to believe that they are only able, to lower tariffs in face of the strength of the protected interests, by means of a commercial treaty. The effect of a chain of such treaties—and the chain is automatically linked together by the favoured nation clause—is to lower duties all round, and lowering duties all round is the essential and indispensable condition of each country procuring for itself on the lowest possible terms imports from all other countries.

It is an economic error to confine our view to the imports or exports of our own country. In the case of England, these are intimately connected with, and dependent upon, the great circulating system of the whole world's trade. Nobody has fully grasped the bearings of Free Trade, who does not realise what the international aspect of every commercial transaction amounts to; how the conditions of production and exchange in any one country affect, both actually and potentially, the corresponding conditions in every other country. It is not Free Trade between any two countries that is the true aim; but to remove obstacles in the way of the stream of freely exchanging commodities, that ought, like the Oceanus of primitive

geography, to encircle the whole habitable world. In this circulating system every tariff is an obstruction, and the free circulation of commodities is in the long run as much impeded by an obstruction at one frontier as at another.† This is one answer to an idea which has been lately broached among us, under stress of the temporary reaction against Free Trade. It has been suggested that though we cannot restore Protection in its old simplicity, yet we might establish a sort of National Imperial Customs Union among the English dominions. The territory over which the flag of Great Britain waves is so enormous and so varied in productive conditions, that we could well afford, it is urged, to shut ourselves within our own walls, developing our own resources, and consolidating a strong national sentiment, until the nations who are now fighting us with protective tariffs come round to a better mind. The answer to this is that the removal of the restriction on the circulation to a more distant point would not affect the vital fact that the circulation would still be restricted and interrupted. To induce our colonies and dependencies to admit our goods free, would of course be so much gained; just as the freedom of interior or domestic commerce, which was one of the chief causes of the early prosperity of Great Britain, was by so much a gain over the French system, which cut off province from province by customs barriers during the same period. But freedom of internal commerce, whether within an island or over a wide empire, is still not the same thing as universal freedom of exchange. An interruption, at whatever point in the great currents of exchange, must always remain an interruption and a disadvantage. England is especially interested in any transaction that tends to develop trade between any nations whatever. We derive benefit from it in one way or another. The 'mother' country has no interest in going into a Customs Union with her colonies, with the idea of giving them any advantage or supposed advantage in trading with her over foreign countries.

It is not enough, therefore, to remove our own protective duties, though Peel may have been right under the circumstances of the time in saying that the best way of fighting a hostile tariff is by reforming your own. It is the business of the economic statesman to watch for opportunities of inducing other nations to modify duties on imports; because the release of the consumers of other nations is not only a stimulus to your own production for exportation, but has an effect in the supply of the imports which you declare to be the real object of your solicitude.

EDITOR.

(1) This is worked out with vigour and acuteness in the admirable pamphlet published by the Cobden Club in 1870, entitled, *Commercial Treaties: Free Trade and Internationalism. Four Letters by a disciple of Richard Cobden.*

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE great measure which Mr. Gladstone has framed for the re-settlement of Ireland was read a second time in the House of Commons (May 20th) by an overwhelming majority, in the proportion of two to one, only one hundred and seventy-six members going into the lobby against the Bill. Even if all those who, from whatever cause, abstained from the division had brought themselves to oppose the Bill, the Government would still have had a decisive majority. Even the most sanguine Ministerialists had not counted on a majority of more than one hundred and forty. That the Opposition should have cut so poor a figure in this momentous division only shows the overwhelming strength of the view which they resisted. It shows how urgent is the feeling that the time has come when the re-settlement of the land system of Ireland on a new base can be delayed no longer. If we look at the analysis which has been published of the division, its significance is still more important. The principle of the Bill was accepted and affirmed not only by the more advanced wing on the Ministerial side, but by the whole body of the Whigs and Moderates, including those who mutinied last year against the unlucky Disturbance Bill. This feature in the vote ought not to be lost on those who dream, and make a terrible noise in their dreaming, about the speedily approaching secession of the "moderate" Liberals to some imaginary and impossible camp of eclectic safe men. Not only did the Whigs vote for the Bill, but there was a significant contingent of Conservatives who could not be brought to vote against it. Among the abstainers were Conservative members for counties, who dared not oppose a confirmation of tenant-right; and Conservative members for boroughs, who dared not run the risk of alienating the Irish vote. But to those who have best considered the true principle of governing Ireland, the most interesting element in the division must naturally be the votes given by the Irish representatives themselves. It is they who best understand the conditions of the problem with which the Land Bill professes to deal; indeed, many of those whose business it is to follow the course of the discussion must have felt that it is only the Irish representatives who understand the conditions of the problem at all. Their vote was most remarkable, and in some critical respects it could hardly have been more satisfactory. Only eight Irish members were found to oppose the Bill, and of these eight three represented what may be called the official and formal opposition. Moderate Home Rulers, like Mr. Shaw, joined Home Rulers of another colour,

like Mr. A. M. Sullivan and Mr. O'Connor Power, in supporting the Bill. The Liberals who are not Home Rulers were all but unanimous on the same side. More important than this was the very strong support given to the Bill by the Ulster Conservatives. It may fairly be said that every section of the Irish representation is to be found in the majority, and this ought to be enough to show that the Bill in its broad features has secured the approbation of the great bulk of those who know best from experience what it is that Ireland wants. There was, however, one most formidable defection. Mr. Parnell and a score of his friends declined to vote either way. If we think of Mr. Parnell's position in Ireland, especially in connection with the Land Question, which has in fact been at the very root of his political success, few words are needed to bring out the great importance of his abstention. It was he who first discerned the uses of an agrarian agitation in helping a rather languid political agitation. It was he who, in his memorable injunction to the peasants to keep their grip on the land, found out the secret that was to make the agrarian agitation irresistible. It is he who seems, in spite of that curious eclipse which took place at a critical moment a few weeks ago, to have control of the Irish constituencies. That a personage of this importance should refuse to express his acceptance of the Bill, even as a temporary solution of the problem, is a circumstance of obviously evil omen both for the Bill itself and for the tranquillising effect which it is hoped that the Bill will produce. Such an incident will embolden the House of Lords to assert its power, because it supports the contention that Mr. Gladstone's measure does not satisfy the dominant popular party in Ireland, and therefore that it is not worth while to take the trouble of passing it.

Here, let us say in a parenthesis, we may perceive one of the many bad consequences of Coercion, and of that rash and uncalculating temper in the British public which almost compelled the Government to resort to it. The great aim in the present episode of Irish reconstruction was to have the Irish people as much as possible inclined to the side of the Government, against the irreconcilable policy of the American-Irish and those whom the American-Irish inspire. It was hoped that the Irish people would be attracted and reconciled by the promise of a Land Bill, and this was a reasonable hope, so far as it went. But in order that it should be realised, it was indispensable that the sentiment of the country should not be alienated. By the Coercion Act, and the exasperating scenes which took place in connection with it, and two or three special incidents in enforcing it, the feeling of a considerable portion of the population has been profoundly irritated. In other words, it has been thrown to the side of Mr. Parnell, and become a reserve of ill-will to the Government, on which he is free to draw to any extent when-

ever he pleases. His attitude towards the Land Bill is his retort, in which he is supported by his own large and powerful mass in Ireland, to the arrest of Davitt.

Mr. Parnell makes no secret of what is in his mind, when he refuses to accept Mr. Gladstone's compromise between landlords and tenants. The Bill, he said, would furnish no protection worth having to the small tenants; it did not give to them the right of remaining in their holdings at the lower rents which the Courts might be expected to fix; it simply gave them a right of selling their interest in order to discharge the arrears of rack-rent which might have accumulated during three bad seasons. What was the true remedy? To appoint a Commission with the power of expropriating bad landlords—those whose action designated them as centres of social disturbance—at twenty years' purchase of the poor-law valuation. This would lead more rapidly to a diminution of rack-renting than all the elaborate paraphernalia of the Bill. As for the ultimate expropriation of all landlords, good no less than bad, that was the true cure, no doubt; but he was in no hurry about it, for he did not think that the property of the Irish landlords had yet touched bottom, or that it would be an advantageous thing for the tenants to ask that the landlords should be bought out until they saw what development American importation was likely to undergo. As soon as the property of the landlords might fairly be considered to have "touched bottom," then the time would come for the final application of the real remedy, complete expropriation by means of purchase by the State. From this Mr. Parnell pushed on to political ground:—

"The real reason why the Irish did not succeed in Ireland was that a nation governed by another nation never did succeed. The curse of foreign rule overshadowed everything. The conduct of the Government during the last few months had led many to believe that until their Chief Secretaries and Under Secretaries, their Privy Councils and central boards, stipendiary magistrates and military police, landlords and bailiffs, were cleared out 'bag and baggage,' there could be no hope for any permanent remedy of affairs in Ireland."

This, then, is Mr. Parnell's position. "Naturally," said Lord Hartington, "no bill, the object of which is to improve the relations between landlord and tenant, and intended to restrain the abuses of a system which he wishes entirely to get rid of, will be satisfactory to him. Whatever may be the case with the landlord and the tenant, Mr. Parnell at all events can afford to wait. Landlords may not be able to wait; they may be unable to meet their obligations, and may be deprived almost of the means of living. Tenants may not be able to live much longer in this state of continual warfare; and it may not be possible for the people of these countries to endure much longer the state of anarchy into which Ireland has fallen. It may

not be possible for any one else to wait; but it is the gain of Mr. Parnell to wait, because the longer this state of things continues, the longer the feud between landlord and tenant lasts, the more embittered are the relations between them, the more violent are the attacks on the rights of property and the defence of the rights of property, the more it suits his purpose, and the more likely it is that the end he has in view will be accomplished." This is clearly true, and it is just because it is so true that we may well wonder why those who oppose Mr. Gladstone's Bill from a Conservative point of view fail to perceive that they are playing Mr. Parnell's game. The Irish Conservatives do perceive this, and they refrain from opposition, not merely because they have the fear of their constituencies before their eyes, but because they know and are persuaded that all delay makes the situation less capable of a pacific settlement.

The true character of the situation of Ireland is becoming more and more unmistakable every day. In many districts of the country the ordinary relations of social life are undisturbed, but the state of some parts of the South is declared by persons on the spot to be "not far removed from insurrection." There are no fewer than six flying columns of troops now employed in preserving the peace in the disturbed districts. Only by their aid can the ordinary processes of law be enforced. Cases have already occurred where the troops and the populace have come into collision. Those who used to assure us that a Coercion Act would suffice to diffuse an instant tranquillity over the country, now see themselves have been entirely in the wrong. The promise that the mere menace of this strong instrument would drive half the evil-doers out of the country, and awe the other half into orderly behaviour, has not been in the least fulfilled. A very considerable number of arrests have actually been made, including that of one of the members for Tipperary. Hands have even been laid on a priest of the Church. More than half of Ireland has been proclaimed; but the spirit of the population is not quelled. It seems to be at least as passionate as it ever was. There has even been ominous talk in some quarters, no longer of a refusal to pay more than Griffith's valuation, but of a general strike against rent. English politicians are beginning secretly to ask themselves what resource is left if these formidable words should begin to realise themselves in fact. Such a threat—even if it should happily remain no more than a threat—reminds them how anarchic Ireland is, not merely in being the prey to outbreaks of passing disorder, but in the much deeper sense of possessing a discontented population without any controlling order or cohesive social influence. The landlords are, as a body, unpopular, and have lost both political and moral authority. The Church is obliged rather to follow than to lead. The English Government is partly hated and partly despised. Even in Ulster, if

we may trust its own Conservative representatives in Parliament, the old traditions are so rudely shaken that it depends upon the passing of the Land Bill whether that province shall, or shall not, also be affected by the same "revolutionary spirit"—It is their word, not ours—which is sweeping over other parts of the island.

It is no wonder that such an outlook, if it disturbs even those who have been most steadfast in their confidence in remedial legislation, excites to new resentment those who believe that the only remedy is to be sought in force. It is in the House of Lords, as is natural, that this view has found the earliest and harshest expression. Stubborn in their blind delusions, Conservative peers persist that the only plan is to leave the land system as it is, and to sweep the population of whole districts into prison. It is vain to remind them that the first political authority in the realm, the constituencies, have expressly declared within the last twelve months against this very programme. One of the leading results of the general election was a formal mandate to Mr. Gladstone to try the experiment of a more liberal system in Ireland. Nobody supposes that the Government took up the Irish question out of sheer gaiety of heart. Lord Beaconsfield in his manifesto at the time of the dissolution expressed his sense of the imminence of danger in Ireland. He intimated significantly enough his own policy—no concession and no compromise. The majority in the constituencies decided for the alternative policy, "for measures that should be healing." The sight of turbulence and disorder at their very door is excessively trying to Englishmen and Scotchmen, but it can hardly be that the decision to give the remedial and conciliatory policy a full trial has already given way to an ugly inclination to revert to the maxims of force. There is an undoubted possibility that this disastrous change may come over men's minds, if events in Ireland follow the course which some onlookers now apprehend. There is no sign that the change has taken place yet.

Whether it be so or not, so far as the majority of the country is concerned, it seems certain that this at any rate is the policy which Lord Salisbury is bent upon pressing. At the moment when Mr. Parnell was declaring that it would suit him much better to wait, than to fall in with the terms offered by Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury was arguing that these terms could only be defended on principles which would lead to the widespread and indefinite spoliation of the owners of every kind of property whatever. Holding so strong an opinion as this, Lord Salisbury may naturally be expected to resist the Bill to the uttermost. Yet the consequences of the rejection of the Bill are perfectly clear. The whole of Ireland will have to be held down by armed force. How long could such a system last? Wearied of a turbulence that looks desperate, the

people of this country might endure Lord Salisbury's system for two or three years; but it would never be forgotten that the great minister and the powerful party who are responsible for the Land Bill had, both explicitly and implicitly, declared that the Irish peasant suffers under grievous wrongs, and that these wrongs are at the root of the social disorder of Ireland. This would be remembered. The representatives of Ireland, who under Lord Salisbury's system would every one of them be transformed into irreconcilable hostile to the British connection, would take care to keep us in mind of their existence and their claims. The party see-saw being what it is, who can doubt what the end of it all would be? Who can doubt that a strong reaction would set in from the Liberal quarter, and that a far more drastic measure than Mr. Gladstone's would then be forced through Parliament? It is for this measure that Mr. Parnell's section would prefer to wait, and it is into their hands that Lord Salisbury's policy would play most effectually.

The action of the French Government in Tunis has produced a disagreeable impression on all sides in England. The way in which the things were done was almost more repugnant than the thing itself. The French Government gave it to be understood that their only design was to protect themselves against the raids of the disorderly Kroumirs. One day (May 12) M. Jules Ferry declared in both chambers that the Government had no design either on the throne or the territory of the Bey of Tunis, and solemnly repudiated all ideas of annexation or conquest. The very next day a treaty was peremptorily and with violence imposed upon the unfortunate Bey, by which France is to be allowed to occupy whatever positions in his territory she may choose; the Bey must conclude no convention with another nation (say Italy) of which France disapproves; France is to be consulted as to the Bey's financial system; and finally is to be permanently represented by a Minister Resident at the Bey's court, with functions that are not precisely defined but which may be fairly guessed without any particular definition. Nothing more unscrupulous was ever done by our own countrymen in India.

There is always a readiness in this country to cry out whenever another country acquires or shows a disposition to acquire new territory, and this tendency is always particularly strong when the aggressive country happens to be France. Those who illustrate this tendency in its extreme form now proclaim for the thousandth time that England is effaced, that the Mediterranean is to become a French lake, that our road to India is in danger, and so forth. On the other hand, the vexation of the English politicians who are farthest removed from this school is equally great. They see with sharp

